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The mission of St. Augustine
and other addresses

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THE MISSION OF ST. AUGUSTINE

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THE MISSION OF ST. AUGUSTINE

AND OTHER ADDRESSES

BY

CARDINAL GASQUET

Author of *King Henry VIII and the English Monasteries, The Eve of the Reformation, &c.*

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PREFACE.

A FEW words only are necessary to introduce these collected papers to my readers. As mere ephemeral addresses it would not have been worth printing them again in a volume; but most of them will, I hope, be found to contain historical facts, worth preserving, especially as I had taken much trouble to collect and arrange them. They will, I trust, be found useful to those who are interested in the periods about which they treat. They may be left to tell their own story.

In regard to the first paper—that on St. Augustine—I may be allowed to say a few words. In this I have said that the late Mgr. Duchesne had rejected the authenticity of the *Responsiones* or Answers of St. Gregory the Great, to certain questions of Saint Augustine the Apostle of England, which Venerable Bede prints in his History. This opinion of the learned French scholar appeared in his admirable and perpetually suggestive work, *Origines du Culte Chrétien*. It, however, seemed to me at the time doubtful whether the author had given minute attention to the History of the English church in the seventh century, which a personal interest almost demands of us. In his picture of the Mission of St. Augustine and his successors, Mgr. Duchesne, in some measure, would appear to have been influenced somewhat unduly by recent writers who have allowed the stress of controversy to trouble their imagination. I am glad to be able to record that since my address on St. Augustine was written Mgr. Duchesne has withdrawn his opinion as to the non-authentic character of these Replies of St. Gregory in deference to the opinion of Mommsen.

In this regard I should also observe that so careful a writer on the ancient English Church as the late

Canon Bright, Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical History at Oxford, does not so much as betray the consciousness that a doubt has ever been cast upon the authenticity of the document at all. Nor does Canon Bright stand alone. I have been unable to find any English writer who even mentions the difficulties which have been raised against the genuine character of St. Gregory's *Responsiones*. I may add that the latest and most competent editor of St. Bede's History, the Rev. C. Plummer, does not even consider the question of the genuineness of the document, but takes it as certain.

I may here be allowed perhaps to add a few words about the spread of the Rule of St. Benedict in the Early English Church. This matter has been somewhat obscured with many recent English writers by their failure to realize the full force of such terms as "*regularis vita*" and "*regula*" in the original authors. By the first is signified the radical change which was introduced into the character of the monastic life in northern England after the retirement of St. Colman and his followers when the eremitical and nomadic character of the Iro-Scots was exchanged for that of large organized communities after the pattern legislated for by St. Benedict. The Benedictine Rule was first introduced into the north about A.D. 688, by St. Wilfrid, who had found it at Canterbury.

On a comparison of the anonymous life of St. Cuthbert[1] with the life by St. Bede[2], there can be no reasonable doubt that the Rule of St. Benedict was introduced into Lindisfarne by St. Cuthbert himself. Although the passage in the anonymous life may in itself be wanting in clearness, this arises from the style of the author and there is no justification for the assertion (*e.g.* Bright, p. 264) that St. Cuthbert was the author of a compilation of new rules. The difference in the parallel passages of the life of this Saint by the anonymous author, who wrote sometime between A.D. 698 and A.D. 705, and St. Bede, who wrote

[1] Para. 23, *Bedae opp. Hist. Misc.*, ed. Stevenson I., p. 27.
[2] *Ibid.* pp. 79, 80.

not later than A.D. 721, is noteworthy. The former, writing when many of those who had practised the "*prisca consuetudo*" of Lindisfarne and remembering the introduction of the "*Consuetudo regularis*"[1] specifically mentions the introduction of the *Regula Benedicti*, whilst St. Bede, writing at a time when the recollection of the Ancient Custom had become dim and in a place where it had never been observed, speaks (as Benedictine monks would speak now-a-days) only of the Rule (*Regula*).

[1] *Bede, Ibid.*, p. 80.

A. Cardinal Gasquet.

Rome, January 30th, 1924.

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THE MISSION OF ST. AUGUSTINE*

THE clouds are lowering somewhat ominously over this Western world of ours. There are signs of troubles and rumours of wars, and almost we seem to see "men withering away for fear and expectation of what shall come upon the whole world." I think, then, that it is a subject of sincere congratulation for all of us that this year brings to us its consolations and encouragements—its rays of light amid the prevailing gloom. For in this year of grace, 1897—a year which is marked in the history of England by the jubilee of our gracious Sovereign, Queen Victoria, a jubilee such as this country has never before known—there falls also the celebration of the coming to these shores of a band of missionaries, sent thither by one whom all ages since his day and all civilised people have united in calling "Great," one who had the especial distinction of being not *great* merely, but of being as good and as holy as he was great. It is no small honour for us as Englishmen to be able to look back on the Pope, St. Gregory, as the apostle of our race.

Shortly there will be gathered together here, in London and at Canterbury, a large number of bishops from all parts of the English-speaking world in communion with the Established Church of this land, but expressly repudiating communion with the See of Rome. Here at once, if the celebration itself is a subject for rejoicing, we touch a point where all feel instinctively that there is something discordant. I recall this in no wish to give pain either to ourselves or to others, but because we are, all of us, I believe, the better for looking facts in the face. I believe,

*A paper read before the Historical Research Society, May, 1897.

and sincerely believe, that anyone who will with coolness and candour review our past as a people must admit this one fact as to Rome: namely, that many of those characteristics and methods and institutions which have made us the dominant people that we are came to us through our contact with Rome and with Romans. And yet is it not true that one of the main features of the ecclesiastical situation in England today is the fact that even where some sense does exist of all that we owe to Rome, every effort is made to minimise the obligation, so that the people at large shall not recognise that fact? With the many, it goes without saying, even the sense of any such debt does not exist, and is replaced by feelings of repulsion and distrust. How has this come about? The causes are many: some great, some small; but there is one cause which I think it is highly important not to lose sight of. Just as it has now become almost a commonplace, as Macaulay with his vast knowledge of literature long ago recognised, that the feelings of hatred, scorn and contempt of monk and of friar were not in the mind of the English people, whilst monk and friar were still walking about the country, but were propagated and fostered in subsequent generations by those who had a purpose to serve—so in the case of Rome, until the Pope was excluded by a handful of politicians and a gang of unbridled and mischievous preachers, sowers of hatred and spreaders of calumny, there was no such quarrel between the Pope and the people of England. How many are there, I wonder, of the crowds who mount the steps to that wonderful chapel of Henry VII. at Westminster—that chapel built by the father of the unprincipled man who cast off the nation's spiritual allegiance to the successor of Peter—how many are there that reflect that those very steps were designed for the mere purpose of recalling that holy spot in Rome, the *Scala Sancta* attached to the Pope's cathedral church? Since those days it has been to the interest of only too many to widen the breach and to deepen the misunderstandings and

divisions, whether sometimes by design or sometimes by mere foolishness.

My business here to-night is with earlier times. I am going back at once to the origins of that Institution with which those who are about to commemorate St. Gregory's mission claim to be in continuity. What I have to say will best be divided into three parts. (1) We will take what we know of the origin of the Church in Britain up to the time of St. Augustine's coming; (2) the foundation of the Church of the English and the work of those who in the next century preached the Gospel and built up the fabric; and (3) we will try to see whether the centenary of St. Augustine has not a lesson for us Catholics to-day. In the first part, I am going to take as my guide the Abbé Duchesne, whose very interesting paper devoted to the subject is the first article in a recently published volume called *Ecclesiastical Autonomies—The Separated Churches*. I do so simply because I have rarely seen the matter put so clearly and so simply, and with that charming ease of style to which we are accustomed in his writings. It has the advantage also of presenting us with a view of ourselves taken by a foreigner, and one who has shown that he is really interested in our affairs. I trust he will pardon my liberal use of his essay, for when a thing has been once so well done, why should we try to tell the same story in a different way?

"England is, of all nations in the world," he writes, "that one whose ecclesiastical origins are linked most evidently with the Apostolic See of Rome. Dense darkness hangs around the earliest days of Africa, of Spain, and of Gaul. A few inadmissible legends apart, we possess no document whatever about the first evangelisation of those countries. As a contrast, the history of this English Church is known to us first by the book of Venerable Bede, a native writer, conscientious, more learned than any of his contemporaries, and writing only a century after the first missions; next, by the original letters of St. Gregory and of his

successors. We could hardly desire more light. Like all works of the kind, the English mission soon met with obstacles. Time thinned the ranks of the first-comers. It was necessary to send other missionaries, other leaders. In particular from Ireland and from France labourers came into the vineyard of the Lord. It was Pope Vitalian who gave to the English Church its definite organiser in the person of St. Theodore. The English Church, then, is a colony of the Roman Church."

"Such is the point of departure of the ecclesiastical development which issued in the sixteenth century in the Church on which Henry VIII., Edward VI., and Elizabeth exercised their so-called reforming experiments." The national Church which resulted therefrom "may believe that the changes made in the sixteenth century have brought it nearer to primitive Christianity, but she cannot help facts being facts; and what we know to be her origins make her actual attitude towards the Roman Church so particularly inexplicable. Strictly speaking, we can conceive that Christian communities, able to claim apostolic founders, might found on this circumstance a pretext for particularity, and lay stress upon their antiquity and apostolicity. But as regards England, history stands firm and she is apostolic only if she is Roman.

"I know that efforts have been made to escape from this necessary conclusion. I have read with much profit remarkable works on Celtic Christianity to which distinguished members of the Anglican clergy seek to link their actual establishment. What they have done to throw light on the history of the ancient British books and usages is certainly very meritorious, but it would be chimerical to believe that from such studies a serious argument could be drawn for the discussion which occupies us. The English Church has, it is true, succeeded in the great British island to a Celtic Church, but this succession is purely *one of date*, there is no link between one of these establishments and the other." Or if we must bring out a connection, it may

be put thus: "The British Church is not the mother of the English, but only an elder sister, and that a sister who is hostile. There is not even a shadow of continuity, however feeble."

"But I shall be told that if Anglo-Saxon Christianity is not linked to Celtic origins by the British it is so at least through the Irish. No one is less disposed than I am to diminish the importance of the part played by those holy apostles of the Irish race in Northumbria and other of the Anglo-Saxon kingdoms. I feel the deepest respect and (as a Breton myself) almost patriotic pride for the venerated figures of Aidan, and Finan, and Colman, and Cuthbert. I recognise what these have done for the evangelisation of England after the disappearance of Augustine and Paulinus. But is it possible to deny that their efforts were absorbed in the general movement starting from Rome and Kent? The English Church never recognised in them its real directors. Missionaries full of zeal, illustrious as ascetics, preaching by their example even more than by their word, they have been and ever will be venerated by the Christians of England. But there was innate in these English, though yet undeveloped, that spirit of order which still distinguishes their descendants; and between the Irish enthusiasm and the Roman discipline they did not long hesitate.

"But let us admit for a moment that links uniting the Church of England to the earlier Church of the British be historically demonstrable, instead of being, as they are, historically inadmissible. What do we know of the history of the British Church, and especially of its hierarchical relations? Very little. For the first three centuries there is nothing; unless, indeed, the martyrdom of St. Alban at Verulam and of Aaron and Julius at Caerleon are assigned to a persecution earlier than that of Diocletian.

"In the fourth century three British Churches were represented at the Council of Arles in A.D. 314. In A.D. 357 the British bishops protested against the introduction of an Arianising creed. In A.D. 359 several of

them were at the Council of Rimini, where, if they doctrinally compromised themselves in company with others, they gave much edification by their poverty and independence of character. In the fifth century, when the Roman secular authorities had already quitted the island, Pelagianism, the author of which was a British monk, gives trouble amongst them, and St. Germanus of Auxerre, designated by the Episcopate of Gaul and by Pope St. Celestine, comes to Britain and brings the clergy to orthodoxy in two successive missions (A.D. 427–429). Palladius, a British or Roman deacon, is ordained bishop by Pope St. Celestine and sent by him to govern the converted Scots. In A.D. 455, a year in which the Paschal reckoning offers particular difficulties, the British Church changes, at the request of Pope Leo, the date previously assigned.

"Where is it possible to see in this series of facts the trace of a special independence in regard to the Roman See? Few as are the historical notices extant, I see in them very clear data as to the relations between the British Church and the Apostolic See. The British bishops in A.D. 314 signed the Synodical letter of the Council of Arles addressed to Pope Silvester. This letter is very categorical in its terms, for the Pope appears in it, not merely as the first bishop of the West, but as the head and superior of the whole Western Episcopate. In the fifth century the Pope is anxious about maintaining the British Church in the orthodox belief and enlarging its boundaries by missionary progress. He takes precise measures for both these objects, delegating and authorising, for each, definite persons. Having regard to the practice of those remote times and to the scanty nature of known facts, what more can be wanted?

"To escape that Roman superiority, even in its vaguest notions, people willingly take a last refuge in the foundation of the British Church from Gaul as the source also of its traditions. It is, indeed, natural enough that the relations of the British Church should

have been the same as those of the Gallican, as without doubt Christians passed from Gaul into Britain. And, if I may suggest probabilities in regard to matters absolutely lost for ever to knowledge, it is likely enough that the hierarchical condition of the British Church was similar to that of the Gallican. Perhaps there may even have been some kind of subordination. Now what do we know about the relation which existed between the Gallican Church and the Roman Church ?

" For the time before Constantine, the Gallican Church can give us an account of its existence only in three documents and no more. Two come from Lyons ; the third from Africa ; but the last presupposes writings that come from Lyons. The first of these is the collection of writings as to the Lyons martyrs of the year A.D. 177 ; the second is the work of St. Irenæus ; the third the letter of St. Cyprian, written at the instigation of Faustinus, Bishop of Lyons.

" These writings show the close union that existed between Rome and the Church of Gaul, and in that respect we cannot ask for anything better. The martyrs of A.D. 177 show themselves in correspondence with Pope Eleutherius. They write to him about the Montanists, calling him ' Father '—*Pater Elutheri*—and recommending to him the bearer of the letter, the priest Irenæus, in terms which presuppose previous favourable relations. As regards St. Irenæus himself, who is much mixed up with the intimate concerns of the Roman Church and quite *au courant* with its history, he is perhaps the Father of the Church who of all others has used the strongest words on the necessity of being in union with the Apostolic See. In the middle of the third century the letter of St. Cyprian shows us that if there was grave trouble in the Church of Gaul care was taken to inform the Pope of it. It was considered that it is a question of duty in this matter, and that the right and duty of replacing a bishop who had gone astray belonged to the Pope.

" These facts are ancient and authentic. They

prescribe relations which are perfectly clear. Whatever may have been the race with which the earliest Christian communities in Gaul may have been connected, these communities looked on themselves as daughters of the Roman Church. Thus even were we to grant that the Anglican Church stands in some relation with the Church of Gaul—though this assumption is in the highest degree problematical—it would still find itself by its remote origins in the same hierarchical situation as that which appears so clearly by the documentary evidence relating to its real foundation in the time of St. Gregory the Great and by his care."

So far we have come under the guidance of M. Duchesne. We now turn to the immediate question of St. Augustine. There is a simple beauty which fascinates us in the story of the conversion of the English to the Faith. We are never tired of hearing the oft-told tale and of reading over again the pages of Bede and the letters of the Great Gregory which relate to the coming of Augustine and to the accomplishment of the work so dear to the Pontiff's heart. To some no account of the work of these two apostles of our race would be complete without once again picturing the market-place in Rome and Gregory's meeting with the golden-haired English boys, which first led him to conceive the wish to gather so fair a people into the kingdom of the Lord. Others again expect to be told the story of the landing of the Roman missionaries on the shores of Kent, of the white cliffs of England and of the long line of black-robed monks who, with silver cross and painted banner, chaunting their prayers to the Saints of God, went forth to their first meeting with Ethelbert. Or to some, perchance, the memory of the first turning of our Saxon forefathers to the Faith is irrevocably associated with the thought of Augustine's Oak and that meeting when the proud Roman monk, as they call him, willed not to rise at the coming of the British bishops. I propose to speak of none of these things to-night. I wish deliberately

to leave on one side all these cherished memories of St. Augustine's Mission. I know that in doing this I am depriving my paper of what to many will seem to be all the features of chiefest interest in regard to the coming of Augustine. But my desire is, if possible, to get behind all these, the picturesque elements in the story, and to try and understand the dominant factors in all their native simplicity.

I am not even going—at the present moment at least—to ask you to take this or that view about St. Augustine's personal character or his personal fitness for the work entrusted to him by St. Gregory. This will, I trust, come quite clearly enough when we come to consider what he did, how he did it, and the results that followed. I have, moreover, another reason for passing lightly over the matter at this point. It is this: any estimate of the personal character of our apostle, except that founded upon his work and the fact that St. Gregory made choice of him for it, must be based mainly—if not exclusively—on his celebrated questions addressed to St. Gregory viewed in the light of the Pope's answers. Now, a writer of great name, and one whose opinion carries great weight—I mean the Abbé Duchesne, at present the head of the Ecole Française de Rome—has rejected this document as spurious and assigns it to a later date. His opinion has naturally influenced a number of important persons who, without further inquiry, have accepted this verdict upon the strength of the Abbé's words. For my own part, I may say that I think he has not carefully considered the matter, and that his conclusion is based upon an inadequate knowledge of the Church in England during the seventh century and a false notion about the ideas of St. Gregory upon an important matter. This, however, only by the way. In conjunction with my friend Mr. Edmund Bishop, I wrote some few years ago a special dissertation on this very subject, which was read in Rome during the centenary celebrations in honour of St. Gregory, but many circumstances have prevented my printing it. I have

desired to do so quite recently, but the pressure of other occupations has prevented my finding the necessary time. For, such is the exacting nature of historical studies nowadays, that even the lapse of five or six years makes it necessary in a matter such as this to review the whole ground in order to see whether the labours of more recent historians and critics, even on matters apparently remote from the subject, lead to any revision, partially or wholly, of conclusions previously arrived at. Not that I think for a moment a change of views will be necessary in this case, rather I think that the labour of going over the ground again will be spent without any appreciable result. But until this has been done I refrain from drawing any conclusion. In passing, however, I may mention that the matter, although of the highest interest and importance for our national history, has not in this country attracted attention. I am not aware of a single English writer who has shown any knowledge that such a discussion has been raised. To take one instance, of a work published only a few weeks ago. In Mr. Plummer's most elaborate edition of St. Bede's history, among his minute and voluminous notes there is not a word upon the subject, or any suggestion that any doubt or suspicion has been cast upon these questions of St. Augustine, and the Pope's replies.

We may now pass on to consider the policy which, as we read the story of St. Augustine's work in the pages of our Bede, we see dictated by the principles upon which he evidently acted. The main lines of this policy are twofold. The first is in reality dictated by common sense, although based upon a complete ignorance of the real facts of the case, or rather probably upon his inability by reason of his very mental constitution and religious training, to conceive of a Christian people—a people injured, it is true—deeply injured—who should so far have allowed their hatred of their foes to exterminate in their souls every scintilla of charity towards these poor pagans, and to obliterate the most elementary

dictates of the duty of every Christian man towards his neighbour. Having gained a foothold almost at once in Kent, and having seen the people embrace gladly the grace of the Christian faith, having witnessed the crowds press forward—ignorant crowds, no doubt, but manifesting a goodwill which the Divine Grace that accompanies the saving waters of baptism might increase and fructify—having seen all this come to pass, and being thus assured that God's blessing was upon his work, he turned now to secure the co-operation of those who had inherited for generations the Christian faith. By taking part in the evangelisation of their traditional enemies they would give a proof of the power of the Gospel teaching and of that glorious generosity which their Lord and our Lord had expressed in the simple words, " Love your enemies : do good to them that hate you : and pray for them that persecute and calumniate you, that you may be the children of your Father who is in heaven " (Matt. v. 44, 45). By taking their part in this Christian work they would have gained a triumph in comparison with which every defeat would have been a victory. But Augustine had yet to find that the Christian Briton would have nothing to do with any work of preaching the Gospel to pagan Saxon peoples ; that never Jew looked on Gentile as so common and unclean as did the British look from their fastnesses in the western parts of the island upon the invaders who had driven them from the fairest and most fruitful portions of their country. Let us turn to St. Augustine's demands. The account, as we read it in the pages of Bede seems, to some extent at least, legendary ; but about the main points—the three requests made by the Saint—we may take it that there can be no manner of doubt. As to the keeping of Easter and the administration of baptism, the reasons which prompted Augustine's demands for the adoption of the Roman practices are obvious enough ; but we can understand them fully only when we recognise the real point at issue. The Saint had some knowledge

of the character and temper of the young converts, and he recognised the need of having no differences in regard to the rites of that baptism which was to initiate them into their new faith, and in the keeping of Easter, the chief feast of the ecclesiastical year—the feast of that redemption which he had come to preach to them. In these two things at least there must be no manifest difference amongst those calling themselves by the Christian name.

The British reply on these two points was really determined by their general attitude towards their Saxon foes, but it is highly interesting to have on record a proof of the sturdy practical Roman sense which characterised the apostle of our race. In his attempt to induce the British ecclesiastics to share in the preaching of God's word he failed ; and, having failed, he went to work as a Roman and in a Roman way ; for of course the Roman missionary had his method even of evangelising a pagan people as different from the Celtic methods as was the Roman from the Celt. As I have said elsewhere, the work of the Roman missionary was fashioned on the model by which the Roman military colonies conquered the world. He came to stay, to settle down, to colonise, not to wander about from place to place. It was thus St. Augustine planted the Faith in Kent, but keeping still all his Roman affinities and attachments, looking to Rome for advice and for help, and cherishing in this northern land the memories of Rome and his sunny home on the Celian. We have the evidence of this to-day—the dedication of his Cathedral Church at Canterbury was Christ Church, or St. Saviour's, a memory of the St. Saviour's of the Lateran, that of SS. Peter and Paul recalled the great basilica of the Vatican and the church of St. Paul without the walls ; whilst at Rochester, St. Andrew's brought back the happy recollection of his old home on the Celian, now San Gregorio, the steps of which many of us must have ascended, and the court of which many of us must have trodden with thoughts

in our minds which do not admit of expression.

"The English Church," again writes the Abbé Duchesne, "is clearly a colony of the Roman Church. This relation is evident even in the material disposition of the buildings and their names. . . . Canterbury was a little Rome; the English Church was a daughter of the great Roman Church—a daughter born a little late, but perhaps more loved for that, and, above all, more like it than the elder daughter" (p. 5).

To the heart's core Augustine was a Roman, and the ground lines of his work are Roman too. In Kent, then, according to the way in which old Rome had conquered the world, our apostle settled down to make a pagan people Christian. His Roman sense and the past history of his nation taught him that success lay here, and assured him—and, as the event showed, rightly assured him—that the Faith once firmly established in the realm of Ethelbert—in that realm, small as it was, of that king who was chief among the princes of the conquering Angles and Saxons—the victory for Christ was won. He knew also by his very Roman instincts that the work of building up a Christian people must be carried on all along the line, and that instruction in the Catholic Faith must proceed *pari passu* with the arts of civilisation. Amongst such a people, it is true, these could exist only in the most rudimentary forms; but as much as could be done, even for the sake of religion itself, must be done. The Roman monk missionary succeeded. We have only to open the first page of the most ancient of our country's laws to find in the very first line the record of his work. The Roman juristic spirit animated him, and it was to the establishment of laws that he looked to carry out his plans.

We must remember that up to this time, that is, up to the coming of Augustine—up to the time when he and his fellow Roman missionaries introduced the alphabet we now use—there is neither record nor script proceeding from the Anglo-Saxons themselves which give us the least inkling or hint of what they were, of

what they did, of what they thought. If we could conceive that at the moment when St. Augustine set his foot on the Kentish shore this conquering race had suddenly and completely been annihilated, with them would have perished all trace of their existence. They would have passed from the knowledge of future generations more completely than the peoples who set up the carved stones in the forests of Yucatan, or the builders of the recently discovered cities of Mashonaland. Let me put it in this way: neither a word nor a letter of their tongue, nor even a parallel to the famous Ben Val, would have survived to this day. It is not a question whether some one else would not have done something if St. Augustine had not done it. The point is, what did he do for our race? In this world fate may be hard, but, put it as we may, we must come back on, or, if you will, start from, facts as they are, and not from a series of alternative "might-have-beens." Startling as the assertion may seem to some, there can be no question as to this fact: that those instincts of order and justice upon which we pride ourselves—instincts which, unless directed and controlled, are hardly a safe, usable force in the world—were first fostered by the apostle of our race, the Roman St. Augustine, and, as a fact, we owe the settled national conviction of the all-importance of the reign of law to him.

I open the first page of our legal records and read: "Ethelbert's dooms. These are the dooms that Ethelbert the King set in Augustine's days." And, as though to assure me that the laws are really Ethelbert's and date from Augustine's times, I read in the pages of Bede as follows: "And King Ethelbert died; who besides other good deeds which he did to his people, established also for them, by the advice of his wise men, laws according to the example of the Romans, which, written in the tongue of the Angles, are preserved to this day, and are kept by them."

In these laws is put in the forefront "how he, who should take away by theft any of the goods of either

church, or bishop or other (ecclesiastical) order was to be fined." The King's first wish was thus to afford protection to those whom he had received, and by whose doctrine the kingdom had been added to the Church of Christ. To assure me still further that I have here the hand of the Roman Augustine and not the influence of either Gaul or Britain, I read: "The fine to be exacted from him who steals the property of God and the Church is twelvefold the theft, from the property of a *bishop* elevenfold, from that of a *priest* ninefold, from that of a *deacon* sixfold, and from that of a *clerk* threefold." There is no mention, mark you of sub-deacon or any other order whatever, and for this simple reason that whilst at this time in Gaul sub-deacons were regarded as in "*orders*," and so were formally ordained, in Gregory's days and for two centuries later the Church of Rome knew only as *orders* these three named in the dooms of Ethelbert—bishops, priests, and deacons. The rest were considered merely as *offices*, and from sub-deacons downward were regarded as simple *clerks* and not ordained.

The author of *The Making of England* has seen something of all this. "It was thus," he writes, "that the spot which witnessed the landing of Hengist became yet better known as the landing-place of Augustine. But the second landing at Ebbsfleet was in no small measure a reversal and undoing of the first. 'Strangers from Rome' was the title with which the missionaries first fronted the English King. The march of the monks as they chanted their solemn litany was in one sense a return of the Roman legions who withdrew at the trumpet call of Alaric. It was to the tongue and thought not of Gregory only, but of the men whom his own Jutish fathers had slaughtered and driven over the sea, that Ethelbert listened in the preaching of Augustine. Canterbury, the earliest city centre of the new England, became the centre of Latin influence. The Roman tongue became again one of the tongues of Britain, the language of its worship, its correspondence, its litera-

ture. But more than the tongue of Rome returned with Augustine. Practically his landing renewed that union with the Western world which the landing of Hengist had all but destroyed. The new England was admitted into the older commonwealth of nations. The civilisation, arts, letters which had fled before the sword of the English conquerors returned with the Christian faith. The fabric of the Roman law, indeed, never took root in England, but it is impossible not to recognise the influence of the Roman missionaries in the fact that codes of the customary English law began to be put into writing soon after their arrival. Of yet greater import was the weight which the new faith was to exercise on the drift of the English towards national unity. It was impossible for England to become Christian without seeing itself organised and knit together into a single life by its Christian organisation, without seeing a great national fabric of religious order rise up in the face of its civil disorder."[1]

It would be the greatest mistake to suppose that the efforts and influence of the Roman missionaries were confined to Kent, or practically came to an end with the death of St. Augustine. Their work only began in the kingdom of Ethelbert and in the lifetime of their leader and our apostle. In truth it was from the Roman missionaries and their allies that from the Cheviots in the north down to the shores of the English Channel the Anglo-Saxon peoples first heard the Gospel of Christ. That is to say, the whole of the eastern half of England, with the single exception of Essex, was first evangelised by the followers of St. Augustine. This in no degree diminishes or detracts from the superlative merits and undoubted deserts of that noble band of Celtic missionaries who came from Iona and in those simple and homely days discovered to our forefathers in the north the depth of Christian virtue and the all-absorbing power of the faith of Christ. But, except in Mercia, it is to be remembered that these Scotic apostles followed

[1] J. R. Green, *The Making of England*, pp. 221-2.

in the footsteps of the Roman missionaries who had preceded them.

What are the facts? During the eight years spent by St. Paulinus in the north—that is, from A.D. 625 to A.D. 633—his activity extended as far northwards as the neighbourhood of Lindisfarne. By the Easter of A.D. 629 the supremacy of Edwin practically stretched over the whole of Britain. Bede ventures to call it the "Empire of the English" and some faint traditions of the Roman past seem to have cast their glory round the person and rule of the great Bretwalda. An unwonted peace and order reigned in the land from the Forth to the Solent, and under these conditions Paulinus began his apostolate. Although Yorkshire as the centre of Edwin's government must naturally have been the chief, as it was the first, scene of his labours, the Saint's personal work in the spread of Christianity was by no means confined to these limits. He next appears to have turned to the country of our modern Lincolnshire. Here, as at York, a noble basilica of stone, in which he consecrated Honorius to the See of Canterbury, long remained a monument of his apostolic zeal, and an evidence of the firm footing on which he had placed Christianity in this district. Half a century after his death there were still inhabitants there who remembered Paulinus well and could describe his tall stature, his slight stoop, his emaciated face, his refined features, even his Roman nose, and—though he had been well nigh forty years in England—his hair still black, a Roman contrast to the fair-haired English. His was a presence—so they said—take him all in all, inspiring a veneration, not unmixed with awe.

It was now that having made good his position both in Yorkshire and Lincolnshire, he turned his face northwards to evangelise the people of our modern Northumberland. And here his converts were numbered by thousands. When St. Bede wrote a century later the people of the northern countryside

still cherished their remembrances of that special time of grace.

It seems to have been a Lent which the now Christian King Edwin and his Queen spent in a royal habitation not far from the Cheviot hills and at no great distance from the island of Lindisfarne, when Paulinus was with them. For six and thirty days the Saint devoted his whole time and his whole energy to catechising and baptising. The people flocked from far and near to hear the preaching of the Gospel of Christ. From early morning till late evening the apostle from Rome occupied himself in his Christian labours without remission, baptising in a stream near the royal residence those whom he had instructed in the Christian faith. In Bede's days, as he tells us—and he knew this part of the country well—this royal habitation had long since been destroyed, but the memory of Paulinus' preaching and of the great harvest of souls he had gathered to the Lord among the simple people of the northern country remained fresh and green.

The eight years of Paulinus' missionary work in the north, although the scenes of his labours were to be ravaged by the Christian Briton and the pagan Mercian, were as full of fruit as they were of promise. The plan was evidently this: To establish Christian settlements from north to south of Eastern England, which at that time was the seat of the dominant powers of the English race in the island, and this was brought within range of realisation through the resumption of the preaching of Christianity in East Anglia (that is to say, our modern Norfolk and Suffolk) by St. Felix the Burgundian in A.D. 631. Brought over by King Sigebert from Gaul, on his return from exile, Felix passed as it were his missionary noviciate at Canterbury. At his ardent wish he was sent by Archbishop Honorius to instruct again the peoples of East Anglia. From Canterbury, too, as it would appear, he brought teachers and masters for his own monastic schools, and at his death, after seventeen energetic and fruitful years of labour in the portion of Our Lord's vineyard

entrusted to his care, Archbishop Honorius of Canterbury consecrated his deacon Thomas, a native-born Englishman, to the vacant see. Five years later—that is, in A.D. 652—upon the death of Bishop Thomas, the Archbishop raised to the episcopal dignity in his place the Kentish man—Berctgils—to whom was given the Christian and Roman name of Boniface.

To Canterbury, again, the Apostle of Wessex, St. Birinus, fresh from Italy—sent by the Pope to aid in the harvest field and specially directed by him to push forward into the inmost recesses of the country, which had as yet not received the preaching of the Faith of Christ—would naturally first turn to confer with his countrymen there and remain in close alliance with them.

By the middle of the seventh century, then, when the Faith was with difficulty establishing itself in East Anglia and Wessex, and before its first preachers were being sent into Mercia by St. Finan of Lindisfarne, Kent had become in deed—as well as in name—a Christian country. The new generation represented a wholly Christian people. St. Ithamar, the first Englishman to be raised to the Episcopate, had for some years occupied the See of Rochester, and at the very beginning of the second half of the century, as we have seen, another Englishman—a man of Kent—had become Bishop of the East Angles. It is not without its interest and instruction to observe that in the country of Kent, in contradistinction to any other Anglo-Saxon kingdom, the work of civilisation and Christianising proceeded in the specially Roman way of the promulgation of laws. I have referred just now to this particular outcome of St. Augustine's mission; but the far-sighted wisdom and, in the result, complete justification of this Roman method may be gauged by this single fact, that within half a century from the first landing of these missionaries from Italy on our English shores—to be precise, in the reign of Ethelbert's grandson, Earconbert—whilst the rest of England was at the best only beginning to

claim a part in the Christian heritage, the men of Kent were a wholly Christian people. So great had been the progress of the country in religious observances and in the principles of law and order that Earconbert found himself able not merely to destroy all idols from the land, but by the very authority of the law of the State to impose on all his people, what to the pagan mind must have been most distasteful and derogatory, the observance of the forty days of fasting, under severe penalties against all who should transgress this law of the Christian Church. Such was Kent half a century after the coming of our apostle. "You," says the Northumbrian Alcuin, addressing the men of Kent—"you are the firstfruits, the very beginning of the salvation of the English; in you is the root and foundation of our Catholic profession; among you repose those who in their day were the brightest luminaries of our island, through whom the daystar of the truth has shone throughout the whole of Britain" (Jaffé, Mon. Alcuin, p. 370).

Let us return to the north and briefly follow the fortunes of the Church set up by St. Paulinus with the help of St. Edwin, the convert King of Northumbria. In A.D. 633 the power of that Bretwalda was broken and his kingdom was ravaged. He himself perished in the battle of Hatfield on October 13, when he was matched against Penda, the pagan King of the Mercians, and his ally Cadwallon, the Christian King of the Britons. It was the old race hatred over again, and this chief layman of the British Church eclipsed his heathen comrade in arms by the ferocity with which he attacked the newmade Christians. "Though he had the name and profession of a Christian," writes St. Bede, "he was so barbarous in disposition and behaviour, that he neither spared the female sex nor the innocent age of children, but with savage cruelty put all to tormenting deaths, ravaging all their country for a long time and resolving to extirpate all the race of Angles within the borders of Britain. Nor did he pay any regard to the Christian religion, which had sprung up amongst them. Indeed,"

adds our historian, " even to this day (a century later) it is the practice of the Britons to hold the faith of the Angles as nothing, and not in anything to communicate with them, any more than with the pagans."

The overthrow of Edwin's power was swift and complete, and it involved the temporary ruin of the Christian missions in Northumbria. St. Paulinus himself conveyed by sea back to her old home in Kent Queen Ethelburga, whom nine years before he had accompanied to the north on her marriage with St. Edwin. Basso, one of the late King's chief officers, escaped with the royal children, and, carrying with him into Kent, as if proofs of the thorough Christian character of Edwin's kingdom, the great golden cross and golden chalice consecrated for the use of the altar, which in Bede's days were still preserved at Canterbury. Paulinus, at the request of Archbishop Honorius, and with the sanction of King Eadbald, filled the See of Rochester, which was then vacant, till his death in A.D. 644.

The eight years' mission of Paulinus in the north came to a close towards the close of A.D. 633. Mark the date, for it is important if we would understand the course of events in the far north. For a year Edwin's kingdom was chastised at the hands of Penda and Cadwallon, but before the close of A.D. 634 St. Oswald had returned from his exile in the northern parts of Scotland, and was now in a position to restore peace and Christian teaching to the country. To him belongs the glory of continuing the missions of St. Paulinus in Northumbria. In his early years he had been in exile among the Northern Picts, and had received baptism from the Scotic (or Irish) monks, who were carrying on in these regions of the work begun by St. Columba. To these friends of his youth he naturally turned for the religious teachers of his people, hoping by their help to consolidate and build up the Christian Church which Paulinus, during many years of an active missionary life, had established, even as in subsequent years the same monarch completed and dedicated the stone church of

York which the Roman apostle of the north had commenced. His first attempt did not prove a success. The prelate sent from Iona was a man rigorous and inflexible, who proposed to his hearers precepts more suitable for the ascetics from amongst whom he had come. In the short time during which he remained amongst them, the people were not found to respond to his teaching—and no wonder. He returned to Iona with the report of his failure, representing the English as a barbarous, stiffnecked, and intractable race.

And now, unless I allow myself to be led away by mere personal prepossessions, there comes on the scene a man who, among the many beautiful characters that meet us in the pages of our Bede, stands in the first place. I mean St. Aidan. He comes to us utterly unknown, but portrays himself completely in the first words he speaks. He had listened to the report of his brother monk about those obstinate English and, though discouraged in soul by the account he could not make up his mind to give up all hope of a work undertaken for God and charity. "It seems to me, my father," he said, "that you have been over rigid with these uninstructed hearers, and, contrary to apostolic practice, have not offered them first the milk of milder doctrine, until little by little, strengthened with the divine Word, they became capable of receiving the more perfect counsels and walking in the higher paths of virtue." In fact, though he knew it not, the heart of St. Aidan had felt that the methods of the Roman missionaries in the field in which the Scotic monks were now called by St. Oswald to labour, were conceived on sound and practical lines. They had proceeded on the plan that these English people must be approached by way of good sense and not by that of mere stern precept if the end was to be attained. Thus in distant Iona, perchance without even having heard their names, the Christian charity animating St. Aidan's soul already laid the foundation for that respect and affection which was to characterise his relations with the Roman monks

when he was later to come into contact with them and their works, during the seventeen years of his active missionary life. By his own words, St. Aidan had unwittingly designated himself as the fittest of the Iona monks to enter the missionary field in northern England and carry on the work which St. Paulinus had so nobly and so seriously begun, and from which events had compelled him to retire less than two short years before.

For my part I like to dwell upon such pleasant relations. I believe there are some people who, studying their Bede with blinkers on, love to see in the Roman missions of the South and the Scotic or Irish missions of the North, two hostile or rival "communions" as they call them, instead of seeing, as the plain facts of history will teach every unprejudiced mind, two bodies of men animated by one sole desire—the desire to propagate the one Faith of the one Church of Christ. Roman or Irish, they knew no other, and laboured for no other.

St. Honorius of Canterbury, St. Felix of Dunwich, and their disciples held St. Aidan in deep veneration. James the deacon, St. Paulinus' disciple, never left the charge committed to him at York. At the baptism of Cynegils, King of Wessex, by the Italian, St. Birinus, St. Oswald, wholly Scotic in practice, was his godfather. It was with St. Aidan's encouragement that King Oswy sought in marriage Eanfled, St. Edwin's daughter, who had been educated in Kent. If she brought with her a chaplain thence and observed Easter according to the Roman computation, whilst her husband followed the Scotic, there is nothing ever so slightly to indicate that this was regarded on either side as a breach of "communion," but only as a legitimate concession of both sides to the prejudice of early associations and education.

But with the death of St. Aidan, in A.D. 651, we soon begin to feel, as we read the pages of St. Bede, a certain tension; and signs begin to show themselves of tendencies, which under given circumstances might break

forth into open conflict. Without entering into details, it will here be sufficient to state that the ecclesiastical practices on which these conflicting views arose were the date of the celebration of Easter, and the shape of the tonsure, although the attentive reader of St. Bede can easily gather that there were other influences at work, not connected with matters of religion, or rather of religious discipline, which were the efficient cause of these dissensions.

St. Finan, who succeeded St. Aidan in 651, so far as we can learn from our history, experienced no more difficulty than his predecessor. It was a wrangling compatriot of their own, named Ronan, who stirred up all the difficulty. He had heard elsewhere about the new Easter and another tonsure, and had adopted them. Accordingly, full of his new acquirements, full also of zeal and indiscretion, he attacked the aged St. Finan on the point of his adherence to his customs—customs which the venerable man had been taught in his childhood at Iona, which he reverenced, which he had practised ever since, and which he had been allowed to observe in peace, without so much as a remonstrance from those who followed the common practice taught them by their Roman missionaries. Ronan's vigour had, it would seem, borne down the opposition of many of his countrymen, and his attacks had led others at least to make inquiry. But this measure of success did not satisfy him, so, paying no heed to the venerable age and sacred character of his fellow-countryman, St. Finan, he assailed the saintly Bishop with violence and ferocity—St. Bede says so, at least.

The rest was what was to be expected. The old man grew obstinate, and would have it that his way alone was right, and other practices were wrong.

It is unnecessary to pursue the course of this controversy, which issued in the Synod of Whitby in 664, and resulted in the retirement from Britain of St. Finan's successor, St. Colman, with his English and Irish friends, thus finally closing the thirty years of Scotic missionary labour in England. The rest

of St. Colman's friends of both races remained to accept the common Easter and the usual tonsure. Amongst them were men whose names are held in the deepest veneration in the land to this day. It suffices here to mention one name only—that of St. Cuthbert.

It is impossible within the narrow limits of this paper to dwell on the age which succeeded and which may be called the age of fusion no less than the age of organisation. Nor indeed is it necessary, for the story stands out plain enough for those who will read it. It was then that all the numerous currents of thought and feeling, which had been poured with such abundance into the rising Church of the English, coalesced; and, by a natural process of assimilation with the national character of the people, issued in that great and glorious period of ecclesiastical history, the eighth century, beginning with the missionaries whose way had already been prepared by Wilfrid, and closing with Alcuin, whose name gives the brightest lustre to the Carolingian renaissance. New elements indeed were added, as represented by the Greek St. Theodore and the African St. Adrian. They came to us—but not as apostles from Greece or Africa—and, indeed, not until, whilst doubtless not losing their native characteristics, they had assimilated the Roman spirit with its capacity for organisation and its respect for law. So far was this the case—at least with Theodore—that he was ever scrupulous of any deviation from authentic Roman practice, and declared plainly that he would never allow any variation from the decrees of the Romans—that is, in plain English, the prescription of the Papal decretals. He even seems—and here perhaps the Greek comes out—to have been more rigid than Rome; and, although the transaction, as described by Bede and Eddius, is somewhat obscure, his reordination of St. Chad, whatever may have been its precise character, shows at least that we have left behind those milder days of Augustine and his companions, the disciples of St. Gregory, and Romans

of Rome. The spirit of St. Theodore appears too unmistakably on the one occasion on which, in view of urgent necessity, he did grant a dispensation from following the Roman practice. I notice this by the way, not for its own sake, but because I observe that so many writers are continually endeavouring, in defiance of history, to minimise the influence exercised by Rome over the English Church, and the very Romanised character of that Church itself, simply because they themselves do not like Rome and Romanising at the present day.

Let me sum up what I believe to be the historical influence of Rome and the Roman mission of St. Augustine, in the words of Mr. Green, in his *Making of England*.

"Nothing is more characteristic," he says, "of Roman Christianity than its administrative organisation. Its ordered hierarchy of Bishops, priests, and lower clergy, its judicial and deliberative machinery, its courts and its councils had become a part of its very existence, and settled with it on every land that it won. Gregory, as we have seen, had plotted out the yet heathen Britain into an ordered Church, . . . and though the carrying out of this scheme in its actual form had proved impossible, yet it was certain that the first effort of the Roman See, now that the ground was clear, would be to replace it by some analogous arrangement. But no such religious organisation could stamp itself on the English soil without telling on the civil organisation about it. The regular subordination of priest to bishop, of bishop to Primate [and we may add of Primate to Pope] in the administration of the Church would supply a model on which the civil organisation of the State would consciously but irresistibly shape itself. The gathering of the clergy in national Synods would inevitably lead the way to national gatherings for civil legislation. Above all, if the nation in its spiritual capacity came to recognise the authority of a single Primate, it would insensibly be led in its temporal capacity to recognise a

single sovereign. . . . The hopes of such an organisation rested in the submission of the English States to the Church of Rome."

To some these words may seem far-fetched and exaggerated; but I would ask you to remember that without this influence of Rome making for unification the welding of the peoples, and even nations, in this land into the one English people might have been indefinitely postponed.

I pass away from these things, and do not stop even for a moment to dwell on the glorious days of the eighth century for England, or linger over the names of Boniface or Bede. For we must hurry on and come to the last point for our consideration. Has all this story of the apostolate of St. Augustine in its far-reaching results aught to do with us Catholics to-day? I mean, has it any practical lesson for us, who are the heirs of a remnant—a scanty remnant indeed—of the Church founded by the apostles sent us from Rome by St. Gregory, a scanty remnant of those who never bowed their knees to Baal? I trust I shall be pardoned this expression. I do not mean it offensively as regards others. But those who know and realise what is meant by the sufferings under the penal laws, during the centuries when they pressed so heavily on English and Irish Catholics will know well enough what I mean.

The history of St. Augustine's mission—and by St. Augustine's mission I must be understood to include that of the disciples of St. Gregory, as St. Bede calls them, and of St. Theodore and the rest—it seems to me, has something more than even a lesson for us to-day. It explains to us what we are and why we are. It points out to us the conditions upon which alone we can hope to acquit ourselves not unworthily of the position as Catholics we are called upon to occupy among our fellow-countrymen to-day. If we are worthy of our position, we have to show to the world that we, whilst remaining thorough Englishmen and Irishmen, being English and Irish to the core, represent

and alone represent in this country a Church which is not the Church of any other single nation or people, but that which the Catholic or Universal Church is meant to be, the Church which can embrace all nationalities. Let me explain. I must take each of these aspects, (1) Nationalism, and (2) Catholicism, in turn.

First as to nationalism : I am not so young but I can remember the time when the word *nationalism* had a bad sound in the ears of Catholics. Now I am not in the least prepared to deny that there may be a sense in which the idea may deserve all the hard things that have been said of it. But there is no need for us to read much Church history—though there is need to read it with much attention perhaps—to find that though Irishmen and Englishmen, French and German, Italian and Spaniard have all been Catholics, the Catholicity of each of these races—and by Catholicity I mean strictly religion—has particular notes and characteristics of its own. This fact—for it is an undoubted fact—and its working out seem to me to constitute one of the features of main interest in the history of the Church, since she has become the Mother of the nations. And, may I add, the lesson to be derived from this is not the least important which a study of Church history teaches us. Put simply it is this : as Catholics we do not—and for that matter we cannot—cease to be of our own race and people ; and over and above this, one of the great powers of the Church, on its human side, is the coexistence in it, and their interaction, of all these various types of mind and character—various as are the peoples and races of the worldwide Church. It may in truth be said to be one of the essential characteristics of the Catholic Church—indeed the very essence of its idea—that it is confined to no nation and limited to no place.

For us in this land, small minority as we are, outside the great intellectual currents of the country as we are, contemned and despised as we are, it is of the utmost

importance, I repeat, that we should not cease to be thorough Irishmen and Englishmen to the heart's core, and should not allow it to be thought possible that we could be swallowed up in any missionary cosmopolitanism. Even to the Church itself we should not be doing our duty were we to divest ourselves of our native characteristics.

I say this much with the object of not being misunderstood in what I am now about to say in trying to put before you the importance of our Catholic profession. Outside the body of English and Irish Catholics in this land, what goes by the name of religion among the people, whether they belong to the Church of England, or are Methodists or Independents or Baptists, no matter what the exact items of their belief may be, is a religion essentially and exclusively an *English* religion. This is perfectly well understood, and we know it well enough, for it is being always dinned into our ears by many people as the particular virtue of their form of religion. Now, whilst I have no wish to minimise the national side of things, it is evident that an English religion as we find it in this island, and I suppose in the colonies, is utterly irreconcilable with the primary and fundamental notion of the unity of the Visible Church founded by Christ for all peoples and tongues.

We Catholics, then, alone in England, represent the idea of a Church not circumscribed by nationality, but one which does in fact include every nation under the sun. This is a patent fact, and it is a fact in virtue of the communion of all races and peoples and tongues with Rome, and a fact wholly independent of the question whether our beliefs are right or wrong ; and it does not require much discernment to see that it was the mission of St. Augustine which specially brought our English peoples into direct and continual relation with that centre where for a thousand years they gloried in finding their spiritual headship. Herein, then, we Catholics in this island find the particular justification of our existence in the eyes of the world.

We, and we alone in this land, whether we will or not, or whether others like it or not—we are the witness that the Visible Church is Catholic, that the Catholic Church is a visible body, and that the Catholic Church and the Visible Church is not, and cannot be, the Church of any race or nation, or of any two or three or more peoples, but is the Church of all nations and of all races and of all tongues, is in one word—*Catholic*.

Before closing I must refer once more to St. Augustine's personal character, and the import of his mission. I have tried to put before you one view, and that which I believe to be the true one. Candour, however, obliges me to tell you that there is another opinion about the personality and position of him whom the men who lived so near his time as the Council of Cloveshoe proclaimed the apostle of our race, and whom they elevated in their prayers and in their reliance on his help to the same rank as Gregory, whom they revered above all. We may conveniently take this other view from the article on our national apostle in the *Dictionary of National Biography*. "Augustine," the writer informs us, "does not seem to have had much missionary spirit. He had not gone far before he returned to the Pope, with the request from his comrades that they should not be compelled to undertake so dangerous a journey." It must be remembered too, that he "was not called upon to go into an entirely unknown land nor one where Christianity was unheard of," and "thus Augustine came to England neither unexpected nor unbefriended." He "does not seem to have been a man of great energy or decision. The tradition of his monastic training had sunk deeply into his mind. He was beset by small difficulties of organisation, and referred to the Pope for instructions. His inquiries of the Pope and Gregory's answers present the picture of a painstaking official who had great trouble in adapting his former principles to the altered circumstances in which he was placed . . . Nothing that we know of Augustine leads us to rank him as a

remarkable man. Bede tells us many traits of Aidan and Cuthbert which fill us with respect for their character. In the case of Augustine he only mentions the miracles whereby he established his prestige. Augustine's questions to Pope Gregory I. show a small mind busied about trifles. . . . We cannot rank him higher than a capable official of the Roman Church."

The writer of this estimate was a Professor of History at Cambridge. He has since risen to high position in the Established Church, and was called upon to play an important part in the celebrations organised in that body in honour of the apostle who is thus belittled; for he was no other than Dr. Mandel Creighton, Bishop of London. I may add that what I have quoted from will by many be regarded as the scientific conclusions of the historian. Should any desire to see the same put into the common or vulgar tongue, he may find it in the lectures delivered some two years ago by Bishop Browne of Bristol to prepare the minds of Anglicans for the celebration.

THE STORY OF ST. BEDE.*

Few documents of ecclesiastical antiquity are at once so simple and so full of pathos as that which tells us of the first abbots of Wearmouth and Jarrow. And among the many pathetic and moving incidents recorded in these precious pages, none stir the heart chords more deeply than the narrative of the setting forth of the aged Abbot Ceolfrid on his last journey Romeward.

It was on Thursday, June 4th, 716—the Thursday before the Feast of Pentecost—that the saint departed from the brethren over whom he had ruled, an ideal superior, for more than thirty years. Advancing age had warned him of the prudence of letting younger hands take the direction of a work for which he no longer felt himself equal; and the thought of the coming night, "when no man can work," had set his heart longing to close his eyes within sight of the tombs of the Apostles in Eternal Rome, where he had knelt as a youth with his first abbot, the sainted Benet Biscop. His design, long conceived and long prepared for, had remained a secret till the last moment; since he feared to face the opposition of his brethren, or to witness for too long a time the outward signs of their genuine sorrow.

On the morning of his setting forth, after having offered Mass in honour of St. Peter, at which he distributed for the last time the Bread of Life to all who would, he spoke to his sons in the oratory of St. Laurence in the dormitory. The theme of his discourse was peace and brotherly love, and of the need

* An Address delivered at St. Bede's College, Manchester, October 29th, 1900.

there was that each individual should strive to preserve their common home from quarrels and dissensions. Then, as he finished, all went forth to the river-bank, and, like St. Paul's disciples at Ephesus, they, "grieving most of all for the word he had said, that they should see his face no more, brought him on his way to the ship," which lay at the river-bank waiting to convey him over the waters of the Tyne, on the first stage of his journey. As they went they chanted at his bidding the psalmody he loved so much, and in which he had been wont for years to join in their daily service to God; but their voices faltered and failed, and often the rhythm of the Gregorian phrase was broken by sobs and lamentations. Then, again like St. Paul, "kneeling down," Ceolfrid "prayed with them, and there was much weeping among them all; and, falling on his neck, they kissed him"; and before the veil of tears was lifted from their eyes, behold he was already on his way.

With vision dimmed by sorrow, they watched his passage from the shore, looking on him for the last time as he sat in the vessel's prow with the companions of his voyage, whilst a deacon held aloft the golden cross he himself had made as the standard of his monastery. And he, writes the unnamed author of this narrative, "as he looked back on his weeping brethren, and heard the sublime strains of the chant intermingled with the sounds of their sorrow, could no longer keep back his own sobs and tears, but with broken voice he repeated again and again this one prayer: 'O Christ, in Thy mercy help this family! O Lord, Almighty God, protect this army of Thy servants! I believe most firmly that none live who are better than they, and I know that there can be none more prompt to obey. Protect them, Christ, who art our God!'"

Among the six hundred monks of Wearmouth and Jarrow who on that morning of June, now well-nigh twelve centuries ago, watched the passing away of their beloved father, there was one who has not only himself

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given his own account of this scene, but who in his writings has left a trace of the deep sorrow which filled his soul at the time. This was the great saint and master, Venerable Bede. At the time of Abbot Ceolfrid's departure he had just finished his commentary on the third Book of Samuel, and proposed to rest awhile for meditation. "But that rest—if sharp anguish of mind can be called rest—has turned out," he writes, "much longer than I intended, because of the sudden changes brought about by the departure of my most revered Abbot. After long devotion to the care of his monastery, he, without warning, determined to go to Rome to breathe his last breath in the places sanctified by the bodies of the blessed Apostles and martyrs of Christ; thus causing no little consternation to those committed to his charge, and greater because it was so unexpected."

St. Bede had, indeed, only too much reason to speak of this loss as causing him "anguish of mind"; for, from the early age of ten, for three and thirty years, he had been closely associated with St. Ceolfrid. Nothing can be more simple, more uneventful than the life of St. Bede—as uneventful as that of a scholar of our own day immersed in his books, or of a man of science who spends the quickly passing years absorbed in the experiments of his laboratory.

St. Bede was born in the year 673—a date memorable in the history of the Anglo-Saxon Church. It was, as all know, the year in which Archbishop Theodore held the Council of Hertford, in which the difficulties and disputes between the upholders of Celtic ecclesiastical customs and the maintainers of Roman practices were finally set at rest; and the Church, which during the previous half-century had grown apace, was organised into dioceses and parishes in this first national synod. The name of Theodore is also inseparably connected with the foundation of schools of learning in the north and south of England. In the latter, at Canterbury, he was aided by the Abbot

Adrian, the African, and at first by the English monk, Benet Biscop; whilst in the north, Biscop, resigning his charge at Canterbury in 671, after another journey to Rome, founded in 674 the celebrated monastery of Wearmouth on the banks of the Humber, and set to work to make it a not unworthy rival of Canterbury.

To this last, at the time of St. Bede's birth, crowds of students were flocking to study under Adrian and even under Theodore himself. From these two illustrious scholars they learned, we are told, the Scriptures, Latin and Greek, astronomy and arithmetic, with verse-making and music. The Archbishop also appears to have lectured on medicine; for in after years one of his illustrious scholars, St. John of Beverley, quoted a maxim of his that no patient should be bled when moon and tide were waxing; and Theodore himself, wishing to combat a popular superstition against eating the flesh of hares, recorded his opinion that it was good for dysentery. Canterbury was altogether a wonderful school of learning, and St. Bede says that in his days some of those scholars could speak Latin and Greek fluently, and that in Archbishop Theodore's time all who would could find instructors in Holy Scripture.

Benet Biscop, as I have said, on resigning his charge of St. Augustine's, Canterbury, to Abbot Adrian set out on his third journey to Rome. On his return he made large purchases of books at Rome and at Vienne, and brought them with him to his native country of Northumbria. King Egfrith listened to his account of the monastic life he had seen upon his travels, and in particular at Rome and Lerins; and he finally gave him seventy hides of land to build a monastery just where the river Wear empties its tributary waters into the greater Humber. Thus it came to pass that after the Synod of Hertford, and when our St. Bede was but one year old, Benet Biscop founded the monastery of Wearmouth in honour of St. Peter.

As Bede himself tells us he was born upon the land

which King Egfrith had just bestowed upon the monastery; and, his parents dying when he was quite young, he was at the age of 7 committed to the care of the Abbot. This would have been in 680, and already Benet Biscop by his energy had done much to build up his first great foundation. To St. Benet Biscop the English people—and so, too, indeed, for that matter, the civilised world generally—owes a debt of gratitude which has hitherto, I believe, not been sufficiently recognised. It was undoubtedly Biscop who was one of the first in Anglo-Saxon England to realise the power of learning in forwarding God's cause, and the civilising influence of books, of industries and art. From his many journeys abroad he returned laden with manuscript treasures from Rome, Lerins and elsewhere. He induced teachers of music, scribes and painters and glass-makers to come to his monastery in the far north; he formed there a school of learning, of which St. Bede was but the most brilliant of the scholars and masters.

His influence did not stop there. From Wearmouth and Jarrow came Egbert and the school of York; and from York came Alcuin, the great master-mind which directed the revival of letters under Charlemagne. "Blessed by God indeed is the place," writes Alcuin himself of Wearmouth, "which has deserved to have such teachers, and blessed those who dwelling there strive to carry out their teaching! Remember what noble Fathers you have had, and be not degenerate sons of such ancestors. Look at your treasure of books. Think of the beauty of your churches, the elegance of your monastic buildings. Meditate on the order of regular life which is there established. Happy the man who can pass from that peaceful home into the joys of the heavenly kingdom!" This is what the great Alcuin thought of the school which St. Benet Biscop had set up at Wearmouth; and, in truth, to the latter work there may be traced directly the whole Carlovingian renaissance, and all that this means for the civilisation of Europe generally.

For a fourth time Benet Biscop made the long pilgrimage to the Eternal City, and returned with a further store of precious books and many relics of the saints. He brought back also pictures for his church, which had been built by the masons of Gaul in stone, "after the Roman manner." These pictures represented, we are told, the "Ever-virgin Mother of God," the Apostles, and scenes from the Gospel history and the Apocalypse, in order that the most illiterate man who entered might read for himself the lessons of religion. The Pope also permitted the arch-cantor of St. Peter's, John the Precentor, to come from Italy to Northumberland to teach the monks of Wearmouth singing and ceremonial.

Seeing the great success of his first foundation, King Egfrith determined to build another monastery for his friend, Benet Biscop, at Jarrow, not far distant from Wearmouth, then regarded as the port of the Northumbrian kingdom. Though five miles apart, the two establishments were intended to be under the same abbot; but, as Biscop was so frequently obliged to be absent, either on the business in which the King employed him or on his journeys into foreign countries, he appointed Abbot Easterwine over the community at Wearmouth, and Abbot Ceolfrid to represent him at Jarrow. This was about the year 683; and Bede, then ten years old, removed to Jarrow, with Abbot Ceolfrid, to start the new foundation—or rather the new part of the old foundation—since they remained still so closely connected with the parent-house by every tie of brotherhood that, as St. Bede himself says, Wearmouth and Jarrow "could fittingly be called one monastery in two places."

In 686 the twin monasteries were visited by one of those plagues which at that time frequently devastated Europe. At Jarrow its ravages were little less than appalling; and it was during the time of this great visitation that there took place an incident which is recorded in the anonymous History of the Abbots, and which relates without doubt to St. Bede.

" In the monastery over which Ceolfrid presided," says the writer, " all who could read or preach or recite the antiphons and responsories were swept away, except the Abbot himself and one little lad nourished and taught by him, who is now a priest of the same monastery, and both by word of mouth and by writing commends to all who wish to know them, the Abbot's worthy deeds. And the Abbot, sad of heart because of this visitation, ordained that they should, contrary to their former custom, recite the psalms without antiphons, except at Vespers and Matins. And when this had been done, with many tears and lamentations on his part, for the space of a week, the Abbot could no longer bear it, but ordered that the psalms, with their antiphons, should be restored to the order of the regular course ; and, all assisting, by means of himself and the aforesaid boy, he carried out what he had decreed with no little labour, until such time as either he himself could train, or procure from elsewhere, men able to take part in the divine service."

Of the years devoted in this monastic retreat by the youthful saint to study and meditation we know little. Alcuin, indeed, refers to a tradition concerning them in a letter addressed to the Jarrow monks in later years. " Let your youths," he writes, " be taught Holy Scripture, that in maturer years they may be able to instruct others. He who learns not whilst he is young cannot teach when he grows up. Remember that the most illustrious master of our age, the priest Bede, had in his youth that great love of learning for which now he is honoured among men, and has received great glory and regard with God. By the thought of his example, then, rouse up your minds if you be inclined to slumber. Listen to your masters ; open your books, study what you find therein, and seek to penetrate into its meaning. In this way you will feed your own soul and be able, like him, to give unto others the food of the spiritual life."

St. Bede was ordained deacon at the age of nineteen and at thirty—that is, in the year 703—he was consecrated a priest by his old master and constant friend, St. John of Beverley. The rest of his life in the monastery up to his fifty-ninth year is thus described in the brief biographical note he has appended to his *Ecclesiastical History of the English People.*

"Thus much concerning the ecclesiastical history of Britain, and especially of the race of the English, I, Baeda, a servant of Christ and priest of the Monastery of the Blessed Apostles St. Peter and St. Paul, which is at Wearmouth and Jarrow, have with the Lord's help composed, so far as I could gather it either from ancient documents, or from the tradition of elders, or from my own knowledge. . . . I have spent the whole of my life within the monastery, devoting all my energy to the study of the Scriptures; and, amid the observance of monastic discipline and the daily charge of singing in the church, it has ever been my delight to learn or to teach or to write. . . . From the time of my ordination to the priesthood until my present fifty-ninth year, I have endeavoured, for my own use and that of my brethren, to make brief notes upon Holy Scripture out of the works of the ancient Fathers, or to add something in conformity with their meaning and interpretation."

Then, after giving a catalogue of his writings in God's service, he concludes with the following prayer: "I beseech Thee, O good Jesus, that, since Thou hast lovingly given unto me to drink in with delight the words of Thy wisdom, Thou wilt grant me also to attain to Thee, the Fountainhead of all wisdom, and to stand forever before Thy face!"

This is practically all we know and can know about this half-century of daily work. It is all conveyed in the words we use in the Office of the saint: *Semper legit, semper scripsit, semper docuit, semper oravit.*—"He was ever reading, writing, teaching or praying."

But if we have only slight and general records of St. Bede, we know much in detail of the life that was

going on around him—of the atmosphere which he breathed and in which he lived and worked ; of that fulness of activity to be found at Wearmouth and Jarrow ; of the simplicity of spirit and singleness of mind in which all the works carried on there were pursued. The great St. Benet Biscop is the type of its activity. He was the founder of these monasteries, and the true author of the work which these simple monks, who lived far away in the north by the River Tyne, have done for the world at large. Of the spirit of simplicity that pervaded the place, Bede's own account of Easterwine (even if we had not the evidence of our saint himself in their every page) is sufficient testimony.

The life was Arcadian in its picturesque simplicity ; and reminds us, as Cardinal Newman says, of those times in the dayspring of the world when Adam delved, and Abel watched the flocks, and Noah tended his vines, and angels visited them. Even of the simplicity of the life there was no pretence and proclamation ; there was no programme, no plan ; no boasting, no consciousness of any mission. It was a simple, placid, even, uneventful life that the monks of Wearmouth and Jarrow led on the banks of the Tyne twelve centuries ago. We may catch a glimpse of the reality in St. Bede's own account of Abbot Easterwine, who undertook the rule of the monastery in the ninth year from its foundation.

" He was of noble birth," he writes, " being a kinsman of St. Benet Biscop ; but this in no wise made any difference in his observance of every rule. And, though, indeed, he had been a minister of King Egfrith, when he resigned secular employments, and, laying aside his arms, had entered the spiritual service, he ever showed himself so truly humble and on a par with every other of his brethren, that his chief delight was when he was employed with them in winnowing or grinding the corn, or in milking the kine and the ewes. He was ever joyous and prompt at the work of the bakehouse, of the kitchen, garden, and in all

the labours of the monastery. Even after he had received the name and rank of an abbot he was still the same in all these things, remembering the admonition of the wise man : ' Have they made thee ruler ? Be not therefore puffed up. Be among them as one of themselves : kindly and courteous to all.' "

And so when Abbot Easterwine, " often going hither and thither on the business of the monastery, found the brethren at work, he would join them at their labour, either guiding the plough or wielding the forge-hammer or turning the winnowing-fan, or other such work. He was useful in his great strength and kindly in his speech ; he was cheerful in disposition and large-hearted in his kindnesses ; honesty was written on his face. He ever used the same food as the rest of the brethren, and after he was Abbot he continued to occupy his old place in the common dormitory. Even when he was seized by his last illness, he continued for two more days to lie in the common sleeping place. He died on March 6th, at night, whilst the brethren were singing their Matins."

Truly St. Bede's was the placid, even, uneventful life of the ideal student, priest and monk. Prayer and work, work and prayer, always and ever in unchanging regularity, day by day and year by year, for fifty years. St. Bede's surroundings—his environment, we should perhaps call it in the language of to-day—seem eminently suitable to a life like his. " It was," says a modern writer, " a fulfilment in the letter of the glowing imagery of prophets about the evangelical period." As we read, in St. Bede's own language, the description of how Abbot Easterwine passed to his reward, and try to picture the life at Wearmouth, we can imagine that the same words would almost apply to himself ; or that, at any rate, they picture truthfully the influences by which he himself was surrounded. His was, indeed, labour of a different kind—that of teaching and writing—but the spirit of Easterwine we recognise in Bede.

That one glimpse we get, too, of the boy-monk

keeping choir with his Abbot in the deserted stalls of Jarrow is an indication of the way in which throughout life he clung to the common duties of his state The *Opus Dei*—God's work—as St. Benedict calls the Office, was to him refreshment and repose, giving him strength to renew his studies and furnishing food for his meditations. He would hear of no relaxation from the daily round of choral duties. " Our master and your patron, the blessed Bede," writes Alcuin to the monks of Jarrow, " is reported to have said : ' I know that angels come to the canonical hours and to the assemblies of the brethren. What if they did not find me among my brothers ? Would they not have reason to say, " Where is Bede ? Why does he not come with the brethren to the appointed services ? " ' "

It would be difficult to find, in a few words, a more fitting description of the lifework of St. Bede than that which Cardinal Newman gives of his ideal monk : " To the monk heaven was next door. He formed no plans, he had no cares. He went forth in his youth to his work and his labour until the evening of life ; if he lived a day longer, he did a day's more work. He ploughed and sowed, he prayed, he meditated, he studied, he wrote, he taught, and then he died and went to heaven."

Bede's love of the monastic choir and of the church is as characteristic of his simplicity of purpose in life as are his studying and teaching—God's appointed work for him. The supernatural world was all round about him at all times, but in a special and wellnigh visible manner to his eye of faith in the sacred precincts of God's house. " Whenever we enter the church," he says in his commentary on St. Luke, " whenever we enter the church and draw near to the heavenly mysteries, we ought to approach with all humility and fear, as well because of the presence of the angelic powers as of the reverence due to the sacred oblation ; for as the angels are said to have stood by the Lord's body when it lay in the tomb, so we must believe that

they are present at the celebration of the mysteries of His most sacred body at the time of the Consecration." In the same spirit he writes on St. Mark's Gospel: "So we, when we come to any town or village in which there is a house of prayer dedicated to God, first let us turn aside to this; and when we have commended ourselves to God in prayer, then go about the worldly business for which we came."

It is impossible to read what St. Bede has written without feeling that to him the present and the future life were hardly divided. The supernatural was so natural and so vivid to him that it was hardly *super*-natural at all. As he lived so he died. We all know the word-picture of his end given by Cuthbert, Bede's disciple; but, all the same, let me set it before you again in the English form of the great Cardinal Newman:

"He was exceedingly oppressed with shortness of breathing, though without pain, before Easterday for about a fortnight," writes Cuthbert, the monk, of St. Bede. "But he rallied and was full of joy and gladness, and gave thanks to Almighty God day and night and every hour up to Ascension Day. And he gave us, his scholars, daily lectures, and passed the rest of the day in singing the Psalms, and the night, too, in joy and thanksgiving—except the scanty time which he gave to sleep. And as soon as he woke he was busy in his customary way, and he never ceased with uplifted hands giving thanks to God. I solemnly protest, never have I seen or heard of anyone who was so diligent in thanksgiving.

"He sang that sentence of the blessed Apostle Paul, 'It is a dreadful thing to fall into the hands of the living God'; and many other passages of Scripture, in which he warned us to shake off the slumber of soul, by anticipating our last hour. And he sang some verses of his own in English also, to the effect that no one could be too well prepared for his end—viz., in calling to mind, before he departs hence, what good or evil he has done and how his judgment will lie.

And he sang, too, the antiphons, of which one is: 'O King of glory, Lord of Angels, who this day hast ascended in triumph above all the heavens, leave us not orphans, but send the promise of the Father upon us, the Spirit of Truth!' And when he came to the words, 'leave us not orphans,' he burst into tears and wept much. He said, too, 'God scourgeth every son whom He receiveth'; and, with St. Ambrose, 'I have not so lived as to be ashamed to have been among you; nor do I fear to die, for we have a good Lord.'

"In those days, besides our lectures and the psalmody, he was engaged in two works: he was translating into English the Gospel of St. John, as far as the words, 'But what are these among so many?' and some extracts from the *Notæ* of Isidore. On the Tuesday before Ascension Day he began to suffer still more in his breathing, and his feet were slightly swollen. However, he went through the day dictating cheerfully; and he kept saying from time to time: 'Take down what I say quickly; for I know not how long I am to last, or whether my Maker will not take me soon.' He seemed to us to be quite aware of the time of his going, and he passed that night in giving thanks, without sleeping. As soon as morning broke —that is, on the Wednesday—he urged us to make haste with the writing which we had begun. We did so till nine o'clock, when we walked in procession with the relics of the saints, according to the usage of that day. But one of our party said to him: 'Dearest master, one chapter is still wanting; can you bear our asking you about it? He answered: 'I can bear it; take your pen and be ready to write quickly.'

"At three o'clock he said to me: 'Run fast and call your priests, that I may divide among them some little gifts that I have in my box.' When I had done this in much agitation, he spoke to each, urging and entreating them all to make a point of saying Masses and prayers for him. Thus he passed the day in joy until evening, when the above-named youth said to

him : ' Dear master, there is yet one sentence not written.' He answered : ' Write quickly.' Presently the youth said : ' Now it is finished.' He replied : ' Good ! Thou hast said the truth—*consummatum est !* Take my head into thy hands ; for it is very pleasant for me to sit facing my old praying-place, and thus to call upon my Father.' And so on the floor of his cell he sang : ' Glory be to the Father, Son and Holy Ghost ! ' And just as he said ' Holy Ghost,' he breathed his last and went to the realms above."

This recitation, no doubt, is familiar to all of us, and the words in which Cardinal Newman has clothed it have finally fixed its English form. I know not what you may feel ; but whenever I read the story of St. Bede's deathbed, as left us by the monk Cuthbert, one characteristic especially strikes me—that is, its *modernism.* The surroundings of the eighth century are now, of course, past and gone ; but the narrative is full of touching details, which are precisely those which would strike the mind at the present day. To some it may seem that stories of men, whom the world to-day in sport calls " the monks of old," belong to a past that is no concern of ours, that does not touch us, that cannot influence or help us ; and that the only value they possess is their worth as curiosities of literature, or as indications of ancient manners and customs. Is this true ? I say no—a thousand times, no !

I am speaking now, of course, not of the religious side, but of the thoroughness and conscientiousness which has to be put into our work, whatever it may be, if it is to live and fructify. But when we look deeper, and consider what was the character and tone and temper of these men as monks and men of God, and see them ever living, moving, working as if consciously in God's sight, I think they have left in this, for us Catholics, a lesson no less entirely practical and proper for these restless modern days.

Let us take the two points separately : First, what

was the work that has been left by the Jarrow school, looked at as mere work ? And secondly, what was the quality and character of the men who, in the age in which they lived, could produce such work ? The new historical school has taught us and enabled us to look into the reality of things—that is, to penetrate into the very life of the past ; to realise and, if we may use the expression, revivify much that to earlier inquirers into those times appeared to be dead and buried forever beneath the dust of ages. Looked at, then, in the light of all we now know, the work of St. Bede no longer appears as the product of mere individual effort : like the work of a Mabillon, it was the outcome of the labours of many fellow-workers in one great common cause—the service of God and of His Church.

Now when we compare the work done under the inspiration of St. Bede at Wearmouth and Jarrow with the other literary efforts of the seventh and eighth centuries, one characteristic at once strikes us. The work of that northern English school is what may be called " thorough and scholarly." There is no parade of erudition nor pretence ; it will bear the test of examination ; it carries with it evidence of wide reading and full knowledge utilised with judgment and critical tact, and for this it became a model to subsequent generations. Whether we take the History of Bede for chronology and the careful determination of dates, or his treatise on metre (which is really philological), or his Scripture commentaries, and compare them with the efforts of a century or two before, or even with those of a century or two after, we can at once detect the difference.

St. Bede, moreover, knew how to utilise in God's service the labours even of those who were not always orthodox, where they could be useful and where there was no question of the Faith ; like those, for example, of the Donatist Tyconius. Nothing, it is true, can be more simple than his notes on the Sacred Scriptures; but when we take his Scripture work as a whole, with

his prefaces and the rest, and set this beside similar efforts of later mediæval commentators, we can hardly fail to recognise in Bede's work a mastery of all that had before been written, to see that the subject is ever handled according to the principles of, what we to-day should call, sound scholarship, and that the author was fully sensible of the importance of true textual criticism.

Or take his History. "There are scenes in it," says a modern writer, "which live in the hearts of every one of us . . . which will live as long as Englishmen have any care for their country and their Church, as long as the story of saintliness and self-sacrifice can awaken an answering echo in human hearts." Yet reflect how this great record of our country was composed. Remember that its author was a man who lived his whole life within the narrow circuit of a few miles; remember also the difficulty of obtaining information in those days. Still, to acquire knowledge, and accurate knowledge, he went to work precisely as the historian would at the present day, never resting till he had got at the best sources of information attainable, at the cost of whatever time or patience or labour it might involve. It is only now, in this age of minute criticism, that we can realise the full excellency of St. Bede's historical methods.

The chief study of St. Bede and his fellow-monks of Wearmouth and Jarrow was, however, the Holy Scriptures. It was from this monastery that has come to us the best and most correct manuscript of the Vulgate—a scientific achievement of the highest quality. Let us try to realise what this simple fact means. We know in our day, with all our modern aids and processes, the time, labour, and anxious care that are involved in investigating the Sacred Books in order to secure the purest possible text. Only those who have been engaged in such studies can fully understand, or indeed form any idea of, the difficulty and complexity of the task. Now, precisely the same problem presented itself to the monks of Wearmouth

and Jarrow at the close of the seventh and the beginning of the eighth century. The old and the new, or Vulgate, version had been long enough in existence together to have permitted the production of manuscripts in which the readings of both versions were mingled in almost hopeless confusion.

The task which St. Bede and his fellow-monks put before themselves, then, was to sift and sort the one from the other, and thus to produce as pure a text as possible of our Authorised Version of the Sacred Scriptures, which we call the Vulgate. This was, indeed, an undertaking proper to task the highest scientific qualities of any age. How the monks of St. Bede's school succeeded, the still extant manuscript, known as the great Codex Amiatinus, is sufficient evidence. As may rightly be the case with men who do good work, they were themselves not unconscious of the value and importance of what they had achieved for the Church. This is evident from the fact that when the aged Abbot Ceolfrid determined to lay aside his lifelong work and retire to Rome to die, he caused a copy of this Bible to be prepared for him to take as the most fitting present to offer to the successor of St. Peter.

Now, all this is evidence that under St. Bede at Wearmouth and at Jarrow men had learned, as the first condition of sound work that principle inculcated in Holy Writ, " Whatever thy right hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might." There was no carelessness, no slovenliness, no shirking of toil and labour, no ignoring of minute details in what they did. The idea that anything but the best was good enough was impossible, where conscience reigned over and regulated every work. These were the qualities which distinguished our saint and the Northumbrian school formed under his guidance ; and this is why their labours came to have, through their disciple and inheritor of their methods, Alcuin, so decisive an influence on the development of European culture.

Now, different as is the work to be done in our

modern cities, and at a time like this, from what a dozen centuries ago was required at Jarrow, it seems to me that it is precisely the same qualities and the same spirit which will command success now as did then. These are days of the widest competition, and there is little doubt that we have not been sufficiently alive in the past to the qualities and conditions which alone secure success in the struggle. They may all really be summed up in one word—" thoroughness " —thoroughness is everything ; and, I would add, a determination to be content with nothing less than the best possible.

And here again, as we read and re-read the pages of St. Bede and compare them with those of his predecessors, contemporaries and immediate successors, what should strike us so much is the exquisite temper and balance of mind of which they give evidence. In every page there is a transparent simplicity, and running through everything an all-pervading spirit of simple piety. The works show us the man as a thoroughly disciplined soul ; and whilst, contemplating his work as a whole, we are surprised at his activity, yet there is no evidence or sign of haste or hurry. His mind seems to have been possessed by two simple ideas, and they are what are perhaps the most needed at the present day : first, the conviction that he was ever walking in the presence of God ; and, secondly, that, God being ever with him, all that he did, no matter what, was a work of religion—a part of his reasonable service of God.

Think of the calm of that death scene ! The saint was fully possessed of his faculties, knowing all that was going on round about him, and working even to the very end. To him clearly there was so complete a knowledge of the habitual presence of God, which St. Paul would have us realise when he says, " In Him we live and move and have our being," that the passage of a soul from this world to the next was both easy and natural.

One more point, and one of the utmost importance :

the whole life of this great English Doctor of the Church was fixed and centred upon what a great man, now dead, has called " the impregnable rock of Holy Scripture." It was from the Sacred Books that St. Bede and his followers and disciples nourished their whole lives. Remember, too, what the work was upon which St. Bede was engaged when he was on his deathbed. It was a translation of the Gospels into English—that is, one intended for the poor in spirit, the simple and humble of heart, not for the learned. Here, too, in devotion to the Scripture and in a desire to break the Word to the poor and unlearned, we may all of us take a useful lesson from the life of St. Bede.

Finally, St. Bede shows himself to be the very antithesis of any narrow-minded or exclusive glorification of his own Order or mode of life. It is impossible to read his *Ecclesiastical History* without seeing how he glories in the common work of the Church, and how he regards the monastic as merely one manifestation of the Christian life in the world. His letter to Archbishop Egbert is a sufficient indication of the wide character of his sympathies. To him the bishop was the appointed overseer of all the flock ; and he even blames the excessive multiplication of religious houses, and the bestowal upon them of too many churches and lands, as tending to cripple the divinely appointed work of the episcopate.

Above all other characteristics necessary in a teacher and ruler of men was, our saint strongly indicates, " gentleness and tenderness of heart." Of King Ethelbert, after his conversion by St. Augustine, he says that " he had learned from the teachers and authors of his salvation that men were to be drawn heavenward, not forced " ; just as Aldhelm said of the British, that " schismatics were to be convinced, not compelled." And, to take one more point, St. Bede ever insists that it was all-important for a teacher of religion to remember the truth that no man can successfully carry God's message to others who has

not already in his own life mastered its meaning.

These are some among the many useful lessons St. Bede has for us to-day. As we think over his life and work we can understand the influence his spirit has exercised at all times in the centuries of change which have separated his day from ours. What a change that has been ! Dynasties have risen, have ruled, and have fallen ; great men in Church and State have come and gone, and given place to others ; the peaceful reaches of the lower Tyne, as Bede knew them, are to-day covered with great ships carrying out to lands unknown to Bede's geography, or bringing in from those distant shores, the merchandise of the greatest commercial empire the world has ever known ; the solitude and repose of Wearmouth and Jarrow, in which Bede lived his life of prayer and study, is broken to-day by the constant din of the multitudes gathered together in the busy cities which now cover the river banks and stretch away far inland. Even in religion the England of Bede is changed beyond recognition—a change which he would undoubtedly have regarded as the most disastrous of all things that could have happened in the land he loved so well.

Yet, amidst all the changes that time and man have wrought, is there a name in the whole of the English annals that has been, and is, so universally revered and honoured as that of Bede—our Venerable Bede, as his countrymen from the first have loved to call him ? To us English-speaking peoples, he has, of course, ever been not alone the brightest ornament of the glorious Saxon Church, but our model, our master, our doctor. Now, after the lapse of the centuries, the world at large recognises him as we have known him, and they to-day say to him with us : " Thou wast filled as a river with wisdom, and thy soul covered the earth. . . . Thy name went abroad to the islands far off, and thou wast beloved in thy peace."

THE MANTLE OF ST. DOMINIC.*

"And Elias found Eliseus, the son of Saphat, ploughing with twelve yoke of oxen . . . and when Elias came up to him, he cast his mantle upon him. And he forthwith left the oxen and ran after Elias, and said: Let me, I pray thee, kiss my father and my mother, and then I will follow thee. And he said to him: Go, and return back, for that which was my part, I have done to thee."—(2 Kings xix. 19, 20.)

On the 10th of August, in the year 1221—six hundred and eighty years ago—Peter de Rupibus, then Bishop of Winchester, came to Canterbury at the head of a large retinue, and accompanied by a number of ecclesiastics. He had just landed at Dover, on his return to England from the East, and had pushed on to visit the great Cardinal, Stephen Langton, Archbishop of the Southern English province. In his train were thirteen clerics—members of a new order, named the "Friars Preachers"—who had journeyed with him from Italy. Whilst passing through Bologna, where they were celebrating their second general chapter, the Bishop had been requested by their founder, Saint Dominic, to permit some of his sons to travel back in his company to England, whither the Order had determined to send a colony. Thus it came to pass that travelling under the guidance of Bishop Peter de Rupibus, the first Dominicans of the English province under their first Prior—Friar Gilbert de Fresnoys—reached England and Canterbury on the Feast of Saint Laurence, just four days after their sainted founder had breathed his last in the city from whence they had departed. The new comers, introduced by so influential a personage as the Bishop of Win-

*Preached at the Opening of the Dominican Church, Pendleton, Manchester, 1901.

chester, were well received at Benedictine Canterbury ; and the Archbishop, hearing that they were " the Preachers," requested Friar Gilbert to occupy the pulpit that day in his stead. This he did in a way that at once won for the first Dominicans the lasting friendship of Stephen Langton.

It was thus that the sons of Saint Dominic came first to this country : and, on an occasion like this, when at the beginning of a new century of work, we are celebrating a new foundation of this great Order in England, our thoughts instinctively turn to that day nearly seven centuries ago when their connection with this land of ours began, I am happy to think, in the great monastic cathedral of Christchurch, Canterbury, and through the personal introduction of the Bishop of Benedictine Winchester.

I have said that we are celebrating a new foundation —the establishment of a new focus for the work, energy and zeal of the Fathers you are happy to have established amongst you. The dedication of any place—any temple—to the service of God is an occasion for gladness and thanksgiving for all who believe in His name and desire that He should receive fitting honour and glory. But to have a Church that has been consecrated by all the solemnity of Catholic ritual and its very stones dedicated to God by the sacred unction, is a privilege which is not granted to all. God, indeed, as we believe and know, is ever present in every place, and His ear ever listens to the prayer of those who call upon Him. He is specially present, too, in every place where an altar has been raised to His name and where the Lamb that was slain from the beginning of the world is offered upon it for a sacrifice unto Him. But in a consecrated sanctuary God would seem to be specially present by " His power " and the unseen, but no less real, manifestation of His Spirit to the hearts of those that seek Him in this His chosen place.

By consecration a Church becomes a spot like that which Jacob saw in his vision, whereon a ladder rested which led even to the throne of God. Angels were

ascending and descending by it, bearing upward the prayers of the faithful and returning with the treasures of God's mercies to man—and the Lord was leaning upon the ladder saying : " I am the Lord God of Abraham thy father and the God of Isaac." It was then that awaking Jacob exclaimed, as he realised the full significance of the vision, " Indeed the Lord is in this place and I knew it not " ; and trembling, he said, " How terrible is this place ! this is no other but the house of God and the gate of heaven." And Jacob poured oil upon a stone and set it up as a sign of the special dedication of the place to God and His special presence there, which He Himself declared when He said, " I am the God of Bethel where thou didst anoint the stone."

To all of you, moreover, who dwell round about this now sacred spot, this day is one of special interest and should be one of special thankfulness unto God. In raising a Church here in your midst, a generous hand has enabled the sons of Saint Dominic to bring the riches of God's grace even to your very doors. Heaven grant that you may appreciate the work that they will here be doing for your souls, and what has already been done in building this temple to God in honour of the soldier Saint Sebastian. His spirit—the spirit of the Christian soldier—fervent, faithful, and fearless ; fervent in zealous service, faithful even unto death, and fearless in the presence of the enemy—this should characterise the lives of all of God's servants. And such qualities are more than ever needed in these our days of general unbelief and impatience of all religious discipline and control. For you, then, this Church will be the centre of your religious lives, your citadel as soldiers of Christ. Hither you will come to lay your supplications at the foot of God's throne, the steps of God's altar : hither will you come to speak of your difficulties, your troubles, your sorrows and your joys with our Lord in the Most Holy Sacrament, and to ask the intercession of His Blessed Mother, or the saints in heaven : hither will you come Sunday by Sunday

to assist at the most solemn possible act of homage and thanksgiving to God in the great Christian sacrifice of the Holy Mass ; hither will you come to listen to the preaching of God's Word, which is to teach you your duty, to train you to vigilance against the enemy, or to point out to you where danger lies lurking in your path and whence attacks may be most expected ; hither, too, will you come to obtain God's grace—the life of your souls—in His Holy Sacraments —those channels of His mercy to man which bring him strength of will and power to serve his God faithfully and lovingly.

Would that in these days men realised what their Parish Church, or the Church of their district, should be to them. Nothing is more remarkable in pre-Reformation records of parish life than the way our Catholic forefathers made their Church in reality the very centre of their lives as Christians. Right up to the very eve of the religious changes in the sixteenth century we have evidence of the care and love of the Catholics of England for their Churches. The building and beautifying of God's house went on even to the hour when evil men for evil ends brought about the change of religion, and what is certain is that not only did the people themselves furnish the means by which all the work was accomplished, but that they themselves initiated it, superintended it, and looked upon it as their own.

Some such spirit we should try and cultivate in our days. God's house should be, as it was to our Catholic ancestors, ever in our thoughts ; we should learn to love it and all that belongs to it ; to take our part in caring for it and be pleased when it is in our power to serve it and to help its interests as if—as indeed they are—they were our very own. On all occasions such as this, when we are met to conclude our festival of dedication, our thoughts naturally turn to the words in which Holy David offered to God the gifts he had prepared for the building of the Temple. He had invited all the people to join according to their

means in the work, for it was great, as a house had not to be prepared for man but for God. " He blessed the Lord before all the multitude of the people," says the inspired writer, and said, " Blessed art Thou, O Lord the God of Israel, our father from eternity to eternity. Thine, O Lord, is magnificence and power and glory and victory : and to Thee is praise : for all that is in heaven and in earth is Thine : Thine is the kingdom, O Lord, and Thou art above all princes. Thine are riches and Thine is glory ; Thou hast dominion over all ; in Thy hand is power and might : in Thy hand greatness and the empire of all things. Now, therefore, our God, we give thanks to Thee and we praise Thy glorious name. Who am I, and what is my people, that we should be able to promise Thee all these things ? All things are Thine : and we have given Thee what we have received of Thy hand. O Lord, God of Abraham and of Isaac and of Israel, our fathers, keep for ever this will of (Thy people's) heart and let this mind remain always for the worship of Thee."

But to-night, with the feeling of gratitude to God for blessings He has shown to us His servants, we can hardly fail to associate the thought of the Order to which this Church has been given, and its great founder, St. Dominic. The Saint, as we all know well, was a canon of the Cathedral Church of Osma in Spain. His early history shows him to us as overflowing with a desire to assist others by every means of Christian charity. Even when at school as a lad he got rid of all his possessions, including even his books, to have alms for the poor. To one who objected, he replied, " Would you have me study off those dead parchments, when there are living men dying of hunger ? " At another time, not having money to give for the ransom of a poor Christian enslaved by the Moors, he offered to make himself a slave to redeem him. In a word, all that we know about the Saint is in direct contradiction to the character sketched by some non-Catholic pens which picture him as " the cruel, bloodthirsty

Dominic," or " the gloomy founder of the Inquisition."

After nine years spent in the work of his canonry at Osma, he and his Bishop determined to journey to Rome to obtain permission from Pope Innocent III. to relinquish their work in Spain and to set out as Apostles carrying the gospel of peace to the Tartar nations. It was a time of danger both to the nations of Europe and to the faith. Hordes of barbarians threatened civilisation, and were already pressing on to the outposts of the Christian world; whilst within the fold heresy was at work undermining the faith. On their journey through Languedoc, Dominic and his companion became witnesses of the havoc which the sect of the Albigenses was making in the ranks of the faithful. For forty years and more, in spite of various attempts to stay the flood of error and consequent irregularity of morals, it had swept ever onward over that portion of Christendom. Moved by the spectacle of desolation wrought in Christ's vineyard, they offered the Pope to go themselves and devote all their energies to the work of stemming the on-rolling wave of heresy which had gained already such head. The Pope accepted their offer, and allowing the Bishop to stay two years away from his diocese, sent them to join a body of Cistercian Abbots at Montpellier, who were then preparing a systematic crusade of preaching against the heretics. This was in 1206; and it was here that Saint Dominic received his true vocation, and realised that to reach the people it was necessary to live and labour amongst them. He soon saw that when the Albigenses, or " poor men of Lyons " as some called them, stripped themselves of all property in imitation of the first apostles and disciples, in order to enforce their teaching, and in particular to denounce the clergy and their wealth, it was necessary for the Catholic preacher, in order to oppose them successfully, to prove his sincerity by coming likewise in the guise of Christian poverty—a poor man among the poor. This, under Providence, may be regarded as the secret of the success which attended the preaching of Saint

Dominic during the ten years he spent in this field of missionary labour.

In 1215, a year ever memorable as the date of the Fourth Council of the Lateran, and for us as that of the great charter of English liberty, St. Dominic founded his order of Preaching Friars, and they were established on lines which, during the ten years of his apostolate, he had proved to be sound and adapted to the purpose he had in view, namely, to furnish the Church with an army of zealous teachers of the Gospel truths—soldiers whose example and spirit might speak, even more eloquently than their words, of their entire belief in the message they came to bring to the world. The order thus conceived was approved the following year, 1216, by Pope Honorius III.

It would be impossible, even were it my purpose to-night, to describe the spread of the Order in the early days of its existence. Its expansion, even in the lifetime of its saintly founder, is one of the marvellous manifestations of God's power in that wonderful thirteenth century. When the Order met in its Second Chapter at Bologna in 1221—after five years only of existence—it was sufficiently numerous to be divided into eight provinces, and its children had already found their way to Morocco, Sweden and Norway, besides Spain, France and Italy. It was from that Chapter, as we have seen, that Saint Dominic determined to send a colony into England. The reputation the Friars had already gained may be perhaps best understood by the account given by the contemporary annalist and monk of St. Albans, Roger Wendover. It is all the more remarkable inasmuch as he was himself no lover of novelties in the way of religious orders. "By the favour of Pope Innocent III.," he writes, "there sprang up in Italy a new body of preachers who imitated the life of the Apostles. These men were sparing both in food and raiment, and having neither money nor aught else of their own, they went about through cities and towns and villages preaching the Gospel. In a brief space of time they

have been multiplied so as to spread over the whole world because of the attraction of their voluntary poverty. In bodies of seven or ten together they live in the larger cities, taking no heed of the morrow and keeping nothing from one day to the next, according to the Gospel; they live by the Gospel, and if anything is over in the alms they have received for their own food, forthwith it is distributed among the poor. They go about ever shod for the preaching of the Gospel."

What the Dominicans—or as our Catholic forefathers called them, the Black Friars—did in England is written in the annals of the country. They met a need of the time, and God prospered them abundantly. In less than a quarter of a century from that feast of St. Laurence, in the year 1221, when they first came to Canterbury, more than six hundred Englishmen had been clothed in the white robe and black mantle of Saint Dominic. In 1243 the convent of Holborn, then the London house of the Order, sheltered eighty members. In 1250, not thirty years from their coming to this land, the General Chapter of the Order was held in London and more than four hundred friars from all parts of the world were present at it. The king sent them food as his alms, and came in person to dine in their refectory at a meal provided by the Abbots of Westminster, Saint Albans, and Waltham. Thirteen years later another Chapter was held in the same place, at which that great light of the Dominican Order, St. Thomas of Aquin, was present. At this meeting apparently some seven hundred religious took part in the deliberations, and King Henry III. ordered the officers of his wardrobe to prepare that number of new habits for them. Facts like these—and they could be multiplied—will show the growth and popularity of the new order in the first centuries of its existence. In England, in the sixteenth century, when the religious houses were called upon to bear the first brunt of the storm of the Reformation, which, as it gathered strength, devastated the whole English Church, the Dominicans

possessed some fifty-two priories in England and Wales. They were swept away ruthlessly by the royal officials within the short period between the July of 1538 and the April of 1539. Their slender revenues and still more slender possessions, which may be taken as a proof that they were not unmindful of the spirit of their founder, went to swell the sum total of Henry Tudor's plunder, and, a mere drop in the ocean, helped for a time to satiate his craving for Church possessions.

But I have no intention of speaking of the history of the great Dominican Order in England, either of their glorious past in pre-Reformation days, or of their days of sorrow and trouble, or of their missionary labours in times of persecution, of their exile abroad, or even of their happy return with the renewed religious liberty in the century that has just been closed. I want to speak rather of themselves and of something we may learn about them ;—even from the dress they wear as they come and go amongst us to-day. External things with which we are familiar often pass unnoticed, and the more accustomed we are to seeing them the less likely are we to read even what lies on the surface. In the highest order of things pertaining to God, the Apostle St. Paul tells us that even " the invisible things of Him . . . are clearly seen, being understood [if we can read the lesson] by the things that are made : His eternal power and divinity." But the world and the things of the world have, as we know full well, too frequently obscured the hidden truth and so darkened the mind and heart of man as to render him blind to what the facts of creation should tell him of the Almighty Creator. So as we descend in the order of being the simplest matters are often capable of teaching us great truths if we could but grasp their meaning. In this way, to me, the very habit or dress of the Dominican—the mantle of Saint Dominic—always carries the mind back to the first beginnings of the Order, and emphasises a very real and important lesson.

When we name the sons of Saint Dominic inevitably

the thought of the sons of Saint Francis rises up in the mind : so closely are the two Orders associated, at least in name, together. They are both of them what are called Mendicant Orders : that is, the two Saints both wished that their children should possess no fixed revenues of any kind upon which to count for their daily sustenance. Equally the two founders desired that their followers should share the lot of the poorest of God's human creatures who looked for food in due season to His bountiful Providence.

I know nothing in the whole range of ecclesiastical history that is more instructive as to the ways of God than the coincident rise of the Orders of St. Dominic and Saint Francis in the thirteenth century. It would seem as though at that moment our merciful Lord, looking out on the great needs of those perilous times, was bent on showing us with what plenitude and fulness and by what diversity of gifts and variety of ways He could make His name known to men, and as our loving Lord so often delights to do, to show forth His mercies to men through the instrumentality of men " of like passions."

Now when the names of Saint Francis and Saint Dominic are associated together as they are to-day in the popular mind, I believe that the main point of connection is supposed to be in the fact that they were both founders of Mendicant Orders. But the feature common to both, though possibly that which strikes the mind, is in reality the least important of their attributes, and in truth the similarity is neither so close nor so obvious as many would have us think. The difference lies on the surface. We have only to open our eyes and look at the Mantle of Saint Dominic. Contrast it in imagination with the coarse brown dress and the cord of Saint Francis, and you will see that the difference between the two ideals is profound. In leaving all things to follow Christ, St. Francis thought only of making himself and his sons poor men among the poor of Christ ; to do this he clothed himself in their dress—in the rough garb of poverty, and with

the high design of healing some of the worst sores from which society then suffered. He could think of no better way than by coming to live amongst them. In poverty, and clad with the poorest, his plan—his divinely inspired plan—was to settle down amidst the seething masses of humanity in the great cities of the world to try and act on them rather by way of example and kindly intercourse and advice than as a teacher possessing ecclesiastical authority to labour for the salvation of their souls. In its inception at least his mission to the world would appear to be rather social than religious. He did not even contemplate taking sacred orders, and desired to remain, what he had done his best to make himself, merely a poor man among the poor, living the life of poverty and even depending for his existence upon the alms of Christ's poor.

Saint Dominic, on the other hand, came to the work of his vocation as a priest, and from the first for the set purpose of teaching men with all the authority of the sacred ministry. In order to carry out his mission to the best possible advantage, and for the very sake of the teaching, he came to the world with the poverty of the first preachers whom our Lord had sent out to the harvest of souls, with neither "gold nor silver in their purses, nor scrip for their journey, nor two coats, nor shoes nor a staff." St. Dominic desired that his sons, like the Apostles, should trust solely to the provident care of a Master who had declared that "the workman is worthy of his hire." But to him poverty was but the best means to compass his end. With all the poverty he loved, and the value of which he understood so well, his mission to the world is that of a teacher of men, and if we can read the mantle that his sons wear, the black cloak we see to-day tells us his mission. As I have said, Saint Dominic was a canon, and laboured as a canon during the ten years of his apostolate in Southern France, which may be regarded as his probation, his novitiate of the Order which he founded. Now even habits of religious Orders or of the clergy sometimes

change in the points of detail in the process of time ; but where tradition counts for anything, much remains, and in the middle ages everywhere, here in England, in the cathedrals of Spain I believe quite to recent days, and I think also in Mexico, when the canons said their office in choir during the winter months they protected themselves from the cold by precisely the black cloak you see used by the Dominican fathers to-day. In other words, when Saint Dominic founded his Order, he made no change in his dress, but he and his companions adopted as their habit the dress of a canon of the day in the country of his birth. Thus whilst we read that people at first often failed to recognise the dress of the Grey Friar as a religious habit, the Black Friar was from the first everywhere recognised as an ecclesiastic.

St. Dominic's mantle has its lesson for you to-day. With his spirit and with his ideals his sons have come to settle down in this part of the busy, toiling city of Manchester. They have to dwell in your midst to be your teachers, your guides, your friends, your fathers. They will be ever ready, as they ever are wherever and whenever duty calls them, to minister to your needs and to help you along the road of life to the heavenly kingdom. It is for most of us, and I believe for all of us, a path rough enough, and difficult enough, and we often stand in need of a guide, a father and a friend. What should we do if we had to stand alone and plod along alone ? How gladly do we welcome a kind helping hand that is ready to sustain us when we stumble, or raise us when we fall ! How eagerly do we listen to a voice that comes to encourage us when our heart is sinking and courage is failing at all the toils and difficulties of life ! What a help it is to know we shall be able to find some large, sympathetic heart which can feel for our weakness and even for our sins, and which burns with a desire to help us to return if perchance we have strayed from the path ! All this will you find in the sons of the great Saint Dominic who have come to you with

a full measure of their great founder's love for souls. I trust and believe, nay, I know that they will accomplish here in the suburbs of Manchester, what silently, without programme or parade, without noise or self-advertisement, they have already done for the district committed to their care in London.

The sons of Saint Dominic are first and before all things else preachers—teachers of the plain, simple truths of the Gospel. I cannot too strongly insist upon this side of the work of the Dominicans for it is apt to be obscured by the fame the Order has won in the schools by cultivating the queen of sciences, Theology. Here, through the conspicuous learning and genius of such illustrious sons of Saint Dominic as Albert the Great and Saint Thomas, and through the exertions and abilities of a host of other masters, they have secured lasting renown, and their praise has filled the Church of God almost to the exclusion of others. This, without doubt, has a tendency to obscure the preaching and teaching side which was the real and principle intention of Saint Dominic, and which in the history of the Order his sons have never failed to regard as their primary work. Now, one characteristic of this preaching is important, and it is clearly set out in what we read of the first beginnings of the Friars Preachers. Saint Dominic had no intention of founding a society of orators. The character of Dominican teaching is solidity combined with simplicity. In regard to their work in the schools that solidity is proverbial. In regard to their teaching we have proof of it in what I may call the special devotion with which, in spite of every criticism, the name of the Order is rightly and irrevocably associated—the rosary, or Chaplet of Our Lady. From time immemorial this form of prayer and teaching has been linked with the name of Saint Dominic, and is evidence of the simplicity and solidity of his methods. Its simplicity has won for it the contempt of the wise, according to this world, who have ventured to apply to it Our Lord's own words of

condemnation addressed to the Pharisees, calling it "vain repetitions." Yet, on the face of it, the whole object of the devotion is to deepen and strengthen in the hearts and souls of men a knowledge and apprehension of the mysteries of the life, passion and death of Our Lord as they are found in the Gospels. Besides this, what else have we but prayer to obtain the intercession of Our Blessed Lady for ourselves and others? And, as if to give a warning to those who would pretend to love Our Lord whilst excluding from Him His blessed mother, it gives us in the person of the second Eve a glimpse of that glory "which the eye hath not seen," and which it hath not entered into the heart of man to conceive, but which is prepared for all those who love and serve Him.

The imagination is, as I have implied, often struck by an accident by which the substance and reality is obscured, perhaps even forgotten altogether, and in this connection we must remember that the needs of the Church which are paramount are different at different times, and the Spirit of God raises up men to do His work according as the requirements of ages and circumstances call for the help of His benign and abundant Providence. It is good for all of us—good especially in regard to religious Orders—to remember this. But, with the world ever changing as it does, and its needs ever varying as they do, to imagine that the agents remain as essential as at first when the extremity of the need which has called them forth has passed, is to mistake the whole economy of God's providence. The needs of men, however, being what they are—so various, so imperative, so widespread both in the world and in the Church—it is certain that the agency for good which has been found efficacious under one set of circumstances will readily find its sphere of activity under the changed conditions of the universe as generation succeeds generation. No cast-iron system is possible in dealing with men: it is not more possible in the cloister than in the world at large. What is permanent, however, is that

generous and large-hearted spirit which has come from the soul of every founder of every religious Order, which teaches men to serve God with all their strength in the work, whatever it may be, to which obedience calls them.

In this connection I cannot help going back to my own Father, St. Benedict, and recalling how emphatic he is in his warning that rules existed for men and not men for rules. In his wise code, times and circumstances and places and peoples were to be weighed before the letter even of the wide and broad regulations he had made for Western monachism. If we had any doubt as to his meaning it would be dispelled at once by the action of the most illustrious of his sons, the Pope Saint Gregory the Great. From him we really know all that Saint Benedict did, all that he taught, and outside the rule all that he meant. He may be taken therefore, as the chief exponent of the spirit of Benedict; and this Pope, when he would send out apostles to convert our Anglo-Saxon forefathers to the faith, called forth from their cloister on the Coelian Hill, the monk Augustine, and sent him with his monk companions to found the Church of England. To him, a monk himself, the vocation of the religious and the monk was no way incompatible, when the call of obedience came, with the labour of the missionary preaching the Gospel and laying the foundation of the church in a foreign land. He realised, as Holy Scripture teaches, that though there are "diversities of ministries" and "diversities of operations," it is "the same God (who) worketh all in all." This, then, seems clear enough, that although the spirit of an Order is permanent, still according to the needs of the Church and the claims of charity towards its members some one feature of its activity may be more exemplified in one epoch than in another.

In this way, just as the sons of Saint Francis were quickly carried by the needs of times and peoples into paths which their founder had never mapped out for his children, and just as Saint Ignatius of

Loyola looking out on the evils of his day, with unerring eye, discerned that the Christian education of youth was the primary need to meet, and yet there is no sphere of human activity in which, as we see, his sons have not borne their part; so did it happen in the case of the followers of Saint Dominic—"Messis est multa, operarii pauci." Because the harvest was great and the labourers few, the Friars Preachers, like all good and true men, who look out on the world as it is, were filled with a desire to help in the gathering in of the harvest of the Lord, according to the needs of the times. What, my brethren, can seem more remote from the service of the poor—the service even of living amongst them and showing them the living example of their lives (just as some men—all honour to them—are doing now in the slums of London) and from the service of breaking the bread of the Word to the common folk, the poor, or maybe the burgher classes then rising into power; what could seem, I say, more alien to such ends as these, than to enter into the great schools of theology and philosophy in the universities of Christendom and to dispute on those deep and subtle questions concerning the ultimate essence of things? Passing from the cultured schools of the Arabs and from Spain, these problems had come as a flood, more disastrous than the Saracenic invasion stemmed by Charles Martel in the eighth century, to devastate the minds and souls of men, high and low, rich and poor, in the thirteenth. To the sons of Saint Dominic the principle, "Charitas Christi urget nos," was ever before them as a ruling principle of action: they had surrendered their souls not merely to Saint Dominic but to Christ, and the needs of Christ's poor, whether they were the workers in the towns or whether they were the students in the universities who wrestled with the difficulties of mind and soul, equally claimed their help. For high or low, rich or poor, learned or unlearned, if we are toiling in the footsteps of Our Master along the road He has marked out for us,

we are all of us the poor of Christ. As I look and read I often wonder how men who could easily know better, so often go astray in estimating great religious movements such as that initiated by Saint Dominic. To one learned and popular writer of our days the Dominican was designed by Saint Dominic to be a teacher in the schools, a scientific professor of philosophy. This is, of course, a complete misunderstanding arising from the fact that he has allowed his imagination to be carried away by the great renown of the Dominican teachers in the schools of the Empire.

The sons of Saint Dominic entered soon, no doubt, upon this work, and they effected nothing less than a revolution among the scholars of the day, and the position which they achieved within the first century of their existence is, when all is told, one that has not been shaken yet, though six centuries have passed since then. But here again, when these things impress the imagination as they must and ought to do, there is a danger that what, after all, is the real greatness—the real mission—of the Dominican may be forgotten. This, as it appears to me, is their mission to the world at large, the helping hand they were designed to give to all in facing the realities of daily life as Christian men and women. We have all to face these, you, many of you, possibly in the grim and grimy mills of this great city, I elsewhere. But both for you and for me, for high and low, rich and poor, learned and unlearned, it is in the simple and often humdrum paths in which our lots are cast, in the daily battles and struggles, that we have need of help to acquire the spirit of the Christian soldier by which alone is achieved the self-conquest which speaks of victory. Yes, though the glory of the sons of Saint Dominic acquired in the schools of the world is great, so great that it will last so long as human thought subsists, their true glory consists rather in those conquests—which through their aid, and counsel, and encouragement, the souls of men are enabled to make for Christ's sake. For this, then, these Fathers have come

here to dwell and work amongst you; to be your friends, your teachers, your guides; to help, and, as far as in them lies, to make smooth your path to the Heavenly kingdom. This, my brethren, is the common end to which we were born, to which we are pledged in baptism, and the destiny to which our souls and our consciences bear witness, for, as St. Paul says, the spirit—the Spirit of God Himself—giveth testimony to our spirit that we are the sons of God. To Him, the Almighty Father, with the Co-eternal Son and the Holy Spirit, is due all honour, and might, adoration and thanksgiving, now and for ever and unto the ages of ages. Amen.

THE PALL.*

From the Body of the Blessed Peter.

(*A Pledge for the Unity of the Catholic Faith.*)

"Et (Eliseus) levavit pallium Eliæ, quod ceciderat ei . . . Videntes autem filii prophetarum . . . dixerunt: Requievit spiritus Eliæ super Eliseum."

"*And he* (*Eliseus*) *took up the mantle of Elias, that fell from him . . . and the Sons of the Prophets . . . said: The Spirit of Elias hath rested upon Eliseus.*"—(4 Kings ii. 13–15.)

My Lords, Right Reverend and Rev. Fathers, and dear Brethren—Under the old law God made known His will to His people by a succession of witnesses—the Prophets. He left these chosen ones, however, free to listen or not to listen to their words, or, rather, His words through them. In fact, His messengers were most frequently a sign to be contradicted, as in the case of the Prophet Elias himself. Under the New Law, though the form be varied, there is continuity in the dispensation—in the method of God's dealing with man. The Divine message now indeed no longer destined for a single people, is addressed to all nations of the earth; and our Lord, in founding His Church, has established an abiding and unfailing witness to bear testimony throughout the world to the one Divine Truth, and to point out to men the way of salvation until His second coming. But, as under the Old Law, man was at liberty to listen to the teaching or to turn a deaf ear to it, so is it under the New. Our God demands still the exercise of faith, the sacrifice of the willing heart. And as with individuals so

*A sermon preached at the Church of the London Oratory (August 16th, 1892), at the solemn investiture of the Most Rev. Herbert Vaughan, Archbishop of Westminster.

The notes to which references are given in the following pages appear at the end of the essay.

is it with nations. They may hear and may hearken to the Divine message, which comes through the Church, they may follow it gladly, perhaps for centuries, and then at their will they may turn away and reject it. So for ever might they continue in their refusal to listen to God's voice unless, in His mercy, He preserves the flock of His chosen few, in lowliness and obscurity, until in His own good time the word comes to them, as it came of old to the prophet Elias: "Go forth and stand on the mount before the Lord."

The ceremony at which we are assisting may well recall this characteristic of God's dealings with men. In particular are we to-day reminded of the fact that after He has so long suffered our own country and people to reject His witness on earth, the Holy Church, He has again brought about, at a time when all hope, humanly speaking, seemed lost, a revival of Catholicity in England. When the history of this restoration comes to be written three great events must be recorded with prominence on its pages—Catholic Emancipation, the Re-establishment of the Hierarchy, and this, the first public reception of the Archbishop's Pall in England since our country finally renounced its place in Christendom. By the first, Catholic life—the public exercise of the Catholic religion—became once more possible for Englishmen. The natural development of that life, no longer crushed by penal laws, made necessary the second—the orderly disposition of the Church under the government of an established hierarchy of Bishops. And this again implies the appointment of a Metropolitan, or chief of this episcopal college, upon whose shoulders must rest the sacred Pall, the symbol of his jurisdiction and the badge of his union with Rome, the Mother and Head of Churches. To-day, then, this solemn and public act, about to be performed, marks yet another stage in the history of religion in our country. For, although two eminent Archbishops have already occupied the Metropolitan See of Westminster, this token of jurisdiction and power was taken by each from the "body

of the Blessed Peter," in the Eternal City itself, and thus to-day we are met together to witness, after a lapse of three centuries and a-half, the renewal of what took place age after age in this land of England, in the case of every occupant of the throne of St. Augustine, so long as the Church of Canterbury remained faithful to the Church of God.

Now, first let us understand what this Pallium (the *Umbra Petri*) is. You know, my brethren, that it is the common practice of the Church, following in this the example of Our Lord Himself, to use the simplest means, and, in the eyes of the world, the commonest and meanest objects, for the loftiest and most solemn ends. In itself, then, nothing can be more simple than this mere narrow fillet of woollen cloth, which we call the *Pall*; neither do the crosses marked upon it, nor the jewelled pins, with which it is ornamented, serve to give it, as the precious things of this world go, distinction. The material is afforded by the fleeces of chosen lambs, blessed at the Mass on St. Agnes' Day, and kept with care until the shearing time, when the wool is woven by the hands of nuns in the cloisters of a convent. Then, on the Vigil of SS. Peter and Paul, in June, these new-made *Pallia* are carried to the Altar of the Confession, in St. Peter's, where, after the First Vespers of the Feast, they are solemnly blessed, if possible, by the Pope himself. For one night they are left lying upon the shrine, and are then kept until required in a silver coffer, near to the relics of the Prince of the Apostles, so that when bestowed upon a newly-appointed Archbishop, the Pall—this woollen fillet—may be truly said to be "taken from the body of St. Peter."

This is not the occasion to discuss the origin and early history of the Archbishop's Pall.[1] As in the case of so many ecclesiastical symbols or rites, nothing certain is known as to its first adoption. As a sacred vestment, it claims an antiquity of fifteen hundred years,[2] and by the time of St. Gregory the Great, before the close of the sixth century, it had

undoubtedly become a well-recognised symbol of jurisdiction bestowed by the Sovereign Pontiff on those appointed by him to be "Vicars of the Apostolic See," of Rome.[3] It concerns us little indeed that we should possess full and accurate knowledge of its origin. What does concern us is to understand and realise what the symbol means, and what it is to us.

Just as the most fundamental doctrines of our faith, the Holy Trinity and the Incarnation, for example, were not perceived in all their bearings, still less enounced in all their fulness, in the earliest ages of the Church, but were unfolded in the course of the centuries; so did the organisation of the Christian Church, with the hierarchy in its gradations and subordinations, slowly proceed from the simplest elements and relations of primitive times, and grow to the full measure of that perfect body, which comprises all, from the lowest official in the humblest Christian community to Christ's Vicar upon earth, the Roman Pontiff. And this sense of the essential and necessary unity of all Christians in the Church, and of the relations in which all stand to the Head of the Church, once present, could not fail at length to express itself by symbol. Such a symbol, full of import and meaning, is this sacred Pall, for which by long-established usage every Patriarch, Primate, and Archbishop who rules a province of the Church immediately under the Supreme Pastor, is bound to supplicate from the Pope, "earnestly, more earnestly, most earnestly," as the sign of his jurisdiction.[4]

The meaning of the symbol is best conveyed by the words of the solemn blessing said over it. It is the *symbolum unitatis*, the token of unity, since it is the bond by which the hierarchy of the Church are united together under one head, and signifies that the chief pastor has bestowed a special measure of jurisdiction upon the recipient. It is the *tessera communionis perfectæ cum Romana Sede*, the pledge of perfect communion with the Roman See, implying the due subjection of every chief of a province to the successor

of St. Peter, and thus becoming a surety for the unity of the Christian faith ; and it is the *vinculum caritatis*, uniting the Archbishop who wears it, and through him the bishops and clergy and lay folk, to the one Supreme Head of the one Holy Church on earth.(5)

The grant of the Pall, then, is the proof and token that Peter, to whom is committed our Lord's Kingdom on earth, has imparted jurisdiction and power of ruling to the prelate upon whom is laid the burden of administering some portion of that kingdom. For jurisdiction comes not with ordination or consecration to the episcopal office. This high dignity confers upon the Bishop no authority over the souls of others. The charge of some particular part of the flock must be given by a direct commission of the chief shepherd. So true is this, that even after consecration, or translation to a Metropolitan See, the Archbishop-Elect cannot exercise his highest functions until he is possessed of the sacred Pall.(6) It is thus the title of his authority over others, and in every quarter of the globe is the sign and token of the universal bond which draws all hearts and souls to Rome the only centre of living unity, the only sure foundation and guardian of the Christian faith.

From the coming of St. Augustine and the first establishment of the Church of the English, no fact is more clearly marked in the history of our country than the intimate union which existed between the Church of this land and the Holy Apostolic See. When at St. Gregory's command Augustine is " consecrated Archbishop of the English people," this is performed by the Pope's Vicar, the Bishop of Arles, in which city, be it remembered, British Bishops three hundred years before had, by solemn synodical act, shown how they recognised the practical import of St. Peter's primacy among the Apostles.

The ceremony of to-day carries back our thoughts to that month of June in the year A.D. 601, when nearly thirteen hundred years ago, by the authority of Pope St. Gregory, the first hierarchy of English Bishops was

established, and " the Pallium of honour from the Holy and Apostolic See " was sent by the hands of Paulinus and Mellitus to Augustine as the first Archbishop. It was from Rome that his jurisdiction came : " We give you no authority over the Bishops of Gaul," wrote Gregory to his new Vicar, when sending him this symbol of his power ; " but all the Bishops of Britain we commit to your charge, that the ignorant may be taught, the weak confirmed, the perverse corrected by authority."

And as we review the centuries of Saxon rule, and note how each occupant of St. Augustine's Chair sends, or himself goes, to Rome for that sign of pre-eminence, first conferred on the Church of Canterbury, we recognise how to our English forefathers the Roman Pall ever was the pledge and symbol of " the Catholic faith, of unity, and of subjection to the Roman Church," as writes St. Boniface, the English Apostle of the German people, to Archbishop Cuthbert of Canterbury. Even in the dark and stormy days of the tenth century, in spite of the dangers and hardships of a journey from England to Italy,[7] almost every successor of St. Augustine, including St. Odo, St. Dunstan,[8] and St. Elphege—those three glories of our English Church—made that weary pilgrimage in order that he might bow his head before the Roman Pontiff, and at his command and concession take from the shrine of the Apostles this sacred sign of his jurisdiction. No difficulties could turn these sons of England from testifying their loyalty to the Holy See. Of one Bishop—Alfsin of Winchester —we read that designated to succeed St. Odo on the throne of Canterbury, " according to the custom (*more solito*) he set out to Rome to obtain his Pall ; " but, as his saintly predecessor had in vision warned him, he was destined never to wear it, and he perished of the cold amid the snows of the Alpine passes before he set his foot in Italy.

Let us pass quickly onward. From the Norman Conquest to the reign of Queen Mary seven-and-thirty

Archbishops of Canterbury received the sacred wool as successors of St. Augustine and in token of their union with and subjection to Rome. To obtain it many, like their Saxon predecessors, journeyed to Italy; whilst to others it was sent, "by reason of the perils and dangers of the road," by the hands of Papal delegates. And as they knelt before the altar to receive the token of their jurisdiction, most of the long line of prelates were sworn upon the Holy Gospels, "from this hour forward to be faithful and obedient to St. Peter, to the Holy Apostolic Roman Church, and to my Lord the Pope and his successors." It was the profession of the Church of England by the mouth of its appointed head; and by this solemn act of men like Langton, Peckham and Courtenay, Arundel and Bourchier and Morton—men no less illustrious as churchmen than as champions of English greatness—was the Church of the land linked with the Church of Christ, and by the Apostolic yoke of the Pall was it bound to Rome the centre of ecclesiastical unity.

And as we meet this day to witness once more the reception of this token of jurisdiction, the memories of similar scenes in the past history of our country come crowding to our minds. We seem to see a vision of a long line of monks and clergy passing through the streets of Canterbury. At the close of the procession walks the tall, ascetic figure of Archbishop St. Anselm, who goes with feet bare to meet the legate Walter bringing his Pall from Rome. There is a sense of triumph in his soul, for at last that which William Rufus has kept from him during two years, is to be his. Nay, there is more than this; for even with this symbol of spiritual authority already in England, William had tried to force the saint to receive it from his royal hands as his gift, and only by a final struggle had Anselm won the concession that he should take it from the altar of his Cathedral church, "as if from the hand of St. Peter himself." It was thus more than a picturesque ceremony at which the multitude assisted. It was the assertion of a great and necessary

principle: that jurisdiction over souls came not from the Crown, but from the grant of Peter's successor. And this the assembled throng of spectators—nay, co-actors—in the scene, knew full well, as one by one, headed by the Cardinal Legate, they knelt at Anselm's feet and raised the sacred ornament to their lips in solemn profession of loyalty to the supreme spiritual authority of Rome.

Again we seem to be at Canterbury, as St. Thomas a Becket—the great champion of the Church's liberty—like every recipient of the Pall in England, goes barefoot in reverence to the gift and giver,[9] and taking the symbol of his authority from the altar presents it for the homage of the attendant clergy. And, as we ponder on all that this narrow strip of wool "taken from the body of blessed Peter," was to him in his combat for the freedom of the Church in England, once more the scene changes and our thoughts are borne on to the days of the last Henry, when another Thomas—Thomas Cranmer—received his Pall from the hands of Bishop Longland.[10] It was at Westminster on the very day of his consecration—March 30th, 1533—that upon his shoulders was placed this symbol of subjection and loyalty to the See of Peter. Already whilst taking his oath "to be faithful and obedient" to the Roman Pontiff, he had protested, in words that on such lips, and on such an occasion, could only mean a meditated treachery, that he thereby intended nothing "contrary to the law of the land, the King's prerogative or the Statutes of the Kingdom." Then, before the reception of his Pall, renewing his protest, he again swore upon the sacred Gospels his obedience to the Pope, from whom he received his title to jurisdiction in the See of St. Augustine. With the words of loyalty to Rome fresh upon his lips, he once more swore to the King his rejection of the gift, declaring that he "took and held the said archbishopric immediately and only of Henry, the King, and of none other." [11]

But to-day let us not dwell upon the thoughts this

scene of sacrilege and perjury calls to the mind. Let us turn rather to another and a brighter memory of that day when, for the last time, an Archbishop of Canterbury was invested in the honoured symbol of fealty to St. Peter, which had then, in those days of heresy, become the pledge of orthodoxy also. It was on Lady Day, 1556, that the Pall was received in Bow Church by Cardinal Pole. Son of a mother whom we venerate among the saints, he was a man, the beauty and elevation of whose gentle soul, the growing light of historical research is but now making known to us, and whose high qualities bring him so near to his contemporaries, the Blessed John Fisher and the Blessed Thomas More. On this occasion, pressed at the last moment to preach to the assembled multitude, the Cardinal spoke from his heart words worthy of the sacred cause he was called on to represent. Telling his audience of the great dignity of this sacred Pall and of the all-important truth of which it is the sign, he concluded in words that will find an echo in many hearts to-day. "Would that ye but knew," he cried; "would that ye but knew what God grants you by the mission of this peace"—ay, indeed, brethren, it was a true sacrament of peace, the one still existing hope of maintaining the inherited religious unity of our nation, the rejection of which has banished that unity from the land, perhaps for ever.

With Pole's death came the great breach between England and Christendom, and from that day to this the Pall—the sacred emblem of unity—has never been received publicly in this land. The history of the Church, which took the place of the ancient Catholic Church of this realm, is written in unmistakable characters in the annals of the sixteenth century. On the very surface it is evident that the religion then established was founded on a denial of all that was Catholic, and the more deeply we investigate the story of its origin, the more surely do we find that this, its obvious characteristic, is the real and only reason of its

existence. Its formularies of doctrine were conceived and framed, not as the result of some unhappy accident, but with a deliberate and set purpose to destroy Catholic life and practice, and its Liturgy was purposely designed to obscure and obliterate the ancient Catholic worship and service of the Almighty.(12)

There are many now to whom this is a grief. They cannot, though they gladly would, blot out such painful facts from this page of history. They can but try to forget. Ay, gladly would they forget—nay, brethren, gladly would we too forget were that only possible. But in such vital matters forgetfulness cannot be, neither for them nor for us. Still, in a measure eyes may be closed to the whole reality. Many of you, no doubt, will have noticed in recent years an increasing tendency among Protestant writers to minimise the religious changes of the sixteenth century. They seek to confine discussion of the great revolution of that time to its political aspects—or, as they are so fond of saying, they would have it regarded merely as a quarrel with Rome. But, indeed, they themselves, and all men of sense and knowledge, who allow themselves to reflect, must know the movement was in reality a rejection of the faith and the religion, of the piety and the practice, of previous generations of Englishmen, and a declaration of war against the soul of every Catholic.

It has been sometimes suggested that, after all, even whilst England was still Catholic, there was not that union of the country with Rome, or that complete and full acknowledgment of obedience to the Holy See, which we claim existed for wellnigh a thousand years in the ancient Church of this realm. Difficulties and misunderstandings are fixed upon as ample evidence that the Church of our Catholic forefathers owned no subjection to the See of Peter, and did not recognise in the occupant of Peter's Chair the earthly head of the one Church of God. Difficulties, indeed, there were, at times disputes ; and it must needs be that such difficulties arise in its

administration so long as the Church is made up of men with human wills. But none of these difficulties ever touched the reality, the necessity, of the bond which united each and all to the Holy See. My brethren, the one fact that every occupant of the throne of Canterbury, from Augustine to Pole, sought so earnestly for the sacred Pall, the token of union with Rome, and that at its reception so many pledged their fealty to the See of Peter, is the best and surest evidence of their true spirit.

To turn to another point, of which the ceremony of this day reminds us. The special phase of Anglican controversy at the present moment may be summed up in a word so often used—*Continuity*. Apart from other considerations, in these days, when every institution, however venerable, is examined, when every claim and title is called in question, and when the words disestablishment and disendowment are on the lips of politicians, there is a special interest attaching to this word, Continuity. We cannot wonder if the present possessors of the wealth of the ancient Catholic Church in England should manifest a solicitude as to any flaw in their title-deeds, and if men, with any foresight at all, should come to feel that a change of religion is a flaw indeed.

But this is no care of ours. We, brethren, have long accustomed ourselves to the dispossession of an inheritance which yet remains in proof of the piety of our forefathers in religion. Nay, dear to us as are the walls of many an ancient fane that still graces the land—dear in a way which those who are not Catholics can never understand—yet even these are no objects of envy to us, for we know, feeble flock though we may be, that the faith that erected these glorious piles is still alive in us, and that if God gives His blessing, and we be true to Him, the glory of the later temple may be greater than that which our forefathers knew. We may not live to see it, but our part is to work in faith, and if any should be disposed to account this a mere empty dream, this very building in which we are

gathered is surely evidence to give courage to the faint and faithless heart. Who a short half-century ago could have imagined that a church like this would be erected by the zeal, the courage, the self-sacrifice of Englishmen?

Well may we think, brethren, that the perfect devotion of those who have gone before us, Martyrs, Confessors, in the days of persecution and fiery trial, has been rewarded. Not alone have they preserved Catholicity for us, but their faith and zeal have been the means whereby God has brought into the fold of the Church men who were the very salt of the Anglican Establishment. That great generation is passing away, and as we look we see that their work has been accomplished. They have brought home to every mind in England the existence of Catholicity, living, working, acting throughout the length and breadth of the land. For, we must beware of measuring the influence of our faith merely by the multiplication of our churches or the increase of conversions. The resurrection of the Church is shown on all sides by the change which the fact of its very existence has wrought, even within the pale of the Established Church of England. Look around you: is it not the case that there is hardly a spot in this country, no matter how remote, where the effort is not now being made to imitate the rites and practices of the Catholic religion, even down to minute details and to characteristics of its very inner life? It is only too obvious that Anglicans do not draw all this from their own past. As with a similar though less marked movement, in the days of King Charles I., induced by the same causes, it is done avowedly with the object of preventing people becoming Catholics. And if the Anglican Church is being, as they declare, Catholicised to-day, it is through the pressure which we Catholics, by our very presence, bring to bear upon it, making Protestants themselves the very witnesses against their own past words and deeds. Truly the proscribed religion of our God has here its Divine revenge, for it

subdues the souls of men and turns them to love and bless that which their forefathers cast out from their midst.

That, my brethren, which the founders of the Established religion in this country rejected, has been preserved happily for us. Ours is an inheritance above all price that none can take from us. That inheritance is continuity indeed—the only continuity worth contending for; a continuity of faith and practice. The possession of family title-deeds does not prove descent; the occupation of stone walls, the using of historic names, the publication of lists without a break—none of these are evidences of true continuity in the presence of recorded history. When Cranmer rejected the authority of Rome, which his sixty-six predecessors in the See of Canterbury had acknowledged, and declared that he accepted his office from the King "alone and no other," and that his authority as Primate was derived from the Crown as that of previous occupants of the See had been from the Pope; [13] and when Henry, on April 8th, 1541, by his Royal Letters Patent, "created" the Archiepiscopal See of Canterbury, and granted to it "the insignia of an arch-bishopric," [14] common sense, no less than the evidence of subsequent events, tells us that here was a new beginning. The throne of Augustine, founded by Gregory, after enduring for nine hundred and forty years, was cast down in the dust, and in its place Henry established another for Thomas Cranmer, the first Archbishop of the Protestant See of Canterbury. Nor is this all: as it was with Canterbury so was it with the Archiepiscopal throne of York. When, in 1544, Edward Lee, the Archbishop, died, the King not only translated Robert Holgate from Llandaff to the northern Metropolitan See, giving him power to ordain, hold synods, make visitations, and generally granting him "spiritual and ecclesiastical jurisdiction," [15] but by Royal Letters Patent he bestowed upon him an Archbishop's Pall, directing Cranmer to invest him with it.[16] This the Archbishop of Canterbury did

in January, 1545, at Lambeth, when he composed a blessing for this new English Pall, and by a solemn parody of the old Catholic form of investiture, placed it on Holgate's shoulders : " In honour of God, of the Blessed Virgin, of all the saints, and of the most illustrious and serene Prince, Henry VIII." (17) If continuity there be here, surely it is but a continuity of names.

But I see before me to-day evidences of something more real—of a continuity which comes not from the mere abiding in temples made by hands, mere stones heaped up ; but from a faithful continuance in that ancient Church founded by our Lord Himself, built up of living stones, the souls of faithful men—stones made precious and worthy of God's sanctuary by long years of persecution. I see before me those who bear names honoured, and rightly honoured, in the story of our country, but more honoured still by unswerving fidelity to the faith of their fathers. Yes, when our holy religion was driven out from Lincoln and from Canterbury, from St. Albans and Durham, it took refuge in the upper rooms of many a country mansion and many a sheltered farmstead. And there in obscurity, in fear for life, was maintained in continuous, unbroken existence, the Catholic faith, the Catholic practice, the Catholic life of England. Although the sacred and most necessary rites of religion were banned and proscribed, and the very offering of Holy Mass was visited with death, still, thanks be to God ! there never failed those who preferred death in this mortal body to the dying out in our country of this most sacred lamp of Faith. In these heroic souls was blended the most sublime devotion which can fill the heart of man—love of God and love of country. For tell me not these were not ardent lovers of their native land. If the exercises of the Catholic religion were proscribed in England, abroad—in foreign lands—they might still be obtained ; but these men chose to suffer the loss of worldly goods, to be stretched on the rack, or to die the death of felons, that England should not be robbed of its Catholic inheritance.

Thanks be to God! their efforts, their self-sacrifices, in a cause which seemed desperate, have been blessed, for it is through them that we can rejoice to-day in that true unbroken continuity of the living souls of men united in the living Church of God. To all of you will doubtless occur the names of many a house that has never fallen from the ancient faith —each one is a living evidence of this sacred continuity. And to-day two names especially—those of our own Archbishop and of him who has brought the sacred Pall from Peter's shrine—must instinctively rise up in the minds of all, as telling of unvarying, unbroken fidelity to one and the same Holy Roman Catholic Faith.

Nay, speaking before this great assembly, I know not whether I may express all that fills my mind, but this habit which I wear—all unworthy that I me—tells me—tells you, brethren—if indeed material evidence be asked, that we and we alone possess that true continuity of Catholic life which others now would fain enjoy. For from the day when Augustine first landed in England to the present hour, the Order of St. Benedict, proscribed as it was, ruined, scattered, was never driven from the land. Ay, this too is a witness of a continuity which carries us back even beyond the days of the See of Canterbury, but carries us back like it only to the See of Rome and the Chair of Peter, whence at the command of Peter's successor thirteen hundred years ago the children of St. Benedict came as the apostles of the English race.

Thoughts such as these make us realise the true import of this day's ceremony, whereby our own Archbishop becomes the heir and representative of that illustrious line of prelates of the Church of Canterbury whose succession runs back more than two centuries before the foundation of the English, or, if you will, Saxon, monarchy. Has not Westminster been created in the place of St. Augustine's See by the same authority which first called Canterbury into existence? Yes, this Pall, this narrow strip of woven wool, blessed

by the hand of Peter's successor, is the witness and the true title to unextinguished rights. The jurisdiction which, through it, St. Gregory conferred on St. Augustine by the word of Leo, successor of Gregory, now descends to you, my Lord Archbishop, as heir to the faith and authority of the first Apostle of our race.

One word more. This morning, my brethren, as our voices join in the joyous *Te Deum*, let all our soul go out with heartfelt thanks to our God whose loving kindness has preserved in us the faith of those glorious English saints, Augustine and Dunstan, Anselm and Thomas of Canterbury, and has kept us loyal to Rome, the centre of all Unity, the only sure foundation of Catholic truth. To Him, then, "to the King of ages, immortal, invisible, the only God, be honour and glory for ever and ever. Amen"—(1 Tim. i. 17.)

NOTES.

(1) The origin of the Pall is involved in much obscurity. Some writers see in it a Christian adaptation of either the *ephod* or the *rational* used by the Aaronic priesthood in the service of the Temple (Exod. xxviii. 6–9; xxxix. 8–18). Others assign its origin to the supposed donation of a portion of the imperial costume by Constantine to St. Sylvester; or, at any rate, by one of the first Christian Emperors to the head of the Church, the Pope. Those interested in the history of the Pall are referred to a pamphlet by Fr. Thurston, S.J., published by the *Catholic Truth Society*; or to the republication of a series of articles from the *Tablet*, by Canon Moyes. A third theory was advocated by Mgr. Vespasiani, in a tract entitled *De Sacri Pallii Origine*, reviewed at length in the *Rambler* of July 1856. This author points out that from the earliest times the scholars of the heathen philosophers used to adopt the dress as well as the principles of their masters, and the actual mantle, or *pallium*, of a teacher was regarded as symbolical of his spirit and as conveying his authority.

The history of Elias and Eliseus, recorded in the Books of Kings (iii. and iv.), shows how the latter was called to the service of God by being touched by the cloak of Elias, and how he received the spirit of his master through his mantle falling upon him. In early Christian times St. Athanasius gave his mantle to St. Anthony, and when St. Paul, the hermit of Egypt was, at his request, buried in it, St. Anthony took the hermit's cloak and ever afterwards wore it on all great solemnities. St. Ignatius, patriarch of Constantinople, is said to have worn over his other episcopal vestments "the venerable cloak of St. James, the brother of our Lord," brought from Jerusalem, which he had received "as though he had recognised in it its former apostolic owner." Other early examples are even more important, as involving the principle of succession to an office by one on whom the mantle of the previous holder of it was bestowed. Thus at Alexandria the pallium of St. Mark was religiously handed down as the symbol of succession to the office of Patriarch.

Mgr. Vespasiani, consequently, suggests that the probable origin of the Roman *pallium* is the mantle, or cloak, of St. Peter himself. For this theory the author suggests several pieces of confirmatory evidence. For example: one of the earliest testimonies to the use of the *pallium* occurs in a sermon on the Epiphany, commonly attributed to Eusebius of Cæsarea.

In effect this discourse says that the Pall is the most ancient of the episcopal vestments; that it took the place of the Jewish ephod; that it was first worn by Pope St. Linus, in token of his plenary jurisdiction; and that it was this Pope who gave it its name and symbolical character. The writer of the sermon adds that this account of the origin of the Pall was given "by ancient writers." Other venerable authorities mention practically the same tradition as to its origin, and this token of succession to the chair of St. Peter appears to be thus carried back to the chief of the apostles himself. Further, from the earliest times the Pall was described, as at the present day, as *pallium de corpore S. Petri*; it has always been blessed on the festival of his martyrdom, on the day when virtually, if not literally, its first transfer was made, and it was assumed by each successive Pontiff at the place of the martyrdom, even when the church of St. Peter's had not become the chief church of Rome. The writer of the review of this work in the *Rambler* concludes his notice with the following remarks: "It only remains to add to Vespasiani's very learned and valuable disquisition an important fact from the ancient Christian monuments of Rome, with which he does not seem to have been acquainted—viz., that the history of Elias leaving his mantle to Eliseus is represented both in the paintings of the catacombs, and in the sculptures of Christian sarcophagi, belonging to the fourth and fifth centuries; and it seems certain, both from the form and features of the figures themselves, and also from the whole tenor of our present argument, that they were intended to represent nothing else than the appointment of St. Peter to be the visible head of the Church in the place of our Lord—a fact which is otherwise represented in the same monuments under the figure of Christ transferring to St. Peter the rod of sovereignty or power, wherewith He Himself had previously been raising the dead to life, changing the water into wine and performing other miracles, but which afterwards is seen in the hands of St. Peter apprehended by the Jews and of the same St. Peter under the character of Moses, the *dux novi Israel*, striking the rock whence flow the spiritual waters of grace and the sacraments of the new law. The most ancient of the monuments of Elias and his successor, to which we have alluded, is a painting in the catacomb of SS. Nereus and Achilles, in which, however, the heads of the two figures have been unfortunately destroyed by a grave that was cut through them at a later period, but the horses of the chariot, and other accessories, remain uninjured." After mentioning five other early examples of this subject the writer continues: "In these it is Our Lord, who is going up to heaven under the figure of Elias and St. Peter, to whom He is leaving His mantle; and St. Peter, not deeming himself worthy to receive it, holds forth his hands only under the covering of his cloak. The identity of the persons is unmis-

takable, and the theological conclusions to be drawn from it too obvious to need explanation." (*Rambler*, New Series, vi. p. 70.)

(2) The earliest mention of the Pall as a sacred vestment is probably that by Anastasius Bibliothecarius. Writing of Pope St. Mark, who died A.D. 336, he says: "hic constituit ut Episcopus Ostiensis, qui consecrat episcopum urbis (sc. Romæ) pallio uteretur et ab eodem episcopo (*leg*: Episcopus) urbis Romæ consecraretur" (*Vitæ Pont.* 49). We learn from St. Augustine that it belonged to the Bishop of Ostia to consecrate the Bishop of Rome, and it would seem that Pope St. Mark gave the use of the Pall to this bishop whenever he should be called upon to exercise this privilege.

(3) In the sixth century Pope Vigilius granted the Pall to Auxanius, bishop of Arles: "because we think it proper that the *ornatus pallii* should not be wanting to one *acting in our stead*" (Migne, *Patrol. Lat.* 69, p. 27). Pope Pelagius sends it to another occupant of the same See, and for the same reason; since the Archbishop of Arles was acting "as Vicar of the Apostolic See in the whole of Gaul" (*Ibid.* p. 405). St. Gregory's works contain many letters sent to various bishops with the grant of the Pall, and the same condition is generally implied and often expressed.

(4) In 1293 the Church of Canterbury asked for the Pall of Pope Celestine V. for Robert Winchelsey, the Archbishop Elect, in the following form: "Postulat devota vestra filia Ecclesia Christi Cant. concedi pallium de corpore beati Petri sumptum electo suo, consecrato, ut habeat plenitudinem officii." (Wilkins, ii. 199.)

Even in the time of St. Gregory the Great the sacred symbol of authority was only granted upon urgent request. Thus the Pope refuses the Pall requested by Brunichild, because the person who came for it was reputed to be tainted with error, and "maxime quia et prisca consuetudo obtinuit ut honor pallii nisi exigentibus causarum meritis et *fortiter postulanti* dari non debeat."—(2. Ep. xi.)

It is certain that the grant of the Pall was considered as a concession on the part of the Pope. No right of the Archbishop elect to it was supposed to exist. In A.D. 1060 Pope Nicholas, in sending it to Archbishop Aldred of York and stating the days on which it might be used, says: "Denuntiamus præterea, ut nullus tuorum successorum vel quisquam in toto mundo Episcoporum, hoc, quod in te misericorditer dispensative potius quam auctoritate gessimus, in exemplum auctoritatis sibi assumere audeat vel deinceps ad tale aliquid aspirare præsumat."—(Surtees Soc. *Liber Pont. C. Bainbridge*, ed. Henderson, p. 384.) In the same way Pope Paschal, in A.D. 1103, writes to Archbishop Gerard: "Pallium . . . plenitudinem videlicet pontificalis officii, ex Apostolici sedis liberalitate concedimus." (*Ibid.* p. 385.)

Van Espen says that by "the plenitude of power," said to be conferred by the grant of the Pall, is not meant that the Pall actually gives it, but signifies that it is given. Without it the elect cannot lawfully assume the name of Archbishop, or exercise the functions of Metropolitan. The grant or refusal was allowed to depend on the Pope. In A.D. 787 Pope Adrian I., for example, raised the See of Lichfield to an Archbishopric, and granted it the Pall; but in A.D. 803 Pope Leo III. again placed it under the jurisdiction of the Metropolitan of Canterbury.

The limitation to the number of days upon which the Pall might be worn by Archbishops, whilst the Pope always used it in the celebration of Mass, is said to signify the limited jurisdiction of the Metropolitan. On this point Pope Innocent III. (A.D. 1202) writes: "Sane, solus Romanus pontifex in missarum solemniis pallio semper utitur et ubique quoniam assumptus est in plenitudinem ecclesiasticæ potestatis, quæ per pallium figuratur. Alii autem eo quod nec semper, nec ubique sed in ecclesia sua, in qua jurisdictionem ecclesiasticam acceperunt certis debent uti diebus, quoniam vocati sunt in partem sollicitudinis non in plenitudinem potestatis."

(δ) The words of the solemn blessing are as follows:— "Deus Pastor æterne animarum, qui eas ovium nomine designatas per Jesum Christum filium tuum, Beato Petro apostolo, ejusque successoribus, boni Pastoris typo regendas commisisti, atque ipsis Sacrarum Vestium symbolis Pastoralis curæ documenta significari voluisti; effunde per Ministerium nostrum super hæc Pallia de Beatorum Apostolorum Principum Altari sumpta copiosam Benedictionis ✠ et Sanctificationis ✠ tuæ gratiam, ut quam mystice repræsentant Pastoralis officii plenitudinem, atque excellentiam, pleno quoque operentur effectu. Humilitatis nostræ preces benignus excipe, atque eorumdem Apostolorum meritis et suffragiis concede, ut quicumque ea, te largiente, gestaverit, intelligat se ovium tuarum Pastorem, atque in opere exhibeat, quod signatur in nomine. Sit boni, magnique illius imitator Pastoris, qui errantem ovem humeris suis impositam cæteris adunavit, pro quibus animam posuit. Sit ejus exemplo in custodia gregis sibi commissi solicitus, sit vigil, sit circumspectus ne qua ovis in morsus incidat, fraudesque Luporum. Sit disciplinæ zelo districtus, quod perierat requirens, quod alienum reducens, quod confractum alligans, quod pingue, et forte custodiens. Videat humeris suis impositam crucem, quam Filius Tuus proposito sibi gaudio sustinere non recusavit; sitque illi crucifixus mundus et ipse mundo. Tollat injectum collo suo Evangelicum jugum, sitque ei ita leve, ac suave, ut in via mandatorum tuorum cæteris exemplo et observatione præcurrat. Sit ei hoc Symbolum unitatis, et cum Apostolica Sede communionis perfectæ tessera, sit caritatis vinculum, sit

Divinæ hereditatis funiculus, sit æternæ securitatis pignus, ut in die adventus et revelationis Magni Dei, Pastorumque Principis Jesu Christi, cum ovibus suis creditis, stola potiatur immortalitatis et gloriæ."

(6) Pope Nicholas I. in his *Responsa ad consulta Bulgarorum* (A.D. 866) orders that an archbishop is not to be enthroned and is not to consecrate the Holy Eucharist before he receives the Pall from the Roman See, " sicut Galliarum omnes et Germaniæ et aliarum regionum Archiepiscopi agere comprobantur." Archbishops could not hold synods or consecrate bishops till they had the Pall. Thus, at a consecration of bishops at Lambeth on January 5th, 1381–2, the Archbishop Elect of Canterbury, William Courtenay, although present and consecrated, having been translated from the See of Exeter, took no part : " Dictoque domino Willelmo Courtenay, Cantuariansi electo et confirmato, ibidem presente, sed minime consecrante, eo quod pallium non recepit " (Reg. Courtenay, f. 3). It is worth noting that Wharton in his *Anglia Sacra* (i. p. 121), as if quoting the MS. Register of Bishop Courtenay, says of this ceremony : " Præsente Willelmo, *sed manus non imponente*." This change of expression was probably dictated by the writer's desire to make out that the imposition of hands is the consecration, just as Bishop Stubbs in his *Registrum Sacrum Anglicanum* always styles the assistant Bishops *Consecrators*, in face of the evidence of the Pontificals and the express declarations in all Episcopal Registers that they were only *assistant bishops*.

The Pall is a personal grant, made by the Pope for a special province of the Church. If an archbishop is translated he has to receive another Pall. At death it, and if he has received more than one they, are buried with him. If it be lost or destroyed another must be procured. Thus the first Archbishop of Sydney, Dr. Polding, O.S.B., obtained three Palls ; the two first having been burnt in fires which twice destroyed his cathedral. So, in A.D. 1326, Edward II. sent envoys to Rome to ask for a second Pall for William de Melton, Archbishop of York, because thieves had broken into his private chapel and " carried away his Pall and other Episcopal ornaments." —(*Rot. Rom.* 19 Edw. II. m. 3.)

(7) Adam de Usk, in giving an account of his journey towards Rome in March A.D. 1401–2, speaks of his crossing the Pass of St. Gothard as follows : " Where I was drawn up in a cart by an ox, half frozen with cold, and with mine eyes blindfold, lest I should see the dangers of the passage."

(8) It would seem that the Pope specially directed St. Dunstan himself to take the sacred Pall from the altar of St. Peter. In the account of Archbishop Dunstan's *Pontifical*, now in the National Library at Paris (MS. 973), it appears that upon folio 6 is the following heading : " Epistola privilegii quam jubente Johanne Papa, suscepta benedictione ab eo,

Dunstanus archiepiscopus a suis manibus accepit, *sed pallium a suis manibus non accepit, sed eo jubente ab altari* Sti. Petri Apostoli."

(9) Both at Canterbury and York, when the Pall was brought from Rome, the Archbishop-elect walked barefoot to meet it. According to the direction in the York *Pontificale* the Archbishop was to be "nudis pedibus (si tempus non sit pluviosum)." At Canterbury the rubric was: "Deinde sequatur archiepiscopus pontificalibus indutus, nudis pedibus . . . usque ad portam civitatis per quam intrabit, si serenitas temporis hoc permittat." After the Pall had been venerated by the clergy the rubric continues: "Quibus expletis, et lotis pedibus archiepiscopi, præparet se archiepiscopus ad missam celebrandam, etc."—(Maskell, *Monumenta Ritualia*, iii. pp. 297–299). After the Pall had been granted to an Archbishop of Canterbury, and before its reception, the Prior of the cathedral monastery brought the Cross of the Province to London and presented it to the newly-elected Metropolitan, using the following form: "Pater reverende, nuncius sum summi Regis qui te rogat, mandat et precipit ut ecclesiam suam regendam suscipias, eamque diligis et protegas fide non ficta. In hujus signum nuncii summi Regis tibi vexillum trado ferendum. Accipe libenter et porta fideliter ut cum sanctis predecessoribus tuis ecclesiæ Cantuariensis patronis gaudeas in eternum." The archbishop took the Cross, kissed it, and handed it to his cross-bearer (MS. Reg. Stafford, f. 3).

(10) Cranmer's Bulls were obtained in Rome by his proctor, who took the oaths in the usual way, in his name, and in his behalf. In England, Cranmer (Jenkyns, iv. p. 116) said that the proctor "should do it *super animam suam*," and that he did not intend to be bound by promises made in his name and confirmed upon oath. He accepted the Bulls thus obtained, making the protest on the day of his consecration that he did not intend to bind himself by the oath he was about to take. The Bull of the Pope recited the oath to be taken by Cranmer, and distinctly says that if Cranmer did not take it, both he and the bishop who consecrated him without that oath, were suspended and forbidden the administration of their Sees respectively, both in temporals and spirituals: "Volumus autem et auctoritate prædicta statuimus et decernimus quod si, non recepto a te [Cranmero] per ipsum antistitem prædicto juramento, idem antistes munus ipsum tibi impendere et tu illud suscipere præsumpseritis, dictus antistes a pontificalis officii exercitio, et tam ipse quam tu ab administratione tam spiritualium quam temporalium ecclesiarum vestrarum suspensi sitis eo ipso."—(*Cf.* Lewis' *Sander's Schism*, p. 89 *note*.)

(11) "Knowlaging myself to take and hold the said Archbishopricke immediately and oonly of your Highness and of none other."—(Strype, *Mems. of Cranmer*, App. vii.)

(12) See in *Edward VI. and the Book of Common Prayer* the history and character of these changes.

(13) As an example of this the following passage from a letter of Archbishop Cranmer may be cited: "Moreover, I do not a little marvel, why he (*i.e.*, Bishop Gardiner) should now find fault, rather than he did before, when he took the Bishop of Rome as chief head; for though the Bishop of Rome was taken for supreme head, notwithstanding that he had a great number of primates under him; and by having his primates under him his supreme authority was not less esteemed but much the more. Why then may not the King's Highness, being Supreme Head, have primates under him without any diminution; but with the augmenting of his said supreme authority."—(Parker Soc. *Cranmer's Works*, ii. 304). That Henry VIII. claimed, as King, Spiritual and Ecclesiastical as well as temporal jurisdiction cannot be doubted by any who will take the trouble to study the documents of this period. Mr. Gairdner, the candid and able editor of the calendar of papers of this period, takes this view. The King, he says, suspended the jurisdiction of the bishops, and through his officers exercised spiritual as well as temporal power (*Calendar*, Vol. ix., preface, p. xvii.). All the spiritual government of the kingdom he placed in the hands of his vicar, Thomas Cromwell (*Ibid.* vol. vii. p. xxvii.). Cranmer and the other bishops acquiesced in this claim of the King to supreme ecclesiastical jurisdiction, and received "authority of spiritual jurisdiction by force of instruments under the seal appointed *ad res ecclesiasticas*," which, on the accession of Edward VI., they were required by the Council to renew (see *Edward VI. and the Book of Common Prayer*, p. 42).

(14) Rot. Pat. 32 M. VIII. pars. 6. m. 1: printed in Dugdale (*Monasticon Anglicanum*, ed. 1817, i. p. 106).

(15) Rot. Pat. 36 H. VIII. pars. 13, m. 16. "Et omnem jurisdictionem spiritualem et ecclesiasticam."

(16) Rot. Pat. 36 H. VIII. pars. 2, m. 42.

(17) In the case of a new archbishop, Henry VIII., by Statute (25 H. VIII. c. 10, s. 4) directed that a *Pall* be given him, "without suing to the See of Rome in that behalf." Bishop Stubbs writing about the Pall says: "So important was the matter (*i.e.*, the reception of the Pall) that even after the breach with Rome, Archbishop Holdegate of York, in 1545, went through the form of receiving one from Cranmer" (*Const. Hist.* iii. p. 318). In the *Gentleman's Magazine* for November, 1860, the form used on the occasion by Cranmer is printed from that Archbishop's Register (f. 309) at Lambeth. It may be of interest to reproduce the form of investiture from this curious document.

TRADITIO PALLII.

Ad honorem Dei Patris Omnipotentis, Filii et Spiritus Sancti, Intemeratæque Virginis Mariæ et totius coelestis exercitus, ac illustrissimi et serenissimi in Christo principis et domini nostri, Domini Henrici Octavi, etc., cui soli et nulli alii obedientiam et

fidelitatum debes et exhibuisti, in decus Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ ac Metropolitanæ Ecclesiæ Eboracensis tibi commissæ, tradimus tibi Pallium in plenitudine Pontificalis dignitatis, ut eo utaris in divinis celebrandis, infra Ecclesiam tuam et omnibus diebus ab antiquo usitatis. Recipe igitur frater charissime, e manibus nostris pallium hoc humeris tuis impositum, summi, viz. sacerdotii Domini nostri Jesu Christi signum, per quod undique vallatus atque munitus valeas hostis humani temptamentis viriliter resistere et universas ejus insidias solerter et penetralibus cordis tui divino suffultus munimine, procul abjicere, præstante eodem Domino nostro Jesu Christo, qui Spiritu Sancto in unitate Patris vivit et regnat per omnia cum sæcula sæculorum, etc.

THE GOLDEN JUBILEE OF BELMONT CATHEDRAL, JULY, 1909.

"O Lord God of Israel, there is no God like Thee in heaven nor in earth: Who keepest covenant and mercy with Thy servants, that walk before Thee with all their hearts" (2 Paral. vi. 14).

THESE words are to be found in the prayer of Solomon at the dedication of his temple—the temple he had built to the honour of God—the God of his fathers Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. Kneeling on the brazen platform, which he had raised high above the heads of the vast multitude there assembled, the king, in the sight of all his people, lifting their hands towards heaven, confessed his faith and trust in the great Almighty Maker of all things, who had given such proof of His mercy and of His loving kindness to His chosen people. " O Lord God of Israel," he said, " there is no God like Thee." With reason, indeed, did Solomon, the king of the people of Israel, come that day to confess in their presence and in their name their full faith and entire trust in the God who had led them safe amid danger and difficulty, who had brought them through the perils of the waters of the sea and of the desert, and who, delivering them from enemies powerful and numerous, bent upon their destruction, had given them to see that day of joy. After all the years of anxiety, after all the long days of wandering and unrest, they had met to dedicate to His name a temple, where He who had been their stay and their only hope during their years of wandering, would dwell in their midst as their Lord and their God—their God " who kept covenant and mercy with His

servants, that had striven to walk before him with all their hearts."

Such words of trust and thankfulness and confidence, spoken long years ago by King Solomon, we may appropriately make our own to-day, when the occasion which brings us together is a manifestation of God's love and protection in our regard, and makes us understand those words of holy Job which teach us that, because we are "children of the Saints," we may with confidence "look for that reward which He has promised to those who have not changed their faith in Him." For, indeed, the providence of God Almighty is as evident to-day as it was in the distant ages of the older Dispensation. His hand is not shortened in our regard, nor is His loving mercy less certain than it was in the days of David and of Solomon.

The history of the Christian religion is ample proof of this. Every page of that story of the Church upon earth shows her to be an existing and living body. She not only exists, but she lives: she not only lives, but she is ever growing, renewing her life and manifesting it by that active, energetic, powerful working which proves that there is within her a soul and a quickening spirit—the spirit of Him who said to her: "Behold I am with you all days even to the consummation of the world."

When we look across the centuries we see on all sides evidence of the growth and expansion of Christian truth and life; and this growth has gone on in spite of opposition and attack—the opposition of the world and the attack of the "powers of this world of darkness." In particular, we can recall the triumphs of the Church Catholic in days and under circumstances when, had she been of human origin, men might well have pointed to her and said "she is destroyed," and "her place is void for ever." At one time or another in her long history, in some place or another in her world-wide empire, those who had laboured for her downfall might for a period have

appeared justified in rejoicing at the completion of their work of destruction, and in pointing out the tree of her life cut down to the very ground. But in that very hour when the night seemed darkest, by the singular Providence of God, the light began to show itself with a new dawn, and the work of the spirit was made manifest to all. Life began again to manifest itself in the old stock, which seemingly lay dead in the dust, and it began to put forth the branches and leaves and fruit again as in the day "when it was first planted in the soil." Not once or twice only in the story of the Church do we see such evidence of a life that dieth not, and of vitality which is ever renewed; but the miracle of a second spring-time, the miracle of the dry bones being revivified by the Spirit, has been witnessed again and again throughout the centuries of its existence until we are forced to cry out aloud with heart-felt confession: "Thou, O God, keepest covenant with Thy servants that walk before thee with all their hearts."

This looking back into the past and noting the evidence there so plainly written, is for the most of us an aid to our faith in God's Providence, and makes us truly trust Him. As a man when climbing some height turns at times to survey the path he has ascended so that the sight of the difficulties already surmounted may give him courage and strength for what is to come, so from time to time it is useful to the Christian traveller "in this vale of tears" to recall a past which is full of evidence of the loving kindness of God Almighty, and which strengthens his faith in him.

To-day, thoughts such as these seem naturally to rise in the mind by reason of the celebration which brings us together. Half a century ago, in the grey dusk of a November evening, this church, then but partially finished, was blessed and prepared for God's service. In the gathering gloom of that short winter's day the most Holy Sacrament was borne in procession from yonder lowly school chapel

to the temporary high altar placed under this central tower. Then fifty years ago, with Pontifical Vespers sung by Bishop Brown, the first bishop of this diocese, there was inaugurated here the round of perpetual prayer, sacrifice and praise—the Benedictine "servitutis pensum"—which since has never ceased. It was upon the feast day of our Blessed Lady's Presentation, November 21, in the year 1859, when the event we are celebrating now by slight anticipation took place. The choice of the day, although apparently almost accidental, was a happy one, since November 21 is marked in the annals of the English Benedictines as their "dies memorabilis." It is a day ever to be remembered by our Congregation, for upon it in the year 1555 Abbot Feckenham and his brethren regained possession of Westminster Abbey on the restoration of the old religion under Mary. In 1608, also, on this day the aged Dom Sigebert Buckley, the last surviving monk of Westminster——and indeed, of the entire English Benedictine body—having been long years in prison for his faith—and at that time bowed down with age and almost totally blind, gave the habit to two secular priests and thus handed on unbroken the English Benedictine succession even from St. Augustine himself to our own time.

It was, then, the feast of Our Lady's Presentation—November 21, 1859—which was chosen for the opening of this new Monastery of St. Michael and all Holy Angels. The beginning of every new monastery must always be a day memorable in the history of a religious body. The establishing of a new centre of monastic life, the starting of a new source of energy, is like the beginning and foundation of a new family from which great things may be hoped and with confidence be expected. It is, moreover, the setting up of a new temple to God's glory, where He dwells in the midst of His chosen people and whence day by day from their choir the prayers and praises of the monks rise like incense heavenward to the throne of grace and mercy.

This much is true of every monastery; but in the case of St. Michael's the opening, the jubilee of which we are celebrating, had a much wider and a more important significance in the religious history of the country generally, This house inaugurated fifty years ago amid these Herefordshire woods, which here clothe the banks of the winding Wye, was something more than an ordinary monastery. It was at once a memorial of what had been a striking feature in the organisation of the Catholic Church in England in pre-Reformation days and a new creation on ancient lines, amid the changed conditions of ecclesiastical life upon the revival of the Catholic Church in this country in the middle of last century. In other words, this monastery of St. Michael was a Cathedral Monastery, created to be the centre of a Capitular body and with its monks destined to serve the Cathedral Church as Canons. This was well understood at the time; in the year 1860—the year after the event we are now celebrating—this glorious church itself was dedicated to God's service by its generous donor and solemnly consecrated. On that occasion Provost (afterwards Cardinal) Manning, occupied the place I have been called upon to fill to-day, and in the course of the sermon he then preached he referred to the peculiarly interesting character of the event. "A Benedictine Cathedral," he said, "with a seminary by its side, is a type of what was once, and, if the Church of England is to do its great work of grace, of what, whether by this same identification or by the harmonious unity of our two great ministries, must be again." Then, after saying that they had met for the consecration of a monastic cathedral, with Bishop and Canons and students all Benedictine, he added: "To-day is the first and singular example after three hundred years of this union of the Hierarchy in all its manifestations with the life of religion, so glorious in the Catholic history of England."

To understand fully what this means we must

go back a long way into the past. On this day of memories I make no apology for asking you to follow me, and would only beg you to forgive me if I seem to speak overmuch about the Benedictine centuries in England. It is unnecessary to remind you of the close connexion which ever existed between the pre-Reformation Church of England and the Order of Black Monks. The tie is acknowledged in the title given to religion in this country, which is called the "Apostolate of St. Benedict." How could it be otherwise? It was a Benedictine Pope, St. Gregory, who sent the Benedictine St. Augustine and his fellow monks to plant the standard of the Cross of Christ in the soil of England. For many hundreds of years, as Cardinal Manning points out, "the Archbishops of Canterbury, with one exception," were sons of St. Benedict, and a great number of the historic episcopate were monks of this Order. The Cathedral—the place where the chair of the Bishop was first set up—was often not unnaturally the church of his monastic family; and when out of the dim history of the early days of Christianity in this country there appears some formed and organised bishop's see, behold! the mother church of the diocese—the Cathedral—is the church of the monks, and the Bishop is the head—the father—the abbot—of the monastic family which serve it, and his monks chant God's praises round the chair of teaching and discipline he has erected in their midst. I know of no other country in Christendom where this special form of a monastic Cathedral is to be found. But here in England it was no accidental growth, no chance survival of the Benedictine origin of the faith in this country. It is impossible to read the history of the Church in this country without seeing that the monastic Cathedral was a substantial element in the religious organisation of the English Church from the days of Augustine till the overthrow of the old faith in the sixteenth century.

At the time of the great schism under Henry VIII., for instance, in England, if we exclude Wales, there

were two archbishops and fifteen bishops. On these, one Archbishop—that of Canterbury the Primate of England—was elected by the monks of the Cathedral Priory of Christchurch. In 1206 the English bishops petitioned the Pope to be allowed a voice in the choice of their Archbishop, but Pope Innocent III. refused this request and confirmed the right of the monks to elect the Metropolitan of England. Besides Canterbury, the bishops of six of the suffragan sees were elected by their Benedictine Chapters. That is to say the Cathedrals of Winchester, Durham, Ely, Worcester, Norwich, and Rochester were monastic, and had monks as their canons. In the case of the other two sees—Bath and Wells with Coventry and Lichfield—the bishop of the diocese was elected alternately by the secular canons who served one Cathedral and the monastic canons who served the other. In pre-Reformation days, therefore, in this country nine of the great Cathedrals, including the Metropolitical Church of Canterbury, were held by the sons of St. Benedict, whilst secular canons served seven, namely, Salisbury, Exeter, Hereford, Lincoln, Chichester, Wells and Lichfield.

Nor was the connexion of the bishop with the monks of a monastic cathedral a mere formality. The actual relation is written plain enough in the records of these Benedictine sees, and these show that he was in reality what he is frequently called—the Abbot of a Benedictine family. At Canterbury, for example, the Archbishop took a part in the practical government of the monastery of his Cathedral. He it was who summoned the monks to make choice of their Prior, who presided over the election and confirmed the elect in office. Some of the officials, for instance the Sacrist, the Penitentiary, and others, were appointed by the Archbishop. Sometimes, too, he received personally the vows of the monks, and if his numerous occupations prevented him from being present at some profession in person, the reports of the Novice Master and Prior had to be sent him, and the

reception of every subject depended directly upon his approval. Though naturally, on account of the great administration of a diocese, the bishop of a monastic cathedral would be unable to take much part in the actual administration of the monastic family, he was still regarded by all as their father and abbot.

I need not remind you that these ancient sees were all swept away on the change of religion under Henry VIII. But on the reconstruction of the ancient English Benedictine Congregation in 1631, Pope Urban VIII., in his Bull "Plantata," strictly charged the superiors of our Congregation to preserve and perpetuate the memory of the rights and privileges of these ancient monastic cathedrals. In fact, he actually appointed by name certain monks to the titular offices, and, forbidding the Congregation ever to abandon these rights, ordered it to renew the elections when necessary. To this charge the English Benedictines have been faithful from that day to this, so that we have now amongst us the Cathedral Priors of Canterbury and Winchester and Durham, and the rest as in the pre-Reformation days. It has indeed been stated that these ancient dignities were tacitly at least abrogated by the creation of the new Catholic Hierarchy by Pius IX.; but quite recently Pope Leo XIII. confirmed the provision of the Bull "Plantata" in this regard.

It was therefore as a memorial of a great past, as an acknowledgment of the intimate connexion of the English Benedictines with the pre-Reformation Church, that on the restoration of the hierarchy one diocese was set apart for the erection of a Monastic Chapter. As one of the papers wrote at the time: "All Catholic England must unite in congratulations upon the revival of the Cathedral Priories, which before the great religious Revolution of the sixteenth century were so closely indentified with the glories of the English Church. We have now the happiness of seeing one of these again existing in our country."

The creation of this monastic Cathedral was no sudden or sentimental idea : it had been contemplated for some years before 1859, but many difficulties had to be overcome before it was possible. The vast Western District, of which the Benedictine Bishop Ellis was appointed first Vicar-Apostolic in 1688, had experienced the destructive force of the Reformation in a greater degree perhaps than any other part of England. It comprised twenty counties, and when the religious storm had spent itself it was found, so far as the Catholic faith was concerned, that Wales and the West of England were well nigh a barren wilderness. Yet the destruction of the ancient religion in these parts had not been accomplished quickly, or without resistance. Hereford itself, indeed, was long noted for its adherence to the old religion. Early in the reign of Elizabeth, for example, the Protestant Bishop Scory complains that " the Papist justices of the city had commanded the observance of the Feast of Our Lady's Assumption day as a holiday. On the eve no butcher in the town ventured to sell meat, on the day itself no gospeller durst work in his occupation or open his shop. A party of recusant priests from Devonshire were received in state by the magistrate and carried in procession through the streets." In 1574 a list of eighty-six of the leading families was given as being Catholic, and the city of Hereford was declared to be entirely for the old religion, " a small number, and they of small power, excepted." In fact all round about the city of Hereford during the first twenty years of Elizabeth's reign, the Catholics were said to be increasing in number and boldness. In 1586 eight wealthy Hereford recusants offered the Queen a sum of money to purchase toleration, whilst three years before one Herefordshire Catholic, John Gomonde, still owed £1,480 in fines for having constantly " refused to be present in church in the time of common prayer," at a time when twice that sum was received by the crown for the same reason from Hereford Catholics, who are

said to be "wonderfully bold, and stick not to give evil speeches and to do insolently." Almost twenty years later, again, when Catholic priests were being hunted down and done to death for their priesthood and religion, the Catholics of Allensmoor, not far away from where we are gathered to-day, did not hesitate to bury Alice Wellington—no doubt a relation of William Wellynton of the same place, whose name appears as a staunch Catholic on the Recusant Rolls—and to bury her with full Catholic rites in the churchyard of the parish church, where their forefathers had been wont to worship.

But in spite of the heroism of the recusants and the blood of the martyrs, time and the long-continued persecution of the Catholics worked destruction. By 1764, according to Bishop Walmsley, Vicar-Apostolic, there were thirty-seven priests to serve the entire district, and in that part of it which included Wales with Hereford and Monmouth, the Catholics did not exceed eight hundred and forty. Even in 1813 there were but two missions in Wales and a station at Swansea, which was served four or five times a year from Brecon.

The Western District had for the most part been governed by a Benedictine Vicar-Apostolic, and when, in 1840, the vicariate was divided, it was agreed that one part should be ruled by a regular. There had been much talk about the matter, and in 1838 Propaganda asked the Congregation to consider a proposal to hand over the Midland District to the Benedictines, with the President-General as the Vicar-Apostolic. Ultimately the vicariate of Wales, which included Herefordshire and Monmouthshire, was chosen as a Benedictine vicariate, and Bishop Brown was chosen to rule the new district. The state of this portion of the Lord's vineyard at the time is well known. In Herefordshire there were four missionary centres and about five hundred and fifty Catholics; Monmouthshire had double the number of missions and four times the number of Catholics.

In Brecknockshire there was but one chapel, in the garret of a house at Brecon, and in the whole district of Wales, with Hereford and Monmouth, there were under five thousand Catholics and only seventeen missions. This was in 1840, and three years later, when Bishop Brown made an appeal for help, the prospect was very little brighter. To-day, the particulars he gives seems almost incredible. In Rhymney and Tredegar, although the Catholics were numerous, there was neither chapel nor priest. At Cardiff, though there were at least twelve hundred souls until the autumn of 1842, the only place where the Sacrifice of the Altar could be offered was in a very small room, the window of which had been taken out so that those who could find a place in an adjoining shed might hear the Holy Mass on Sunday. At Merthyr a congregation of seven hundred poor Irish had to worship in a low dark loft without ceiling and with gaping spaces between the tiles of its roof, which was reached by means of a ladder flung across a brook, and it was built over a portion of the public slaughter house. The school in which sixty Catholic children are taught is in a horse stable. At Swansea the only room set apart for Catholic worship was in an advanced state of decay; the floor frequently gave way beneath the feet of the worshippers, and the roof had partially fallen in a few months before the date of this report in 1843.

It is impossible to exaggerate the crying needs of the entire district, and it looked, as indeed was said at the time, as if the Catholic name was destined to die out in Wales and the adjoining country. The Bishop had no seminary, no means of establishing schools, and was almost totally destitute of resources for educating clergy, or indeed of supporting himself.

In the story of the origin of this monastery of St. Michael's we now come to the restoration of the hierarchy in 1850. For some few years there had been much talk of this memorable change in the ecclesiastical government of the Catholic Church in England,

and even as early as 1847 the plans of the future hierarchy were drawn. Thus in 1847, on November 21 —our *dies memorabilis*—Bishop Brown was translated by a Pontifical Brief from the titular see of Appollonia to that of Newport. The Brief, however, was never issued, and the title of the see was subsequently changed to that of Newport and Menevia in the hierarchy of England, a diocese which included the six southern counties of Wales with Monmouth and Herefordshire.

The Bishop had, on more than one occasion, appealed to his English Benedictine brethren for help in the neglected district over which he had been called upon to preside. And now in 1850, in view of the near approach of the establishment of a regularly constituted hierarchy, he applied to the Chapter of English Benedictines to identify the congregation in some special way with his new diocese, which he was given to understand was to continue to be Benedictine. To this appeal the Fathers of the General Chapter replied by promising to second his efforts to restore the Catholic religion in this part of England. Two years later, on April 22, 1852, the Pope created the Benedictine Monastic Chapter of Newport and Menevia. This was done at the unanimous request of Cardinal Wiseman and the rest of the Bishops of England, in memory of the singular way in which the Order was connected with the conversion of England and with the government of the Church of this land in pre-Reformation days. The Bishop of Newport and Menevia and the Bishop of Birmingham, Dr. Ullathorne, were invited to the Benedictine General Chapter of 1854 to advise upon the best way to carry out this new and honourable charge, which had been laid upon the Congregation. Both of these Benedictine Bishops urged the necessity of at once establishing a new monastery in connexion with the diocesan Cathedral. This was at once agreed to and thereupon the Bishop of Newport proposed that the new monastery should take the form of a common novitiate and house

of studies, the more certainly to secure the monastic character of the Cathedral Chapter. This suggestion was adopted and, as a generous benefactor had offered this church which was then unfinished, together with the ground whereon to erect a monastery, it was arranged to accept this offer and to start the building of St. Michael's at once. Hence, it came about that as a work for the Church and as a memorial of the many monastic Cathedrals which had existed in pre-Reformation days in England, this monastery was inaugurated on that grey November evening of the *dies memorabilis*, fifty years ago.

Half a century of labour, seen and unseen, has done much to change things since then. Thanks to the constant and strenuous work of the Bishop and clergy of this diocese, the Catholic Church presents a very different aspect from what it did at the beginning of this period. Churches and schools have been built and maintained, whilst Catholic work of all kinds has been organised and carried on. Without contrasting or comparing their work with that of others, my Benedictine brethren may well be content with the result of their labours in this Benedictine diocese during the first half century of its existence.

Then, during the same time, almost every monk of the English Congregation at present living—seven or eight perhaps alone excepted—has received the greater part of his religious training within the walls of this monastery. What that means to each one of us no one but ourselves can tell. The memory of St. Michael's is irrevocably connected in the minds of all with the thought of the stately Cathedral services, to maintain which was the primary object of the establishment of the monastery. Indeed, until a year or two ago, it was the only Cathedral Church in England where the divine liturgy was carried out in all its fulness and splendour.

It is not necessary for me to-day to speak of those who were the living stones by which this place

was made what it has been for all of us. The memory of Bishop Brown; of Father Anselm Cockshoot, to whose self-sacrifice and devotion this place owes so much, and of Priors Sweeny, Vaughan, and Raynal is fresh in the hearts of all of us to-day, who have known and honoured, aye, and have loved them; whilst for our present venerated Bishop, who has been associated with this place almost from the first, our affectionate prayers will go up to heaven to-day that God may long preserve and bless him.

Looking back, therefore, as we do to-day, which amongst us can fail to see tokens of God's Providence in the history of the past? Which of us does not feel his heart warmed within him by the spirit of this jubilee to confess with thankfulness that God has kept his covenant and shown His mercy to us His servants who, in spite of failure and weakness, have striven to walk before Him "with all their hearts." Let our heartfelt prayer then to-day be that of Solomon: "O Lord God of Israel, there is no God like Thee in heaven nor in earth."

COMMUNION WITH THE BISHOP THE TEST OF COMMUNION WITH THE CHURCH.*

"You are no more strangers and foreigners, but you are fellow-citizens with the saints and domestics of God, built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner-stone." (Eph. ii., 19, 20.)

FOUR hundred years ago a Lancashire man became Bishop of the diocese in which Manchester was situated. This prelate, Dr. William Smith, had been educated by Margaret of Richmond, the pious mother of King Henry VII. At that time, she was the second wife of Thomas Stanley, Earl of Derby, and maintained a private school at Knowsley, which was taught by Maurice Westbury, whom she had brought from Oxford for the purpose. The name of the Lady Margaret is well known as that of a munificent patroness of learning, and under her protection and fostering care, the future Bishop had as his companions two other youths, whose names are well known here in Manchester. One was James Stanley, second son of the Earl of Derby, and the other was Hugh Oldham. Both were Lancashire men, and both subsequently became Bishops. James Stanley, after having been warden of the Collegiate Church here—the Church of our Blessed Lady of Manchester—was made Bishop of Ely, and his body now lies buried in his chantry chapel in yonder church.

* An address delivered at the Consecration of the Rt. Revd. Bishop Casartelli of Salford, Sept. 21, 1903.

Hugh Oldham's name every Manchester man knows and reverences, for was he not the founder of the great grammar school of this city? In 1505 he too was made a bishop; and he ruled the see of Exeter wisely for some years.

All three of those Bishops were thoroughly imbued with their patroness' love of learning. Bishop Smith founded a grammar school in his cathedral city of Lichfield, and another at Farnworth in Lancashire. He became Chancellor of the University of Oxford, was co-founder of Brasenose College and is remembered as a benefactor of the Colleges of Lincoln and Oriel; Bishop Oldham's gifts to learning are too well known to be spoken of in this place, and Bishop Stanley—as Bishop of Exeter—took a considerable part in his step-mother's foundations and benefactions at Cambridge.

These memories of Catholic Manchester in bygone days are awakened in our minds by the celebration at which we are assisting. To-day, we have come together to witness the solemn consecration of another Manchester man, as Catholic Bishop of this place. Like the three prelates of whom we are reminded, the centre of to-day's ceremony has long been connected with the training of others. Of his learning there is no need to speak to you or indeed at all, as his reputation has spread and his worth is appreciated, even beyond the limits of this island. Of all this Manchester is well aware; and of all this Manchester is justly proud. Like the three prelates I have named, he too has been chosen by the Pope's authority and, in connection with Rome, the centre of Catholic unity to-day as it was then, is set to rule over this see. He has been consecrated also, and anointed Bishop of this diocese, by a ceremonial identical with that which, four centuries ago, was used to place Bishop Oldham and his two companions among the hierarchy of old Catholic England.

What is it then to be a Catholic Bishop? What do all these rites and ceremonies, these mysterious

ceremonies full of hidden meaning signifiy? Why this imposition of hands that we have witnessed? Why these anointings, these investitures with mitre, and ring, and crosier? In almost the first words of the actual rite the consecrating prelate informs us what a bishop is: "It is the office of a Bishop," he says, "to judge, to interpret, to consecrate, to ordain, to offer the holy Sacrifice, to baptise and to confirm." To be a bishop—a diocesan bishop—is in the first place, and before all else, to be a ruler of souls; to have the *regimen animarum*, as it is called. A diocesan bishop is the sign and seal of an organised church; and an organised church is something much higher than, and wholly different from the state of "strangers and pilgrims;" that is, of dispersed and detached congregations of faithful which may exist, and do exist, before the Bishop's Chair has been set up. Now hard words are sometimes spoken about us, and even thrown in our faces, to the effect that we Catholics, here in England, are *hospites et advenæ*—mere "strangers and pilgrims:" as though, because rejoicing in the supreme spiritual authority of the Pope of Rome, we were intruders in this country, and did not form a native church—a church of the soil. This I do not mention as a complaint or reproach—indeed, granting the standpoint of those who speak thus in this 20th century, I think they have a plausible (I do not say grounded) case for this notion. In proof of this I have only to ask you to consider how different would have been our position, our standing ground before our fellow countrymen to-day, if instead of a desolation of three hundred years, the Catholic Church in England had existed all through that dark period in its perfect organisation as in Ireland, and if the succession of our Bishops had never been broken.

It would be well that we realised perhaps more than is apparently done, even by some of ourselves, that we are not "strangers" and "foreigners" but "*cives sanctorum et domestici Dei*," "fellow-citizens

with the saints and domestics of God." We Catholics claim to be, and are in truth, the representatives of the one old Catholic Church of England. This we claim (and this I emphasise) although as a church our candlestick was for a time removed. We existed always as witnesses of the faith, practice, organism, of that old Catholic English Church ; only, so to speak (alas ! that we should have to say it, but it is the truth), as congregational Catholics, as individuals and as aggregations of individuals. I say alas ! a thousand times alas ! that this should have been so. But upon these units, these aggregations, this congregational Catholicity, as I have called it, there was a seal and a sign—the seal and the sign of martyrdom. This martyrdom was not only the supreme witness of those who actually poured out their life blood for their religion ; but that martyrdom touched *all* that were faithful, making them outlaws and outcasts in their native land. And what for ? What especially for ? I know that the Mass was proscribed, and the exercise of the holy rites of our religion was forbidden ; but looking at the whole history of those penal times I think it may be said with truth that the faithful, persecuted, dwindling flock, that clung to the Mass as dearer to them than their life, were martyrs for the Pope. In other words, they are martyrs for the unity of the Church, that body which St. Paul speaks of as a *totum*—a great whole—*compactum, et connexum per omnem juncturam subministrationis*—" compacted and fitly joined together, by what every joint supplieth " (Eph. iv., 16).

They were martyred to witness to the Mass. It was indeed " the Mass that mattered," as we have heard so frequently of late, for that Mass is our Lord himself—*ille per omnia qui est caput Christus*—but we have only to scan the national records to see that it all came in sum and form to a recognition or denial of the Pope's headship of the Church of Christ.

Three centuries of desolation passed ; and so terrible

was the state to which the faithful remnant was reduced, that men seemed to mock at English Catholics with the question : " Thinkest thou these dry bones can live ? " Then came the breath of new life bringing hope and strength and vigour again. The same authority that had acted when, in the early days of Christianity in this island, Pope Gregory the Great organised the new-born English Church, and parcelled out the land into diocesan divisions, again acted in the person of Pius IX, and made us,our poor, our scattered, our congregational Catholic body, a *church* again.

Standing as I do in this place, the fact is recalled to my mind that it was here in Manchester that the last of the many difficulties which beset the accomplishment of this great act of restoration was resolved. The Vicars-Apostolic had met here for the dedication of the church in which we are to-day assembled, and hither came Bishop Ullathorne, one of their number, who had been conducting the negotiations in Rome to discuss the last remaining point, which delayed the publication of the new charter of incorporation.

Who shall describe what that reconstitution and reorganisation effected ? The Vicars-Apostolic of England did great and noble works : " but bishops each with a pastoral care, *cujus oves sunt propriæ*, have a special mission and a special grace." One who was present at the first Council of Westminster, by which the Church celebrated its restoration to organic life, left on record a generation later his impression of the result. " Thirty years now," he says, " have passed since the restoration of the Episcopate to England, and they have abundantly proved how wise and opportune were the ardent prayers which, for three centuries, the clergy and faithful in England made to the Holy See for the restoration of their lost inheritance. After thirty years more there will be no one who will remember, except historically, that the Catholic Church in England was governed, but the other

day, by the Bishops of Hetalona and Melipotamus. We have not, indeed, the ancient titles of Canterbury and York, but we have what is more, the *pallium* of St. Thomas and of St. Augustine, and the Divine jurisdiction of which it is a sign. Already the titles of our sees have for a generation of men passed into English history, and will go down imperishably for ever. Even in 1852, when the hierarchy was one year old, it was true to say: 'Canterbury has gone its way, and York has gone, and Durham is gone, and Winchester is gone; but Westminster and Nottingham, Beverley and Hexham, Northampton and Shrewsbury, if the world lasts, shall be names as musical to the ear, as stirring to the heart, as the glories we have lost.'"

The "restoration of the hierarchy!" How much do not those words really mean. The words themselves I leave; I desire to come to the *thing* they designate; to point out what this act of Pope Pius IX. was to each one of us; to every man, woman and child amongst us in England, who rejoices in the title "Catholic." The act of restoration of the hierarchy was the announcement of the visible and organic reconstitution of the Catholic body, as one "built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets." These apostles, these prophets of whom St. Paul speaks, were literally, of course, the "apostles," and the prophets under the old law; but he also projects this forward into the Church of his own day and of all future time by proclaiming the corner stone to be our Lord Jesus Christ, who indeed, strictly speaking, is not merely the corner stone, but the foundation of the Church. Yet the Apostle speaking to the members of the Church of Ephesus, and through them to us, declares that *we* are "built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets."

And who then are to us to-day the representatives of the apostles? Where shall we look if not to the Bishops, one of whom we have met to see set apart—

consecrated to the Work? What does it mean when St. Paul says that he (amongst others) is to be our "foundation," and associated (in regard to us) with our very Lord Himself? What then is our real relation as Catholics with our Bishops? What did Pius IX. do for us, and in what position did he place us when, as we say, he restored the hierarchy? The Vatican Council, though unable to complete its work, nevertheless, not only declared that the jurisdiction of the Episcopate is that of true pastors and successors of the apostles, but also that the powers of the Papal primacy in their fullest sense in no way obstruct the immediate and ordinary jurisdiction of Bishops. Nay, that these two mutually confirm and support each other. In other words the Episcopate is not merely an office for the carrying out of certain functions, such as confirmation, ordination and consecration; but by Christ's appointment, or as theologians says, *jure divino*, a Bishop by virtue of his consecration receives the apostolic power of the keys. In this divine grant resides the power of governing the Church, ordained by Christ.

What follows from this? Obviously, that it is the business of the clergy and laity to be ever in communion with the Bishop: that is our duty. Strictly speaking, we clergy and laity have not to go beyond; it is our Bishop with whom we are (and are in duty and conscience) bound to be in communion, and through him we are in communion with the Pope and the Church throughout the world. If he be in error it is for the Pope to look to it; but until we hear the warning voice of the Supreme Pastor, it is for the sheep to follow the leading and the words of their own shepherd, whom God has put over them "to rule their souls." There was a time when out of fear of obstructing the Primacy writers seemed to diminish the Episcopate. Trent and the Vatican have put the prerogatives and jurisdiction of the successor of St. Peter beyond cavil. It is well now, therefore, to insist upon what is equally

certain and true, the teaching and ruling power of each bishop over the flock committed by the Supreme Vicar of Christ to his pastoral care, and upon the fact that communion with the Bishop is for individuals the ordinary test of the Catholic faith.

Our forefathers in England understood correctly the relation of the Catholic Bishop to his flock, and the flock to the Bishop. The Constitutions of Archbishop Odo in A.D. 943, for example, declare that the faith of the flock is the first care of the pastor. They charge the Bishop constantly to go round about his diocese, so that there may be no corner where the sheep may not know the voice of their shepherd; and they warn him to speak the truth without fear, even in the presence of kings and the great ones of the earth.

So, too, the ecclesiastical laws of Canute in 1033 warn the people that the Bishop's duty is to teach, and theirs to listen and obey, saying that "obedience to the Bishop," who is God's messenger, is obedience to the voice of God himself. And lastly—to take but one more example—the Constitutions of Cardinal Otho in 1237 state that the Bishop's chief duty is to go round about the diocese committed to his care, "correcting and reforming what is amiss, and ever sowing the word of life in the Lord's field"—in the souls and hearts of those committed to his care.

Besides constituting our relation to the Bishop and creating the diocesan entity, Pius IX., by re-establishing the hierarchy, put on us individual Catholics, each in his own place and sphere, duties and responsibilities as members of a local church, or aggregation of dioceses. In this point of view our work and duty is one with the duty of the times of English congregational Catholicity, as I have called it, namely, that we have to witness to the unity of the Church and to the holiness both of its teachings and its doctrines, by our lives as members. This duty is the same, though the circumstances are different; and the manifestation of our Catholic lives will be

different, to suit the changed times. The witness of those days, now happily gone by, was that some—a few—should shed their blood, that the bulk should live on in patience and faith and steadfastness under persecution, and that all should show in act how they held the faith, and the truth as it is in Christ Jesus, dearer to them than all earthly goods or all wordly prosperity. We have liberty and freedom. Our calls are different. How are we as Catholics to use this freedom, this liberty? Persecution and hardships have their dangers, so has liberty, and, perhaps, even greater dangers. All depends really on the right use made of each; that is, all depends upon ourselves, and on our individual lives.

The blessings of God have, indeed, been manifest upon that *pusillus grex*—the scattered few that emerged faithful from the trial. They were the connecting link between the old Catholic Church of England in communion with the Vicar of Christ, and us here present to-day. The recovery of the Catholic body coincided with the wonderful movement in the Church of England, which has long since brought many within the fold. But that is not all; just at this period the Church of England itself produced a singularly large number of able men. Of these, an exceptionally large proportion became Catholics, and amongst others two men pre-eminent among all, to whom we may rightly give the title of great. I mean, of course, Newman and Manning. Now there is one side of this movement and epoch which I will particularly emphasise. Of course the gift of the Catholic faith was to these men each and all inestimable, and to possess it they gave up much—sometimes their all. But to us also their coming was a gift of grace, a *donum gratis datum*, coming from the hand of God to us, the Catholic remnant; increasing indefinitely our responsibilities for a response. Now the restoration of the hierarchy was a call to us to grow out of and beyond mere congregationalism, and to rise to the duties of the

community constituted by a diocese. This accession from without was calculated to quicken in us (and, in fact, in a measure did quicken) the sense that we constituted a Church, and acted as a Church on those without. Have we really risen fully to these responsibilities, taken full advantage of this *donum gratis datum* to which I have referred?

There is a side of this question which, as it appeals to few, so can it be dealt with only by the few amongst us. I mean what is called the higher education, the highest education, whether clerical or lay. Amongst those few who are capable of dealing with this is he who is consecrated to-day to rule the Church of God. His mission is to guide high and low, to teach learned and unlearned, and I like to think that, though he will ever regard it as his first duty to spend himself and to be spent for his own particular flock, yet he will also take, and be able to take thought, further and beyond for the interests of our Church at large in England in a matter which I think the future likely to shew to be vital to our best interests.

But I must stop. If the consecration of the Bishop which we have just witnessed means so much, especially so much to those who will be under his fatherly care, how our souls should go out in prayer that God will fill him with the plenitude of His graces, and strengthen him for the office to which He has called him. With the consecrating prelate let us pray that the rich vestments and jewelled mitre may be but the outward symbol of the inward graces that adorn his soul; that his feet may ever proclaim God's good gifts to man, and that the Lord will give him authority, power and strength to rule, from his Bishop's Chair, God's Church, and the people committed to him. May God Almighty bless him, and may the glory of the Lord shine round about him, and do Thou, O Lord God, direct the works of his hands and guide him in his ways. Amen.

SAINT PAUL.*

THE greatest conversion recorded in the pages of ecclesiastical history is, without doubt, that of Paul of Tarsus. Other great saints, like Mary the Magdalene and Mary of Egypt, or Austen of Hippo and Ignatius of Loyola, are wonderful examples of the triumph of God's grace in the human soul, whilst others too, and, thanks be to God ! a great multitude which no man can number, have turned to God from sin, and are witnesses of all that is wrought by the sacred influence of His call. But the wonderful conversion of St. Paul stands for something more than the mere record of even a complete and thorough change of life such as these. The festival of this miraculous conversion we are keeping to-day—the only commemoration of the kind which is kept by the Church—is no mere record of an event in the life of this great Apostle ; it stands out as the beginning of his marvellous course of service of God and the explanation is His call to build up the Church among the Gentile peoples of the earth.

To-day we cannot, of course, forget the event itself, and may well recall the incidents as they are told us in the pages of Holy Scripture. We find two accounts in the Acts of the Apostles, which supplement each other. The first is from the pen of the author of the Acts and the second is given by St. Paul himself in his speech made at Cæsarea to King Agrippa. We are introduced to the Apostle at the martyrdom of the deacon, St. Stephen, for he was the young man " whose name was Saul," at whose feet those who stoned the martyr

* A sermon preached in the church of the Paulist Fathers, New York, January 25th, 1914.

to death " laid down their garments," and who " was consenting to his death." He was, as he tells us himself, one of the strictest of the sect of the Pharisees (Act xxvi. 5), and was " persuaded that I ought to do many things in opposition to the name of Jesus of Nazareth " (v. 9), so he " shut up in prisons many, under the authority of the chief priests," and when they were " put to death I brought the sentence." He, filled with what he considered zeal for the religion of his fathers, " punished them (the followers of Christ) in every synagogue and compelled them to blaspheme," and pursued " them even unto foreign cities." Looking back to this time in after life, in one of his Epistles, he declares that in all he did he honestly believed he was right, and that it was only from zeal that he persecuted the Church (Phil. iii. 6). He believed that God showed him mercy and led him to the truth because he had acted " ignorantly in unbelief " (1 Tim. i. 13). And so Stephen's dying prayer, " Lord, lay not this sin to their charge," was heard in the case of Saul, who, " breathing out threatenings and slaughter against the disciples of the Lord," set out for Damascus to search out men and women of the new faith and " bring them bound to Jerusalem." And as he came near to his journey's end, " at midday," he suddenly beheld a " light from heaven above the brightness of the sun, shining about " him and those in his company, and when they were all fallen down to the ground, " I heard," he says, " a voice speaking to me in the Hebrew tongue, saying, ' Saul, Saul, why dost thou persecute Me ? It is hard for thee to kick against the goad.' " And he said: " Who art thou, Lord ?" And he, " I am Jesus, whom thou dost persecute." Trembling and astonished he said: " Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do ?" Then was he told to go into the city where he should know what he was to do. " Rise up," the Lord said, " and stand on thy feet ; for to this end have I appeared to thee, that I may make thee a minister and a witness of those things which thou hast seen and of those things

for which I will appear to thee." And he arose and behold he was blind and had to be led into the city where he received his sight at the hands of Ananias to whom the Lord had given the work of receiving this new convert to the faith, saying : " Go, for this man is a vessel of election to me, to carry my name before the Gentiles and kings and the children of Israel."

St. Paul was thus called by God to be the greatest of his Apostles, and because the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church, we may connect the conversion we celebrate to-day directly with the blood shed by St. Stephen the first martyr for declaring that the Jewish nation was no longer to share exclusively in the privileges of Christ's redemption. By God's providence in St. Paul there was given to the world the instrument by whom tens of thousands of the Gentile nations came to the knowledge of the Truth, and there was brought to pass that which the prophet saw in vision : " the people that walked in darkness have seen a great light : to them that dwelt in the region of the shadow of death, light is risen."

Thus was St. Paul set apart by God to be the Apostle of the Gentiles. As we read the account of his labours in the Acts of the Apostles, and of his teaching in his various Epistles we come to understand, in some measure at least, his power as a missionary of the Gospel. We picture him to ourselves, according to the early Christian traditional representations of his likeness, as a man short in stature, with broad shoulders a slight aquiline nose, and black hair and beard. His forehead speaks of his strength of character. He must have been possessed of great physical strength to have borne the incessant journeys of his missionary enterprises, the dangers he underwent in carrying the message of the Gospel, his sufferings and persecutions at the hands of his enemies and false brethren. But beyond everything his success was determined under God's providence by the natural gifts which made him an ideal instrument for the work of a missionary to the Gentile nations.

That he was eloquent in his preaching is certain. It was a great saint who said that he would have given all he had to have been able to hear "Paul preaching." And at times, when, for example, he preached at Athens on the unknown God to the philosophers of the Areopagus, when his message created such an enthusiasm among the Thessalonians, that "there was daily searching of the Scriptures," or when he spoke in Hebrew from the steps of the Antonia, to a threatening crowd of Jews whose cries punctuated his discourse, his words must have possessed the character of true oratory. But this is not the note of his teaching which appears most clearly in the brief samples of his sermons given in the Acts of the Apostles, or what we should gather from his writings. Their force and success depended, it would appear, mainly upon the plain, straightforward statement of the truth the Apostle desired to set forth. There was nothing in the way of what we should call "controversy," but he relied on the strength of a logical statement of facts or truths he wished to expose. His own personal conviction was manifested in all he said and wrote, and what he said was clear and certain. His speech, as he puts it, was not "it is and it is not"; and there can be no manner of doubt about what he meant. He again and again claims that he received his instruction in the things of God through a personal revelation to himself by God. He was, as he expresses it, "caught up to heaven and given to hear things which no man could utter." Still there was no sign of imposing himself because of this upon those to whom he preached, and his missionary work was preceded by and was the outcome of long preparation. After his conversion, and a brief visit to Jerusalem to see Peter, we lose sight of him for five or six years, which he apparently spent at Tarsus in prayer and meditation, to get ready for the three great missionary expeditions for which he was destined—"set apart" by the Holy Ghost, as he calls it.

His apostolic career, which extended for twelve

years, from 45 A.D. to 57 A.D., was marked in the first place by a complete abandonment of himself to the guidance of God. The first scene of his missionary work was begun at Cyprus and ended in a Council at Jerusalem, where the question of the status of the Gentiles in regard to the Jews in the Church of Christ was decided through the influence of St. Paul. His second mission was determined by a direct inspiration of the Holy Ghost. He had intended to continue his work in Asia, but had a vision of a Macedonian standing with outstretched arms and saying, "Come over and help us," and he followed the call to Greece. His efforts were concentrated on the centres of population, and his preaching drew thousands to the Faith. He began generally in the synagogues, using the means which God had put into his hands, but when, as was usually the case, the opposition of the Jews had roused them against him, he took up his teaching in any house he could obtain. He worked for Christ and for love of Him alone. Neither the riches nor glory of the world had any attraction for him. He reminds the Corinthians, for example, that he had not been a burden to them during his stay amongst them, but had supported himself whilst on his mission to them, and he refuses with indignation to consider anyone as *his* convert, and has no patience with those who speak about being brought to the truth by Apollo or Paul, and thus belonging to the one or the other. He desires no glory; preaching the Gospel is no glory to him, "for a necessity lies on me," he says, to work at what God has set him. He has not lived by the Gospel, as he might have done, but made himself the servant of all, that he might gain more persons. He had no desire to catch people by worldly eloquence, nor to use "the persuasive words of human wisdom," but to gain them "in the showing of the spirit and power." His teaching he intended to be "milk to drink and not meat," because he believed that Faith to be worth anything must "not stand on the wisdom of man, but on the power of God."

The first characteristic, then, of St. Paul the missionary is clearness of statement in his teaching and reliance upon God to do the real work in the human heart. He takes no credit to himself. All is God's work. If he knows that he has "laboured more abundantly than all" (the other apostles) he declares "yet not I but the grace of God with me."

But as we read what he wrote and spoke it appears to us that the most notable characteristic of this great worker for Christ and that which contributed perhaps more than anything else to his success, was his gift of sympathy. There are some saints in whom the supernatural grace seems to absorb the natural in such a way that we can think of them only as most favoured servants of God, such, for example, are St. John, Saint Mary Magdalene, and the fathers of the desert whose austerities are almost beyond our imaginations. There are others, and these appeal to most of us most strongly, where the supernatural combines with the natural and intensifies it whilst it raises to a higher plane the natural character. In these saints the natural attainments are used for God's glory and in His service. Such men appear to us more as human beings; understanding the human heart and entering into the human mind. Among such we may name St. John Chrysostom, St. Gregory Nazianzen and, before all others, St. Paul.

When we read his Epistles we find that this Apostle constantly speaks of "human things"; "as a man," or "according to a man." He shows himself always in sympathy with human nature and with a full understanding of its weaknesses and trials. Whilst a saint himself, he was always emphatically a man. It was this gift, which made him the Apostle of the nations, doing such astonishing things to establish the kingdom of God in the hearts of his converts to the faith. God prepares the instruments of His work by methods of this world, for He draws men's hearts to him frequently "by the cords of Adam." And so in His Providence He did not make choice of St. John, the disciple of

love, nor St. Peter, the ruler of His Church, to be the chief instrument in bringing the Gentiles to the truth. He was chosen to preach to the world who knew the world and to subdue the heart who knew the heart.

St. Paul made himself all things to all men in order, as he tells us, to save all. " I made myself," he says, " the servant of all : that I might gain more persons. And I became to the Jews as a Jew, that I might gain the Jews. To them that are under the law, as if I were under the law (whereas myself was not under the law) that I might gain them that were under the law. To them that were without the law, as if I were without the law (whereas I was not without the law of God, but was in the law of Christ) that I might gain them that were without the law. To the weak I became weak that I might gain the weak. I became all things to all men that I might save all."—(1 Cor. ix.)

Then the greatness of the heart of St. Paul is manifested by the many expressions of love and affection for his friends we meet with in his writings. To the Philippians he writes of his great anxiety on account of the illness of one Epaphroditus. He had been ill, but God had mercy on him and " on me also, lest I should have sorrow upon sorrow." Timothy, his dear fellow-labourer, he remembers in his prayers day and night, and longs for the time when he may see him once more. Even the joys of heaven are in his mind associated with the presence of his friends in the Kingdom of God.

Further the preaching of the Apostle was characterised by charity and peace. That he could speak and write vigorously is certain, but this he reserved for any needed denunciation of sin against God's law. His lessons in Christian virtue, contained in his Epistle to the Romans have ever since been the foundation of the teaching of the Christian Church. " Bless them that persecute you ; bless and curse not," and " as much as is in you have peace with all men," for " love is the fulfilling of the law," etc., are maxims for all

time and as useful to-day as when the Apostle wrote. He warns us also frequently to have a broad-minded regard of what others may think, for "though all things may be lawful," "all things are not expedient," and we have to "take heed lest perhaps our liberty become a stumbling-block to the weak," saying of himself, "if meat scandalise my brother, I will never eat flesh."

Now all those characteristics of St. Paul as a missionary are as useful and as necessary to us, who try to serve God to-day, as they were in his time. If ever in the history of the Christian Church there was need of the true missionary spirit to spread the light of the faith, there is need of it to-day. Here in this great continent, without going to foreign lands, there is to-day ample need for missionary enterprise, carried out in the spirit and with the ardour of the great St. Paul. The Fathers, who have so wisely placed themselves as Paulists, under his patronage, have a great mission in this country. The future of religion will depend in great measure upon their labours, and those of similar missionaries, in stemming the defection from religion, which is, alas! a note of these latter days; in giving simple yet solid instruction to hold the hearts and give right reasons for the faith that is in them to those who will listen to them, and to bring back those who, through the pride of life and intellect, have wandered from the fold. But beyond this—work for those of the household of the Faith—these sons of the great Saint Paul have his mission to those not of the household of the Faith - to the people "who walk in darkness" in such numbers in this country and who cannot have the blessing of the Truth, unless they have it proclaimed to them. Prejudice, inherited prejudice, the result of calumny, prevents many from coming to listen unless the message of peace and truth is brought to their very doors. For this reason no trials and no difficulties will deter these men with the spirit of their great patron. As he stayed in Ephesus because "a gate is opened larger and evident," and

rejoiced that there were "many adversaries," so do they enter into a city and abide there and even rejoice that opposition helps them to make clearer the message they bring. May he, who remained preaching at Corinth for many months "whilst the Jews stormed against him," sustain them in the midst of difficulties and trials as they walk in his footsteps, imbued with his spirit, who is their glorious patron and protector. And to-day, on the commemoration of his conversion, let our prayers ascend to the throne of grace for these sons of Father Hecker, their holy founder, whose heart was consumed by a burning love for the souls of the American people. His mission, as theirs is, was to make plain and clear, the dogmas and practices of the Catholic Faith, especially to the non-Catholic people, of this vast country, and to bring into the true fold the sheep wandering without the care of any shepherd, and without knowledge of the high purpose of life—the sanctification of their souls.

THE CALL OF THE FAITH.

"Be ye therefore followers of God, as most dear children." (Eph. v. i.)*

In these words of St. Paul we have conveyed to us a great lesson, which is very appropriate in these days. The Apostle had explained to the convert Ephesians what the coming of Christ meant for the world. He had pointed out how in the past ages God had made choice of one people in the world to which in a special way He had manifested Himself and shown His Providence. And he then went on to declare to them that Our Lord on taking our human nature had brought salvation to all men who would take the trouble to make their own the blessings He had purchased for them by His Precious Blood. The blessing thus offered was not vague and uncertain, but very real, and within the reach of all. The religion founded on the teaching of Christ was not merely an attitude of mind, but it was essentially also a principle of action, and the vivifying force which should regulate the life of the Christian man.

The best wish the Apostle could make for his Christian converts was that God "according to the riches of His glory" might fill their souls, that "Christ might dwell by faith" in their hearts, and that they might be "strengthened by the spirit with might."

Great indeed was the need of this spiritual strength in the times of the Early Church in order amidst the ideals of paganism to realise the supernatural work of the Christian soul. And indeed, after all these centuries of Christianity, we need it hardly less—if at all less—in these materialistic days to enable us to respond

*A sermon delivered at St. John's Cathedral, Salford, on Sunday, September 19th, 1909.

to the call that God has given to us. It is to be feared indeed that many of us who profess to be Catholics think little of anything that does not appeal to one or other of our senses. We forget what our Faith teaches us in regard to the unseen world, namely, that it is no less a reality than the world we can see and touch. When in our creed we profess our faith in "God the Father Almighty, Creator of the heavens and the earth," this means, as the longer Creed we say in Holy Mass proclaims, that we believe in God the Maker of "all things visible and *invisible*."

The world of spirits is as real as the world we see. Though we see it not, though we hear it not, though perhaps, alas! we heed it not, it exists all round about us. At times, in the history of God's dealings with men we have instances of this reality of the unseen world being revealed to men's minds. When Jacob fled from his brother Esau he came to a spot and "because the sun was set" he tarried there all night, taking the stones of the place and laying down his wearied head upon them. There was nothing, apparently, wonderful about the spot; it was like any other bleak, open place, without house or shelter upon it, and Jacob little thought of the invisible world about him, and which was revealed to him as he slept. It was there, this other world, all round about the fugitive Jacob as it is all round about us now. And "He dreamed, and behold, a ladder set up on the earth and the top of it reached up to heaven, and behold, the Angels of God ascending and descending on it. And behold, the Lord stood above it." And the patriarch arose and he set up the stone upon which he had rested his head as an altar to God, and he cried out in the depth of his conviction, "Truly this is the house of God and the place where his glory dwells." I have recalled this great truth because it seems to me that it is necessary in these days for us Catholics to keep before our minds the object of our religion—namely, the supernatural-

isation of our lives. It is by the strength of our faith that we bring God into our lives, our daily lives, and thus really live in him. Our religion is not merely a Sunday work—the fulfilment of a commandment to " keep holy the Sabbath day," and including the hearing of Mass. These are means to an end, and the end is that " Christ may *dwell* in your hearts " —*dwell*, mind, which means being habitually and consciously present in our hearts and souls. Theoretically no one can doubt this, but practically I fear even many Catholics look on their religion as a thing to be put on for a brief time, like their best clothes on a Sunday. It is this power of a living faith which makes us realise that our religion is something worth loving beyond aught else in this world, which draws us together where its interests are concerned, in spite of differences of temperament and nationality, and which gives us courage to fight in defence of its interest by every means in our power. The Catholic religion knows no country nor party nor politics, but wherever and whenever the question of religion, the interests of the Faith, are concerned, its voice for all should be supreme. It is the call of the Faith.

This thought is suggested to my mind by the meeting of the Catholic Truth Society this week in Manchester. It is, as you know, one of those societies which help us to realise our duty to stand together in defence of our Faith. It is this *duty* to our faith which is so often forgotten now when we live as a small minority in the midst of those who are hostile to the Faith we profess, or at best try to ignore it altogether. As a small minority we lose the sense of that corporate life which was so distinctly a note of the Church in the Middle Ages. The " bloom " on the Faith, if I may use the expression, is gone. But when we look back to the time before the change of religion in the sixteenth century, when all England held the Faith we hold to-day, one fact about the religion of the people stands out clearly and unmistakably.

Whatever else may be said about it, it was certainly popular. The evidence for this may be found in the very walls of the churches which lie scattered in such numbers all over the length and breadth of the land. The love of the English people for their religion is manifested in the way in which, right up to the very eve of what is known as the "Reformation," the people were occupied in building up the walls of their parish churches and beautifying them. In spite of the social upheaval consequent on the long drawn-out struggle between the Yorkists and Lancastrians in the War of the Roses, there was certainly a popular and almost universal movement throughout the country to rebuild and decorate the places where God was worshipped, and where in the most Holy Sacrament, according to the belief of the people of those days as according to our own, Our Blessed Lord truly dwelt in their midst. It is an astonishing fact that there is hardly an old church in this country which does not bear witness to the love of the people for their religion by the evidence of the work which was done in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. It is generally believed, or perhaps I had better say, it *was* believed until comparatively lately, that this building and beautifying of English parish churches during this period was for the most part the work not of the people generally but of the great landlords and the wealthy gentry and nobility of England. But the accounts of the parish wardens—the chosen representatives of the parishioners—prove without a shadow of doubt that although the great families of the land took a part in it, in truth it was the work of the people as a whole. It was the officials or wardens elected by the entire parish, who initiated what had to be done and superintended it under the direction of their parish priest. In this common work all loved to take their share, and one vied with the other in adding according to their means to the beauty of God's house. Those that had little of worldly wealth so far as money

was concerned gave of their possessions in kind, to be adapted to church uses or to be sold for the benefit of the work. We have instances of the poorest of the flock offering some article or other of small value, which perhaps they could ill-afford, that they might have a part in the common offering of their parish. Thus, rings and gowns, bed-spreads and hangings, are left in wills to make vestments and altar-curtains, or to adorn the statues of Our Blessed Mother and the saints; whilst even household dishes of metal, with bowls and platters and things of the sort, are entered in churchwardens' accounts as gifts from those who had no money to bestow, to be sold for the benefit of the common stock. Then the guilds of men and women and the societies of young men and maidens which in those days existed frequently, if not generally, in connection with the parish church, or its various chapels and shrines, entered into a holy rivalry to supply what was necessary to adorn the Temple of God. We read, for instance, in one place of a guild of women who were gradually filling in the windows of their parish church with painted windows, when the change of religion put an end to their work and to their devotion. We read in another of the guild of maidens who, when the chalice of the chapel in which they met had been stolen, "pulled themselves together," as the phrase is, and collected money to buy a new one. There were few guilds which did not possess their corporate property, fields or cattle, etc., which had been given to carry out the ends for which they existed or had been acquired by the managers. We frequently, too, read in the list of their stores of a marriage gown given for a vestment, or a tapestry coverlet for a hanging or a carpet.

We have here in Manchester and in the present Cathedral evidence of the way in which people co-operated in beautifying their collegiate church. The windows were filled with painted glass in the fifteenth century—at a time when, as I have said, we are asked

to believe that the popular love for the old religion was gone. One of these windows was exceptionally rich, and represented Our Lord's Passion, and under the figured Holy Trinity were these verses :

> God that ys mighty most,
> Fadur and Son and Holy Ghost,
> Gyff grace to them to dwell
> and keep their soulis out of Hell
> that made thys wyndow as ye may se
> In worshippe of the Trenite.
> Thee (help their) gode endinge
> [That to] ys wyndow gaff anything.

I do not dwell at length upon the change of religion in the sixteenth century. It is a sad and dismal subject, hardly fitted for a day of rejoicing such as this. Suffice to say, that the religion and religious teaching of England which had been in existence for ten centuries was changed at the will of the king and his officials, and this form was adopted by Queen Elizabeth as the official religion of the State. This Elizabethan settlement was based upon the doctrine about the Blessed Eucharist, which had obtained through Luther, Calvin, and other "reformers" in Germany, according to which the Mass was abolished, the a'tars pulled down and treated contemptuously, and the vestments, symbolical of the old ancient sacrifice, proscribed. In the churches a new form of service composed by the ultra-reforming party in the reign of Edward VI, after the model of the vernacular services of Germany, took the place of the Mass, and it was sought by force of law to compel all to attend at it. Conformity—at least external conformity—to the State religion was made obligatory.

Then it was that the Catholic spirit of the people asserted itself, and England produced those heroic bands of men and women who all over the country resisted the might of the State and remained staunch to their religious principles in spite of every penalty and punishment which the ingenuity of officials could devise. "It was the Mass that mattered" to them, as the keen perception of Mr. Birrell, the

now well-known author of the late Education Bill, some years ago declared, and it was for refusal to attend the service which had been put in the place of the abolished Sacrifice of the Mass, that our Catholic forefathers suffered prosecution and persecution. There can be no sort of doubt about this. In no part of England were the people so staunch to their faith in the most Blessed Sacrament and the Holy Mass, as were the men of Lancashire. From the first they resisted every attempt to make them Protestants. Even as early as 1559 a special commission was sent to Manchester to enforce the Act of Uniformity—to force the people to attend the Protestant form of prayer—by every possible means. In the many sessions held in Manchester, oaths were offered and fines were demanded, " even to the total undoing of the offender," as it is put. The Bishop of Chester was required to pay special visits to Manchester to strike terror by his severities into " the Popish recusants," But the men of Manchester were true to the Old Faith, and it was reported that " the county was ripe for rebellion."

In 1581 the prisons of Manchester were full of Popish offenders who maintained the old religion. Amongst others Father James Bell, the martyr, was confined here and Dame Alana, the widow of Cardinal Allen's brother. The number of these heroic confessors was so great that to feed them in goal an impost of eighteen pence a week was levied in every parish of the diocese. The old chapel on Salford bridge was turned into a dungeon, and parts of Radcliffe Hall (Poolfield), as well as the new House of Correction, were filled. These became so full that the poorer sort were discharged and the keep of the others was defrayed from the forfeitures and fines of the recusants. The very rolls upon which the names of these heroes for conscience sake are registered are called " Recusant rolls "—the rolls or lists of those who refused to be present at their parish churches, at the State-imposed service. The

penalty was £20 a month (and with thirteen months in the year), so that every adult of over sixteen years of age would have to pay, were he able, £260 in fines each year of his life. There were plenty of other fines and means of harrying Catholics into compliance, but I am speaking only of the fines for not attending the new divine service in the parish churches. Of course there were but few who were able to pay these great sums, in value ten times at least what they would be now, and numbers more could pay nothing. But wherever it was possible something was exacted, and the right to the fines was sold by the State to individuals, who constantly worried the unfortunate "recusants" to get what they could out of them. Some heroic Catholics of property year after year paid their full fines and saw their estates gradually passing away through these exactions. Such a man was that staunch Catholic Lancashire hero, Mr. John Townley, whose name appears regularly in the King's books as paying his £260 a year for "refusing to attend service in the parish church." In 1584 we find him confined in the prison at Lancaster for his "obstinacy," and as he was ill he was ordered to be removed in custody to London. In 1600, in a report of such recusants, who had contributed about £8,000 to £9,000 a year (£80,000 to £100,000) during the late queen's reign in fines of this sort, this heroic soul is said "to have died about a week since." In all, it is said that for refusing to attend the State divine service—in other words, for clinging to the Catholic religion—this Lancashire squire paid over £20,000, hardly less than a quarter of a million of our money. No wonder that before his death his estates, as well as those of the Huddlestones and the Tunstalls, were in the hands of a receiver for the Crown, who farmed them for the fines. The Recusant Rolls are so many glorious monuments of constancy. They record the names of the Catholic "resisters" to a State religion all over England, and in no part of the country is

there a more glorious roll of honour than in this county of Lancashire. In 1580, for example, the names of the Lancashire Catholics are written down by the thousands. All classes and conditions of people are represented : yeomen and husbandmen, labourers, tailors, linen weavers, shoemakers, cooks, goldsmiths, gentlemen, schoolmasters and serving men, almost every well-known Lancashire name will be found recorded in some part of this vast list. It is impossible to make a choice, and I note as I see them : Molyneux, Parker, Bolton, Wastby, Trappes, Wright, Blundell, Bradshaw, Lathom, and the rest.

Nor were Lancashire Catholics easily coerced. At Blackburn, in 1607, the parson complained that parents would not bring their children to be baptised, and that "not twenty had been christened these seven years." In 1633, £8,400 (nearly £100,000) was delivered into the Exchequer from recusants' fines, and there are sad lists of men and women who have stood out for forty years and then, wearied and impoverished by the struggle, have conformed. Still, on 18th August, 1671, a certificate was made of all the convicted recusants who stand charged on the Pipe Roll with fines for not attending church, and Lancashire heads the list of honour with five thousand four hundred and ninety-six names. And be it remembered that there were no nobility and few gentry included, as their property was otherwise dealt with. If the fines due, it is stated, could be recovered the Crown should receive nearly £300,000, but unfortunately most of the convicted recusants were too poor to pay £20, although the officers held that with pressure a large sum might be raised. The Lancashire list in this volume alone covers two hundred pages written on both sides, and here at Manchester, more than a hundred years after the beginning of the coercion to attend the Protestant service, we find the names of twenty-three Catholics who remained staunch to the old faith and were convicted of continued recusancy. Nor can there be any

manner of doubt as to the cause of the conviction. It is set down at the head of the list, and it is "because he or she being sixteen years of age and above, has not been to his parish church or to any other church, chapel, or usual place of common prayer within one month from the 17 of February, 1671."

Here are some of the Manchester recusants on the 1671 list: Anna Siddall and John Siddall, Robert and Elizabeth Vaughan, Thomas Johnson, Mary Rainshaw, Mary Mosse, Robert Owen, Richard Burgess and Margaret Burgess, George Martincroft, Robert Bancrofte, Anne the wife of Sir Richard Pennington, Anne Martinscroft, Henry Addison, James and Elizabeth Williamson, Adam Houlden, Thomas Simpson, Christopher Bowan, Anne Kirke, William Tipping, and Katherine his wife, John Potter, whose descendant John Potter, contributed to the erection of a Catholic chapel to St. Chad in Rook-street, Manchester, in 1776.

I will not delay over the dark time of the eighteenth century, when the gloom of despair seemed to settle down upon the small remnant of those "who had never bowed their knees to Baal." It almost seemed as if under God's Providence the faith of Catholics was destined to die out of the land, to which St. Augustine had brought it more than eleven centuries before. But we know how, by God's mercy, the project to crush the life out of the Catholic body by every persecution that ingenuity could devise, failed. We see the rest in our days and can rejoice in the liberty of conscience our Catholic forefathers won for us by their sturdy resistance to the State religion.

But we too have our dangers and our strifes. Attacks open and secret are always being made upon Christianity and Catholicism. Where the world is not actively hostile it is indifferent and often contemptuous, and we who breath the atmosphere, are liable to be infected by it. Socialism threatens society and our Faith by its present activity; and the tendency of legislation is towards the de-

struction of religious education. If we are to fight these evils we must stand as Catholics shoulder to shoulder.

None have done more in the past to preserve the Catholic religion than the men—the heroes—of Lancashire, unless it be the sons of Ireland. They kept the Faith and fought the good fight in a persecution of which there is hardly a parallel in the history of the Church. Their religion had to be taught them under the hedgerows of the country, and they heard their Mass by stealth in barns and on the mountain side. The Catholic population of Manchester is made up of the descendants of these heroic confessors for the Faith. Their very lineage demands that they shall preserve for their desendants what has been handed down to them. It is the call of the Faith : and where religion is concerned there must be no mistake about their following the word of those who are placed by God to give guidance in such matters. When the word comes there must be no mistake about it—Catholics must be found to stand shoulder to shoulder in defence of those principles for which their ancestors suffered and died in the brave days of old.

"AT THE SCENT OF WATER." *

"A tree hath hope; if it be cut down it groweth green again and the boughs thereof sprout. If its root be old in the earth and its stock be dead in the dust—at the scent of water it shall spring and bring forth leaves as when it was first planted." (Job xvi.)

THESE words of the book of Job seem to me appropriate to the celebration we are keeping. A centenary is no common event. The centenary of any place is no ordinary occasion for it carries the mind back over the span of more than three generations and suggests comparison of the present with the past. It reminds us of many incidents in the story of a century of life which it is a pleasure and which it is useful to recall. The centenary of a church, to every Catholic, is, and must be, something more. For a hundred years the sanctuary has been the centre of Christian life; the place where Our Blessed Lord has dwelt in the midst of His people, as truly as when He lived at Nazareth or, in the days of His ministry, walked the roads of Galilee or the streets of Jerusalem. For a hundred years He has dispensed from the place dedicated to Him the abundance of His graces through the channels of His sacraments. For a hundred years in His house, at the foot of the Tabernacle, the weary have found in Him their rest, the weak have obtained from Him their strength, the sorrowful have been consoled by Him, and the penitent has been assured of mercy and forgiveness. To a Catholic whose faith is a real factor of his life, every church is peculiarly the House of God—the place where His glory dwelleth. With Jesus ever present under the sacramental veils

* A sermon preached on the centenary of the Church at Somers Town, October 1918.

in the Most Holy Sacrament, the church is a special place of contact between God and this world of ours, since upon the altar is offered up, day by day, in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, the Lamb that was once slain on Calvary for the sins of mankind.

A hundred years ago, this church in which we are now gathered was dedicated to God's service. A hundred years ago! How different was the position of Catholics then to what it is now, and, in more senses than one, this lowly building is a precious—a sacred monument of the revival of Catholic life in this country. This event, then, naturally suggests a retrospect of the past; but to understand all that has been done since the foundations of this church were laid, it is necessary to go back even beyond the beginning of the century that is past.

At the present day, when for more than two generations, we Catholics have been accustomed to enjoy religious liberty—in view of late events in regard to the Eucharistic Congress I cannot say *full* religious liberty—it is difficult for us to realise what is meant by "Catholic Emancipation." Many, and perhaps indeed most of us, hardly understand the actual position of English and Irish Catholics in regard to the State, say, at the dawn of the nineteenth century —hardly more than a hundred years ago. Some will hardly believe that at that time our Catholic forefathers were still suffering under remnants of the penal code which had, in the course of the previous two centuries and a-half, pressed heavily upon them, and which, but for God's manifest Providence, would have crushed out the last flickering flame of Catholic life, as these cruel disabilities and penal enactments had been designed to do, and as had actually been done in Norway and Sweden. From the First Act of Uniformity, passed in the early years of the reign of Elizabeth, to the last decades of the eighteenth century —that is, for two hundred and twenty or two hundred and thirty years—every effort was made to stamp out the Catholic religion in England. I need not

go into this matter further than to say that by the beginning of the eighteenth century active persecution, exclusion from every form of civil life, and perpetual fines for not attending the Protestant service in Parish Churches, had done their work ; and the remnant of those who had never bowed their knees to Baal were few and insignificant in numbers and influence, and were rigidly ostracised by the Protestant majority amongst whom they lived. Hope seemed to be departing, even if it had not already gone : and in the darkest hour which preceded better times, the thoughts and feelings of many a Catholic heart were but little removed, except by resignation to God's will, from blank despair. It is impossible in this to exaggerate : ingenious repressive measures had taken the place of active persecution, but even so at best the Catholic found himself an alien in his own country. The Statute Book still recorded laws against his property, his liberty and his life, and though these were seldom called into action against him, they were always held in terror over him, and at times, up to the close of the eighteenth century, were through spite or religious bigotry sometimes invoked to crush individuals. Mr. Lecky, the Protestant historian of the eighteenth century, characterises the laws—the penal laws to which Catholics were still subject—as "atrocious," and it was not till 1778 that the first measure of relief was accorded to the Catholic body.

This Act for the removal of the gross injustice inflicted upon Catholics led, as all know, to the anti-Catholic agitation which culminated in the Gordon riots of 1780. It is in the attitude of Catholics—or most of them—at this time that, as it seems to me, we have revealed to us in the most striking manner the pitiable state to which long-endured persecution had reduced them. They were afraid of courting observation ; they thought their only security was obscurity ; they feared that the laws still in existence would be invoked to lash them back to their holes and hiding places, and they besought the bolder spirits

amongst them, who urged continued agitation, to be quiet and not to court attention. They even endeavoured to promote a petition to the Crown praying for the abolition of the small measure of relief that had been granted to them under Sir George Savile's Act of 1778. Such was the state of mind in which the anti-Popish Riots of 1780 left the Catholics of three kingdoms. "I know well," said the great O'Connell of the Catholic gentry—"I know well how difficult their position has hitherto been; how constantly against them the efforts of the persecutor have been directed; how for three centuries, indeed, they have borne the whole weight of oppression which crushed down their fellow-countrymen even to the dust. The blood of their noblest members rendered its own red testimony upon the scaffold, in devoted vindication of that faith which the first missionaries to these shores had preached to their ancestors. Others survived, but it was only to endure a lingering martyrdom never to cease but with the natural duration of life itself. More happy far were those whose martyrdom was consummated upon the scaffold; for them at least their sufferings were ended and they entered at once into their reward in bliss. But their less fortunate survivors saw themselves doomed, without reprieve, to lives of suffering, contumely and ignominy of every kind at the hands of the basest and most ignoble of their Protestant countrymen. And they stood it nobly."

At the close of the eighteenth century, when the story of this place in which we are gathered to-night really begins, the position of the Catholic body in England, though improved, was still truly deplorable. The very relaxations of penal enactments seem to have resulted in serious defections among the remaining upper classes, and profound discouragement is almost the only note which can be discovered in the writings of this period. In 1780 the number of Catholics in England was calculated to be only between sixty thousand and seventy thousand, at a time when the

population of the country was estimated at six millions. In other words, Catholics were then probably hardly more than one per cent. of the English people. According to Joseph Berington—a writer of that period, and one who took every pains to discover the truth—in whole districts not a single Catholic was remaining. After London, the greatest number was to be found in Lancashire, and some of the bigger cities such as Manchester, Wolverhampton and Newcastle. But outside the cities, with the single exception of Lancashire, the remnant of the Catholic body which had survived the active persecutions of two centuries and the ostracism of the last generation was to be found in the neighbourhood of the houses of the families who had remained staunch to the faith of their fathers. All during the eighteenth century, according to the same authority, Catholics had rapidly decreased, and in 1780 the shrinkage was still going on. In one district, he tells us, eight out of thirteen missionary centres had ceased to exist within the past decade, and in another, many places where there had been a resident priest, were vacant, and there was no immediate hope of obtaining another priest to fill any of those derelict cures.

As regards the number of clergy at this period, the most careful estimate made at the time places them, for the entire country, at only three hundred and sixty. In 1871, the Midland district, which comprised all the Midland counties, had fourteen missionary centres vacant; and the total number of Catholics for that district is given as eight thousand four hundred and sixty, hardly more than two-thirds of what it was thirty years before. The London district at this time, besides London on both sides of the Thames, extended over nine counties in the South of England, and it had only fifty-eight priests to serve for all purposes, whilst here, too, there were five vacant places for which no priest could be found. The Catholics are reported to be dying out in all parts save in the Metropolis; and, indeed, in the Metropolis itself, what we know of the Catholics about this time is that they were considered

almost a negligible quantity, amid the ever-growing population. Maitland, in his *History of London*, written in 1772, amongst other chapels in the city sets forth what he calls the "Popish places of worship." They are seven in number, and all save one are the private chapels of the Embassies from various Catholic nations of Europe, to which Catholics were allowed access. These were the French Embassy, Greek Street, Soho; the Imperial (*i.e.*, Austrian) Embassy, Hanover Square; the Portuguese Embassy, Golden Square; the Sardinian Embassy, Lincoln's Inn Fields; the Spanish Embassy, Ormond Street; and the Venetian Embassy, Suffolk Street. The seventh, Maitland calls "The Popish Meeting House" in Buller's Alley, Grub Street.

Cardinal Newman has left us a description of the position of Catholicism at the beginning of the last century, as he knew it, when still outside the Church in the early years of his life. The whole passage is so graphic and so much to the point, that I cannot forbear quoting it at length. "The presence of Catholicism," he says, "was at length simply removed, its grace disowned, its power despised, its name, except as a matter of history, at length almost unknown. It took a long time to do this thoroughly; much time, much thought, much labour, much expense, but at last the work was done. Truth was disposed of and shovelled away, and there was a calm, a silence, a sort of peace—and such was about the state of things when we were born into this weary world [at the beginning of the nineteenth century].

"*You* have seen it on one side, and some of us on another; but one and all of us can bear witness to the fact of the utter contempt into which Catholicism had fallen by the time we were born. You (who have always been Catholics) know it, alas! far better than I can know it, but it may not be out of place if, by one or two tokens, as by the stroke of a pencil, I bear witness to you from without of what you can witness so much more truly from within. No longer the

Catholic Church in the country—nay, no longer, I may say, a Catholic community—but a few adherents of the old religion, moving silently and sorrowfully about as memorials of what had been. The ' Roman Catholics '—not a sect, not even an interest, as men conceived of it ; not a body, however small, representative of the great communion abroad, but a mere handful of individuals, who might be counted like the pebbles and *detritus* of the great deluge, and who, forsooth, merely happened to retain a creed which, in its day, indeed, was the profession of a Church. Here, a set of poor Irishmen coming and going at harvest-time, or a colony of them lodged in a miserable quarter of the vast metropolis. There, perhaps an elderly person was seen walking in the streets, grave and solitary and strange, though noble in bearing and said to be of good family, and a ' Roman Catholic.' An old-fashioned house of gloomy appearance, closed in with high walls, with an iron gate and yews, and the report attaching to it that ' Roman Catholics ' lived there ; but who they were, and what they did, or what was meant by calling them ' Roman Catholics ' no one could tell, though it had an unpleasant sound, and told of form and superstition. And then, perhaps, as we went to and fro, looking with a boy's curious eyes through the great city, we might come to-day upon some Moravian chapel, or Quaker's meeting-house, and to-morrow on a chapel of the ' Roman Catholics,' but nothing was to be gathered from it except that there were lights burning there, and some boys in white swinging censers.

" Such were the Catholics of England, found in corners and alleys and cellars and the housetops, or in the recesses of the country, cut off from the populous world around them. . . . At length so feeble did they become, so utterly contemptible, that contempt gave birth to pity, and the more generous of their tyrants actually began to wish to bestow on them some favour, under the notion that their opinions were simply too absurd ever to spread

again, and that they themselves, were they but raised in civil importance, would soon unlearn and be ashamed of them. And thus, out of mere kindness to us, they began to vilify our doctrines to the Protestant world, that so our very idiocy, or our secret unbelief, might be our plea for mercy."

Such was the position of the Catholic body in this land when this church of St. Aloysius, Somers Town, was raised a century ago. "The tree hath hope," though "its stock" seemed to "be dead in the dust." "Cut down," even to the ground, "it groweth green again, and the boughs thereof sprout," because "its roots be old in the earth," and at the scent of water it springs into life and "brings forth leaves, as when it was first planted." All this is an accomplished fact to-day; and as we look around about us and give God thanks for the bud and bloom and fruit, the new life and vigour and energy to which no one can shut his eyes, we ask ourselves, "How has all this, under God's Providence, come to pass? What was "the scent of water" which brought the sap once again into the old stock, which seemed to be dead in the dust, and made it to live once more?

In some measure, at least, and I think it must be confessed in great measure, in the marvellous designs of God Almighty, it was the great French Revolution, which swept away religion and order in France, that was destined to be the greatest blessing to the Catholic religion in this country. This great cataclysm came, in the first place, as an object-lesson to English statesmen and made them realise that the Catholic Church in reality made for law and order and was opposed by its very constitution to the spirit of revolution which seemed to have gained a sure foothold in Europe generally. During the Pontificates of Benedict XIV. and his three immediate successors, the influence of the Catholic clergy had been uniformly exercised in support of authority and, as Mr. Lecky, the Protestant historian, points out, nearly all political insurrections of that era had been in countries professing Protestant

principles. For this reason Edmund Burke used the power of his eloquence in favour of the Catholic cause, and pointing to the attitude of the French Revolutionary party towards the Church, said: "If the Catholic religion is destroyed by the infidels, it is a most contemptible and absurd idea that this [English Church] or any other Protestant Church can long survive the event."

But beyond anything else it was the Christian charity displayed by the English as a nation towards the bishops and clergy exiled from France, and the genuine hospitality accorded to them, that effected a change, and a lasting change, in the sentiments of the people at large towards the Catholic religion. The presence of a vast number of French *émigré* priests in England did much to familiarise men with Catholics and Catholic clergy and to teach them that many of the stories which, through prejudice or ignorance, they had been taught to believe about us and our religion, were obviously untrue in fact. In September and October 1792 more than six thousand French bishops and clergy had been received into England, and that number was shortly increased to over eight thousand, whilst at the same time more than three thousand priests and ecclesiastics had found a temporary refuge in the Island of Jersey. Besides the money furnished for their support by the English Government, collections were made in almost every Protestant Parish Church of this land for these *émigré* priests. At one time some six hundred and sixty of these French priests were lodged at Winchester in the Royal Palace; and in my own early days I recall the fact that my father, who had himself come over from the South of France in those troublous times, used to describe the way in which these priests at Winchester were wont to chaunt their office together in the land of their exile, and how their voices could be heard as a mighty wave of sound all over the city. He used further to tell us that the hearts of the French Catholic *émigrés* were deeply touched by the

abundant charity of the English nation, and that they felt convinced that God would not fail to bless the people of this land with the riches of His grace for all that they had done for the French exiles in the days of their trouble.

I have said that in 1792 upwards of three thousand priests from France had found a refuge in Jersey. Amongst these was one whose name must be on our lips and in our hearts to-day : that is, of course, the Abbé Carron. Guy Jules Carron was a brave Breton, born at Rennes on February 23rd, 1760. He was a man of indomitable energy, exceptional talent, and extraordinary piety. Before the outbreak of the Revolution he had already made a name for himself as a writer of spiritual books of acknowledged excellence, as an organiser of charitable works, and as possessing a burning love of souls. He set himself at once to oppose the irreligious and atheistical forces of the Revolution with the result that in the middle of 1792 he found himself in prison for his religious opinions and under a sentence of exile from France. He arrived in Jersey in September, 1792, in the company of two hundred and fifty priests, his fellow-exiles, and found already at St. Heliers and elsewhere in the island over three thousand other priests and religious, who had escaped from the atrocities, then being committed in their country under the sacred name of liberty. He had expected to find amongst them a friend of long standing—Jean François de la Marche—the Bishop of Saint Pol de Léon, whose monumental tablet erected by Abbé Carron still stands in yonder corner. He found, however, that the Bishop was in London, and so he quickly made his way thither to concert with his friend some measures to help the French exiles. The memory, however, of the many needs of the *émigrés* in Jersey so occupied his mind that he quickly returned to that island and threw himself with characteristic energy into the work of organising schools for the French children, and libraries for both clergy and laity. So successful was he that

when, two years later, he left Jersey, he received the thanks both of the authorities of the island and of the British Government for the good he had effected during his stay. It was not, however, for human praise that he laboured. It was duty that ever called him to work, with the single-minded purpose of serving God. It was said of him at the time that he seemed to live always in the presence of God, and to derive all his strength from the thought that God everywhere saw him and read the secret desires of his heart to ever serve Him more and more. During long hours in the night he was seen to kneel in silent prayer, and always, when his difficulties were greatest, he sought their removal by going to visit Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament. His zeal and single-minded purpose was so obvious that Protestants of means came forward to support him in his works of charity.

In 1795 a French army gathered under General Hoche on the coasts of Brittany with the avowed intention of making a descent upon the island of Jersey; and the English Government, fearing the possibility of the exiles falling into the hands of the Revolutionary forces, obliged them to cross over into England. Abbé Carron arrived in London some time in the September of 1796, and at once began to dream of some institutions after the model of those which had proved so successful in Jersey.

He found his friend, the Bishop of Saint Pol de Léon, established in the house of a pious English Catholic lady, whose name deserves to be remembered. This was Mrs. Silburn, who turned her home in Queen's Square, Bloomsbury, into a refuge for French priests. Here the Bishop of Léon set up a central office to afford assistance to the French emigrants, and to this place all alms were sent for distribution. I may perhaps here note that Mrs. Silburn, after distributing all she had in the multitude of her charity, died at Morlaix, in Brittany, in 1820. The *Journal Ecclésiastique*, in recording her death, calls her " the New Tabitha," or Dorcas, and declares that

her memory will ever be held in benediction by French ecclesiastics for her charity to them, in the days of their exile.

After consultation with his friend the Bishop, Abbé Carron's first endeavour was to establish in London schools for the instruction of the children of the *émigrés*, and finding that they had congregated in this neighbourhood, then a country suburb of the great city, he took two houses in Tottenham Place, Tottenham Court Road, and set up there two schools under the direction of competent French gentlemen and ladies. The reason for the choice of this neighbourhood is not far to seek. The pleasant country village of Somers Town a short time before had been invaded by the builder, with the result that, as so frequently happens on the outskirts of great cities, the building was overdone, and many houses, after remaining long in carcasses, were sold for less than their materials had cost. This attracted the poverty of the French exiles, and the houses were quickly completed and occupied by the French colony. Abbé Carron, on his arrival in London, was absolutely without means of any sort, but experience had taught him that Providence helped those who, working for God, relied upon his assistance with entire confidence; neither were his hopes disappointed in all the years of his ministry in this neighbourhood which followed. To the Bishop of the London District, Dr. Douglas, the schemes of the energetic French priest appeared rash and dangerous, and on the occasion of a visit made to the new schools in company with the Bishop of Léon, Abbé Carron's devoted friend, the cautious Bishop Douglas ventured to express his astonishment and alarm. "Oh!" replied the Bishop of Léon, "this is nothing. I am quite used to see the Abbé work miracles!"

In 1798 the Abbé Carron opened his first humble chapel for the French *émigrés* at "6 Garden Gate, corner of Brill Place, Skinner Street, Somers Town," and this, a hundred and ten years ago, was the beginning of this Catholic parish. He soon afterwards re-

moved his boarding-school for youths from Tottenham Place to No. 3 Phœnix Street, and that for young ladies to No. 1. At this time in these establishments he had eighty boys and sixty girls, and as most of them were the children of *émigrés*, who were in great poverty, he received very little from his pupils, and had to gather the necessary support from others. Here, and in other matters, he gratefully acknowledged the generosity of non-Catholics, and indeed it would have been impossible for him to continue and extend his charities as he did but for the help of Protestants. In the years that he was in London it is calculated that this true apostle collected and expended on his various works considerably more than £100,000.

On the removal of his schools in 1799 to Phœnix Place Abbé Carron turned his houses in Tottenham Place into a home for infirm and aged *émigré* priests. This was a great need, for all round this neighbourhood there were gathered numbers of priests who could obviously find no employment of a sacerdotal character, and who had to gain a precarious living as teachers of music, drawing, or modern languages. I can myself remember being shown hard by here the little house where one of the last of these priests had lived, who had gained a slight addition to the pension of 35s. a month, nobly allowed to these men by the British Government by raising in his little garden and making French salads for the tables of the rich. Many of these men were too old to help themselves, and so into the two houses above-named Abbé Carron collected some forty of his brethren, whom he cared for with all the love of his great heart, till they were laid to rest in the old cemetery of St. Pancras. In this hospice those that were able met morning and evening to say their Breviary together; and each morning and evening, before they separated, they joined in prayer that, for the Christian charity shown to them in this Protestant land, God in His mercy would bless the King, the Royal Family, and the people of Great Britain.

At this time—the year 1799—the Abbé Carron, not contented with what he was doing in this suburb of London, assisted and encouraged the establishment of other French centres in various parts. In 1800 there were no less than eight French chapels set down in *The Catholic Directory*, and the authorities allowed Mass and instruction every Sunday in the French ward in Middlesex Hospital. Three years later, however, this number was reduced to the French Chapel in Conway Street, Fitzroy Square; No. 6 Garden Gate; and Little George Street, Portman Square.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century and probably in the first part of it, the indefatigable Abbé established a home for French ladies, and before he finished his work he had some seven establishments depending upon him, and occupying ten houses, of which the English Government, in its appreciation of his work, paid the rent of three. The seven establishments were: The two schools for French boys and girls; the Hospice for sick French ladies; the Hospice for French ecclesiastics; a Catholic free school for boys and another for girls; and, lastly, what he called the "Chambre de la Providence"—an Association of English and French ladies to visit the sick in their houses and to instruct those who needed it.

In 1807 Abbé Carron determined to build a proper church, on lines which most people considered rash and improvident for the times in which they were living. It was completed at a cost of £4,000, and dedicated to God's service in 1808. We may see it to-day practically as the founder of this mission saw it at the opening day a hundred years ago. In *The Directory* of 1809—the year after the dedication—we see that there was at Somers Town High Mass every Sunday, with a discourse in English and French alternately. At 3 o'clock there was Catechism in French followed by Vespers at 4, with Benediction. At 6.30 there was Catechism in English, again followed by Benediction, which was also given on the afternoon of

Wednesdays. This mention of Benediction is not without interest. Abbé Carron, as we know, was all his life imbued with a deep devotion to the Most Holy Sacrament of the Altar. and in view of the late great Eucharistic Congress in London, it is of interest to point out that it was many years—probably twenty—before any other church in London followed the example of Somers Town and published the fact that Benediction was given to the faithful three times in the week.

The church was opened with some amount of debt upon it, and to pay this off, and to support the gratuitous schools, which had hitherto been maintained by the friends of Abbé Carron, an appeal was made in 1809. This year also a change was made in regard to the status of the mission now fully established, which is not without interest. Hitherto Somers Town had been placed under the general heading of French chapels, but on the completion of the new church Abbé Carron desired that it should take its place as one of the Catholic churches of the English nation, and for this purpose he handed over the whole property to the Bishop, so that he should have no difficulty in dealing with it at any time or hesitate to appoint any priest, French or English, as he thought good.

In 1813 a Protestant writer in *The Gentleman's Magazine* thus speaks of the Abbé Carron's work here : " Clarendon Square, which includes the Polygon, contains on the south side the extensive establishments of the Abbé Carron, a gentleman who does his native country honour. He resides in the house, late Mr. Lertoux's (the builder of Somers Town), and he presides over four schools—for young ladies, poor girls, young gentlemen and poor boys. A dormitory, bakehouse, etc., are situated between his house and the emigrant chapel recently built and licensed . . . which contains the body of the late Princess of Condé. Farther on is the school for the poor girls, and at the back of the whole are convenient buildings for the

above purposes and a large garden. The general voice of the place is in the Abbé's favour ; and he has been of incalculable service to his distressed fellow-sufferers, who are enthusiastic in his praise."

Amidst all his work, charitable and parochial, the Abbé Carron found time to continue his literary labours, and the publication of several more volumes of ascetical works attested at once his industry and high spirituality, besides being a boon to many souls seeking to walk in the higher paths of perfection. Besides this, in the abundance of his zeal, directly or indirectly, he assisted in the establishment of other missionary centres in London ; and Hampstead, Chelsea, and Kensington at least can point to French influence for their first beginnings. Moreover, the reputation of the Abbé Carron for solid piety brought many people, both English and French, to Somers Town to seek advice. Thus it is probable that the great Chateaubriand came here for that purpose to Clarendon Square to seek his friend the Abbé. Hither, too, came the young de Lammennais, when in doubt of his vocation, and it is more than probable that it was within these walls within which we are now gathered that this erratic and gifted man of genius determined to become a priest. Alas ! that the generous emotions stirred up in his heart by the apostolic zeal and by the humility of the Abbé Carron failed in the end to preserve him from the pride which led to his defection from the Church.

In 1814 the Abbé Carron removed his higher French boys' school to 55 and 56 Clarendon Square, and the girls' establishment to No. 59. But in this year the connection of the Abbé with England came to an end. He had long been urged to return to France and work for the restoration of religion in his native country. King Louis XVIII. himself urged the zealous priest to come to Paris and transfer the two French schools he had founded in Somers Town to the capital of his native country. Abbé Carron was undecided, and left the decision to Bishop Poynter, who had now

succeeded Bishop Douglas as Vicar-Apostolic of the London district. The Bishop decided that it was Abbé Carron's duty to obey the call of his sovereign, and so in 1814 he departed from this place he had founded and which he loved so well. He went away, if possible, in greater poverty than he had come eighteen years before. Though he had gathered and spent on others thousands upon thousands of pounds, he had reserved nothing for himself, and to defray the cost of the journey of his housekeeper to France it was necessary to make an appeal to his friends in Somers Town. The letter he wrote to his people in saying his adieu shows the depth of his feelings at this time, and the genuine affection he had for what he calls "my large colony of little France of Somers Town." The pain of his departure was somewhat soothed because he left behind him, to carry on his work, a man after his own heart, and one whom he describes as "a saintly, apostolic and able priest." This was Father Jean Nerinckx, a native of French Flanders, and an *émigré*. He had assisted Abbé Carron almost from the first at Somers Town and remained to carry on the Abbé's good works for many years. In fact, as an aged priest, retired from work and living in a little house almost within the precincts of the convent, it was my privilege to know this venerable and venerated servant of God. His memorial tablet stands yonder by the sacristy door, and Cardinal Wiseman thus records his opinion of his virtues in a letter addressed to my father, who, as a lifelong friend and as his physician, had stood by the bedside of this saintly priest in his last hours. "I thank you sincerely for your kind reference to the death of our worthy friend, Mr. Nerinckx. If he has gone to spend his Christmas happily in heaven, as his blameless life and many virtues give us every reason to hope; his departure has certainly cast a gloom over the celebration of this holy festival to many. I sincerely and deeply regret his loss, and I shall too often be reminded of it, in connection with charitable and other good deeds."

Abbé Carron himself had died in 1821 and his sorrowing friends in England placed a monument to his memory in this church, which is itself the best record of his work here. You may see his likeness still standing upon it, although his name and the inscription recording his works are no longer legible. It stands by the side of yonder main door of this church.

It is impossible, and indeed unnecessary, for me to trace the history of this mission and church after the days of its pious founder. I cannot, however, refrain from recalling the memory of a remarkable and saintly woman, Mother Mary Hallahan, whose early life was spent in the orphanage founded by Abbé Carron, whilst it was directed by him. She remembered him well, and from childhood she was impressed by his unbounded faith and confidence in God. It was a life lesson for her in the Dominican foundations she was called upon to make. When any unusual difficulties weighed upon him, she used to say the pious priest was wont "to draw down dew from heaven" as he expressed it, by giving away in alms what little money he had remaining, and Providence never failed him. Here, too, she first learnt that abiding sense of the Divine presence which she never afterwards lost. She was accustomed to trace this habitual sense to the effect of what we who have known Somers Town long ago remember so well—a representation of the ever-watchful eye of God, which was painted in a triangle over the high altar in this church. To Mother Margaret's childish imagination it appeared to be the veritable eye of God, as it seemed to follow her wherever she turned.

And now, for a brief moment, contrast the present with the past of a century ago. When the Abbé Carron first came to this neighbourhood in 1796, Somers Town was but a country village on the outskirts of this great city of London. In the century that has elapsed the ever-growing wave of population has passed over it, and the outskirts are now miles further

afield. The changes wrought by the seeming law of great cities, which compels the inhabitants to ever be moving westward, has changed the character of the surroundings, whilst the establishment and growth of the great railway systems in this district have swept away the people from vast areas which were fully occupied.

When Abbé Carron first set up this church, the whole city of London with its suburbs was served by twelve mission chapels, in which some five-and-twenty priests ministered to the spiritual needs of the Catholic population. Even as late as 1814, the year that Abbé Carron left Somers Town to return to France, Dr. Poynter, the Bishop, gives the number of priests as thirty-one, and the Catholic population as forty-nine thousand eight hundred. But the erection of Somers Town may be taken as the proclamation of the beginning of a new life. The tree was "growing green again, and the boughs were sprouting." Somers Town, in 1808, was the proclamation that the "tree had hope," and that, though its stock would seem to be dead in the dust, "the scent of the water," had reached it, and it was springing into life and "bringing forth leaves as when it was first planted" by Augustine and his monks in the soil of England.

Has not the promise been fulfilled? Look round about to-day. The dozen churches which served London on both sides of the Thames in 1808 have become more than two hundred, and the twenty-five priests are to-day hardly less than eight hundred. Some, too of our churches are of a character which proclaims the faith of those who had raised them as shrines of the altar of the Christian sacrifice, and as the dwelling-places of Our Lord in the Most Holy Sacrament. St. George's Cathedral over the water, Spanish Place, the Oratory, Our Lady of Victories, and the Carmelites, with others in the West, with Highgate and Haverstock Hill in the North, and, above all, the vast and nobly proportioned Cathedral

at Westminster. These are but a few of those monuments of zeal and generosity set up during the past century. How all this, and a hundred times more than this, has been done, in spite of our poverty as a body, we need not inquire, in view of the trust which the venerable founder of this mission had in the Providence of Almighty God. To Him alone be glory and praise. And to-day, when we have gone back in spirit to the beginnings of this revival—this second spring as Cardinal Newman called it—when we are gathered together in a building which truly may be considered as the first harbinger of the new life—to-day, if ever, our hearts should warm with gratitude to the great God who has wrought all these things in our own day, and has given us to see His greatness and power. May His name be blessed for ever and ever.

THE TRAGEDY OF THE REFORMATION IN THE WEST OF ENGLAND.*

THERE is ever a mysteriousness and a perfect consistency in the ways of God. They are mysterious and beyond the ken and calculation of man, because they are so different from our own ways. They are mysterious partly because they are consistent, since in this they differ so completely from our human mode of action and pass out of the sphere of human calculation. "My thoughts," writes the Prophet Isaias, "are not your thoughts nor your ways my ways, saith the Lord. For as the Heavens are exalted above the earth, so are my ways exalted above your ways and my thoughts above your thoughts."

How often, indeed, as we recall events in the past history of the Church of God, have we not to recognise this truth! Again and again we are brought face to face with some wholly unexpected yet manifest triumph of God's Providence over the powers of this world when arrayed against Him. When, from the human point of view, the success of the enemies of the Church would appear to be certain, in the darkest hours of doubt and distress, even out of apparent and certain failure, God's power is made manifest and His truth triumphs. At such times as these, whether we read of them or live through them, we come to apprehend the meaning of St. Paul's question "Hath not God made foolish the wisdom of this world?" and with him we can humbly confess in truth "the foolishness of God is wiser than men, and the weakness of God is stronger than men."

* A discourse delivered in the Cathedral, Plymouth, 1913.

This consoling and encouraging truth appears to me to be well illustrated by the occasion which brings us together to-night. The great Catholic gathering we are holding in this city is a manifestation of life and activity, which would have appeared to our Catholic forefathers of less than a hundred years ago almost impossible. In those days centuries of persecution and ostracism had done their work, and the Catholic name seemed, "according to the wisdom of the world," destined to die out in the land. Crushed in these dark days to the very earth, this remnant of the Catholic people of England who had refused to bow their knees to Baal—to accept the new religion—still clung to the religion of their Catholic forefathers; but they clung to it almost with the energy of despair and with little or no hope of ever being likely to see the dawn of brighter days.

"In the sight of the unwise they seemed to die" (as the wise man says) "and their departure was taken for misery and their going from us for utter destruction. And though in the sight of man they suffered torments, their hope is full of immortality. As gold in the furnace he hath proved them, and as a victim of a holocaust he hath received them, and in time there shall be respect had for them" (Wisdom iii. 2–6).

"God made foolish the wisdom of the world" which sought to stamp out the Catholic name. And so *excisa virescit*—the old religion cut down to the very roots began to live again. The sap was even then rising in the old trunk once more, and by God's Almighty Providence, what had seemed to be dead was beginning to put forth bud and leaf and bloom, and the Catholic Church is once more taking up a worthy place in this land of ours. To the world we seemed to die, and, behold, we live. "Hath not God made foolish the wisdom of this world?"

This meeting of ours inevitably recalls many memories of the past. It is good for us, from time

to time, to let our minds dwell upon such thoughts—not in any spirit of repining, nor to stir up bitter feelings against those who have made us suffer; but to give us fresh courage and to strengthen our hope for the future, that God will be with us, if we be but true to the principles of our heroic fathers, who suffered so courageously to preserve for us unchanged the old faith of Catholic England.

To-night I seem to see a strange vision coming to me out of the past. It appears as if I were standing with others among the graves in the burial ground outside the parish church of St. Thomas, near the city of Exeter. The faces of the awe-struck crowds are turning upwards gazing, many of them with weeping eyes, at the steeple of their parish church. I look upward, and this is what I see. Hanging by the neck and swaying in the wind there dangles aloft the dead body of a man—of a priest, for the corpse is clad, obviously in derision, in his sacred vestments: "arrayed in his popish weeds with his beads at his girdle," as says the historian Holinshed, in noting this event. It is the parish priest of St. Thomas' who is thus hanging from the tower of his church.

What is the meaning of this terrible tragedy—this apparent deed of vengeance—enacted more than three centuries and a half ago? Let me briefly tell you. In the middle of the sixteenth century, when the boy King Edward VI. wore the crown of England, the real power in the State was in the hands of those who in matters of religion were known as "reformers." By 1549 these men had so established themselves as religious despots that they felt themselves able by force to substitute for the ancient Catholic Mass, an English service, modelled upon the Lutheran services of Germany, which were intended to destroy the sacrificial character of the Mass entirely—to get rid of "the abominable *Canon* of the Mass," to use the words of the German Reformer, Luther. This new Communion Service the English Reformers sought to impose by authority

and force upon the clergy and Catholic people of England. The people of this land clung to the old faith and practice. They had no wish to do away with the time-honoured sacrifice of the Mass, to which, as the supreme act of worship, they and their forefathers had been accustomed for a thousand years from the time when St. Augustine had brought the Christian faith from the See of Peter to these shores. Their dislike for these religious changes was no secret. "A great portion of the kingdom," writes one of the "Reformers" at the time from England, "so adheres to the popish faction"—those that remained steadfast to the Catholic faith—"that I am greatly afraid of rebellion."

Well might these religious innovators be afraid. Discontent was evidenced all over the country. In Norfolk and in Oxfordshire there were armed insurrections which were put down by the aid of foreign mercenaries, whilst cruel executions, recalling the massacres of the Pilgrimage of Grace, struck terror into the minds of the people. Martial law was proclaimed, and from many an Oxfordshire steeple priests were hanged for having encouraged the people to resist these changes in religion. No portion of England was so staunch to the Faith as were Devon and Cornwall. In the summer of 1549, the people of these western parts rose practically *en masse* in defence of their ancient faith. To the number of at least 10,000 they issued a solemn protest against these changes of religion. They were led by Humphrey Arundel and other gentry and their demands were directed against the religious innovations, which the King's advisers, Somerset and Cranmer, were imposing on their consciences. These true men of Devon and Cornwall would have none of these proposed changes. "We will have," they declared, "the Holy Mass in Latin as it has always been said in our churches and none of this new-fangled service in English" (that is the Communion Service of the First Book of Common Prayer) "which seems to us

like a Christmas game. We will have the Blessed Sacrament reserved in our churches as before and worshipped as it was wont to be. We will have holy bread and water, with palms and ashes and all ceremonies as hitherto used by our Mother the Church." There were other demands as to the retention of Catholic practices and Catholic teaching, but the main point of their demands was in regard to the Mass and the Blessed Sacrament. Of this there can be no doubt. Cranmer, the first Protestant Archbishop of Canterbury, answered these demands at some length. He did not venture to deny that the true purpose of the new services was to get rid of the Mass altogether; but he blamed the people for not meekly accepting what the royal authority strove to impose by force on their consciences. The Council of State, too, sent a stern answer to the popular demands, commanding the people to disperse and promising a general pardon if they did so immediately.

This contemptuous rejection of their just demands which ignored the paramount claims of the Christian conscience, compelled the Catholic people of Devon and Cornwall to take further measures. To show the religious character of their rising against State tyranny, they set out for Exeter, preceded by a processional cross with lights, incense and holy water; whilst, as of old, in the "Battle of the Standard," the Blessed Sacrament was carried under a canopy in the midst of the multitude. At Exeter they were refused admission to the city and they forthwith laid siege to it. For some considerable time it remained unrelieved, until Sir John Russell, having his troops reinforced by German Lutheran cavalry and Italian mercenaries, under Battista Spinola, was able to drive them from their positions, killing many and taking many prisoners. Humphrey Arundel and other leaders were taken prisoners, sent to London, and executed; whilst a brutal and unjustifiable massacre of prisoners took place at Woodbury, some eight miles from

Exeter. This was followed, as Hooker, an eye-witness, says, by " the putting of the whole country to the spoil, where every soldier sought for his profit." It was thus, in this month of July 1549, as merely one incident in the brutal acts of reprisal and vengeance upon the Catholics of Devon and Cornwall, for their attemped vindication of the rights of conscience, that the Vicar of St. Thomas, near Exeter, was hanged from the steeple of his own church, clad—in obvious derision of his sacred priesthood—in his sacerdotal vestments.

John Foxe—the lying martyrologist, as he has been called—closes his account of the reign of Edward VI. with the assertion that no one suffered for religion during his rule. In this he has found many imitators, but in truth the imposition of the Book of Common Prayer in place of the old services, and in particular the substitution of the new Communion Service for the Holy Mass was only effected by the slaughter of many thousands of the Catholics of Devon and Cornwall by the English royal troops, assisted by German Lutheran mercenaries.

You people of these western parts may well be proud of the way the men of Devon and Cornwall strove to resist religious innovations and to maintain the old Faith of their Catholic forefathers. Above everything else they clung to the Holy Mass and practically laid down their lives to maintain it for themselves and their children. To them, indeed, as is evidenced in their demands, it was "the Mass that mattered"—to use the phrase of a celebrated modern writer. To them, the Mass and the Blessed Sacrament was the centre of all their religious life, as indeed it is or should be to every Catholic, who is true to his religion, for it is the Mass and the Blessed Sacrament which makes our religion a real, a personal and a living religion. This is obviously the case.

In the Holy Mass we have the very Sacrifice of Calvary, by which we were redeemed by our Lord's Most Precious Blood, daily renewed upon the Christian

altar; and in the Blessed Sacrament we have Our Blessed Lord Himself ever in our midst, as truly and as really as when He dwelt at Nazareth, walked with His apostles or spoke to the crowds who followed His footsteps in the days of His ministry. Christianity, if we have but the living faith, is no mere historical religion, which depends upon some person who is dead and gone, or on some event which is past and over. A mere historical religion must necessarily be very poor and ineffective. If, say, Our Lord had come into the world to leave it again as it was before, we who live nineteen hundred years after that time could hardly be expected to feel a devotion for His sacred person, or have our hearts stirred with real affection for Him, or be moved to self-conquest for His sake, as we can now when He is with us always and so closely connected with us as He is in the Blessed Sacrament. The world, the devil and the flesh are realities to us, ever present and ever making their presence felt, and the combat would indeed be hard if we had merely the memory of an historic Redeemer to help and strengthen us. Our Blessed Redeemer has met this difficulty by ever dwelling in our midst. He is not past to us, but ever present. The same Lord who walked upon the waters and worked miracles nineteen hundred years ago is here to-day with us, and He speaks to us and helps us as He spoke to the multitudes, and helped the sick and the sinner, in the years of His pilgrimage on earth.

It was their supreme faith in all that the Mass and Blessed Sacrament meant to the Christian life, which stirred up the Catholic people of Cornwall and Devon to resist its abolition. We are now sometimes asked to believe that there was no intention at that period, or subsequently, on the part of the "Reformers" to do away with the Mass; and we are frequently informed that in truth the people of England long before the sixteenth century had lost all affection for the teaching and practices of the Catholic religion and were only too eager to welcome

the advent of the new teachers, whose main object was to abolish the time-honoured Mass. To both one and the other statement the people of Devon and Cornwall in 1549 gave the lie direct. They at least, in manifesting their desire and determination to keep the ancient Christian Sacrifice of the Mass and to resist the introduction of the new English service in its place, at once express their reverence for the old liturgy and their belief that it was the policy of the new men in power to destroy the Christian Sacrifice, as Luther had already endeavoured to do in Germany. Moreover, in these Western parts, as indeed in the rest of England, there is ample proof that the affection of the people was not alienated from the ancient Faith. The evidence of the old church walls is sufficient. Look over the length and breadth of the land: from north to south and east to west what must strike anyone, who has eyes to see, is the astonishing amount of church building and beautifying, that was going on everywhere for a century before the Reformation. Right up to the very eve of the catastrophe this work was proceeding, and what are called the Churchwarden accounts, which have been preserved to us, show us that it was essentially a popular work—popular in every sense of the word. No longer, as in previous centuries, was church building and church decoration undertaken by some wealthy lord or landowner, but it was initiated and carried out by the people of the parish. They conceived the notion and saw to the details. If money was to be found they "gathered themselves together," as the expression was, and suggested means by which the necessary funds could be raised. Those who had no money gave in kind; cattle and furniture and hangings were given to be sold and the proceeds were added to the common store. Even the poorest among them would not rest content without having added their mite to the upraising or decking out befittingly the House of God—the place where He dwelt in their

midst under the veil of the Sacramental species.

Let me take one example: Morebath was a small upland parish of no importance lying among the hills near the source of the Exe. The population was scanty and worldly wealth was evidently not abundant. Morebath may thus be taken as a fair example of an obscure and poor village community. Chance has preserved for us fairly full accounts of this poor parish from the year 1530. If we look into these rolls we find that there were no less than eight separate accounts kept of money intended for the support of different altars, and that there were guilds of young men and maidens associated together to maintain the well-being of their parish church. Most of the various accounts had "stores," as they were called, to their credit—gifts of money, articles of value and even of kind, like cows, swarms of bees, sheep, the proceeds of the farm or garden which form a considerable portion of their endowment. The whole intelligent working of a pre-Reformation parish is displayed in these accounts, and their special interest to us is that they show that their poor parish church, as God's House, was the object of the affection and devotion of this simple, humble folk, living almost out of the world on the borders of Devon. We have similar instances in this city of Plymouth. The parish church, dedicated to St. Andrew, was part of the possessions of Plympton Priory. In one aisle there was an altar to St. John the Baptist with its priest to serve it: in the other the altar of Our Blessed Lady with a like chaplain. There was a little chapel in the cemetery, where Mass was offered for the dead thrice in the week; and on the Hoe there stood a chapel of St. Katherine. On Plym-bridge another chapel to Our Lady afforded the opportunity of hearing Mass to the wayfarers who passed over it. At Stonehouse there was a chapel of St. Laurence, and in 1518 there was a holy hermit named David Waryn at a chapel of Our Lady of Grace, at Quarry Hill. As late as 1485 a merchant, Thomas Yogge, adds

to his parish church what Leland calls " a fair chapel on the north side," and at the same time he paid the expenses of erecting the steeple, the people generally finding the materials and bringing them to the spot. Here again we have local evidence of the popular love of God's House.

With the advent of Queen Elizabeth to the throne the lot of the poor Catholic people in this district became almost unendurable. I have no wish to revert to the cruel penal laws, which for several generations pressed so heavily upon all who remained true to the faith. I would only note that by these harsh means it was hoped that the Catholic religion would be eradicated from this free land of England. The main attack of the advocates of the new religion was upon the Mass, and upon those who refused to be present at the Protestant Communion Service, and above all upon priests. War—ruthless war to the death—was waged against the priests of the Catholic Church. The first victim to die for his sacerdotal character was Cuthbert Mayne—a seminary Mass-priest—who was taken in Probus parish, Cornwall, at the seat of Sir Francis Tregian. The priest was hanged, drawn and quartered at Launceston on 29th November 1577, for the crime of being a priest, and Sir Francis Tregian was deprived of all his property and condemned to perpetual imprisonment merely for having harboured him and for having allowed Mass to be said in his house. He was a man of great estates, bringing him in a large rent roll ; but it is recorded that he thanked God for having given him the grace to remain staunch to his faith in the midst of temptation. After years of imprisonment this heroic Cornishman was sent a wandering pauper into exile, and died in far-off Lisbon. I have myself stood before the simple stone which records the memory of this Cornish hero—this confessor for his belief in the Holy Mass and the true, real substantial presence of Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament.

And so matters went from bad to worse. Rewards were offered for the apprehension of any priest, or the detection of any place where Mass was said. In the prison lists of 1579, nine laymen of family and position, are represented as lying in the Cornish gaol for their faith. Conformity to the new religion was made the test of citizenship, and the reception of the Communion the condition of civil life. Families were gradually impoverished by the fines extracted from them for their recusancy—their refusal to be present at the Protestant service. Double taxes were levied upon the unfortunate adherents of the old faith, and estates were claimed by members of the family who had embraced the new religion.

Still the people clung with heroic constancy to their religion. On 6th November, 1597, Fr. Charles Spinola, afterwards a martyr in Japan, was landed here at Plymouth, having been captured in a Spanish vessel, and he describes the true Catholic feeling of the people of these parts, which he found still manifested. I need not enter into the particulars of the persecution, which gradually but surely diminished and crushed out the Catholicity of these Western Counties. One only instance I will add. In 1629 the master of a vessel landed at Plymouth and informed the mayor that he had a suspicious passenger from Spain on board, whom he thought to be a priest. This person was apprehended, and having been brought ashore was dragged through a hooting crowd to a loathsome gaol in this city. There he lay for more than a week without other bed than the bare ground and without covering of any kind, though it was in the depth of winter.

This man proved to be that heroic Franciscan, F. Bullaker. After ten days' imprisonment in Plymouth he was removed to that loathsome den of infection, the county gaol at Exeter, where he remained till his trial in the Lent Assizes of 1630. The only evidence then adduced against him was a history book in Spanish, which a sailor had thought to be

a Latin missal. As there was no conclusive proof forthcoming that he was a priest at all, he was set at liberty. He was, however, always suspected and having wandered about for twelve years, ever hunted by the priest-catchers, but helping to sustain the courage of many a failing heart among the Catholics, he brought back to the faith in those years of his mission a great number of those who had succumbed to the terrors of persecution. Finally, in 1642, he was caught saying Mass in London and he was executed as a Mass-priest at Tyburn on 12th October.

The sufferings of the Dorsetshire Catholics are worthy of a lengthy record on an occasion like this, but a few brief sentences must suffice. Father Pilchard, for example, was a native of Dorset, and after having been a distinguished Fellow of Balliol College, Oxford, was reconciled to the Church and ordained priest at Rheims. He returned to England as a missioner in 1583, and the same year was recognised by one of the priest-hunters. He suffered death for his priesthood with another at Tyburn. Their executions were characterised by unspeakable cruelties, even for those times. An acquaintance of his, a Mr. Jessop, who had befriended him, died for his faith and Christian charity in prison, and a carpenter who had been reconciled by him to the Catholic religion was executed in 1591.

In 1588 a priest, named Father John Jessop, and Mrs. Tremaine died for their religion in Dorchester Gaol. Priests were sought for up and down the country in every likely place, and many a priest was betrayed for the sake of the reward offered for the capture. In 1608 at the house of a Mr. Flear, called Gabriels, at the west side of the Golden Cap, in sight of Lyme Regis, a priest was taken by those hunters of men, and in 1642 Fr. Hugh Green, for thirty years a zealous priest, who in peril of his life served the persecuted Catholics in the neighbourhood of Chideock, was betrayed. He was seized

when trying to leave the country from Lyme Regis and was executed as a priest with all the usual barbarity of those days. He was cut down whilst still alive, and after the body had been dismembered, a crowd of roughs were allowed by the authorities to play football for hours with his head.

Truly as we read the records of English Catholics at this time we see renewed the marvels of heroic constancy in the faith such as St. Paul describes, as having been endured by the Jews of old in their persecutions. "They were stoned, they were cut asunder, they were tempted, they were put to death by the sword, they wandered about in sheep-skins, in goat skins, being in want, distressed, afflicted—all these being approved by the testimony of faith" (Heb. xi. 37).

As for the property of the persecuted Catholics in Dorset, as in the rest of England, the Recusant Rolls—that is the rolls or lists of names of those who refused to be present at the Protestant Communion Service—Rolls of Honour let us call them—show how all classes were taxed and fined for their religion, till nothing more could be extracted from their poverty. Gradually the work of persecution did its intended work. Catholics became fewer and fewer, and only here and there could a priest be found to sustain their sinking courage or bring them the consolations of the Christian Sacraments. Even as late as 1747 Bishop York, a Benedictine of my own monastery of St. Gregory, the coadjutor of Dr. Matthew Pritchard, Vicar Apostolic of the Western district, writes of his difficult position to Propaganda in Rome: "We are compelled to fly from house to house and from city to city. I have been for eighteen months and more a fugitive from my ordinary residence and as yet have no fixed abode." He further describes how Protestant presses teemed with works of controversy and calumny, which they were not allowed to answer. The Catholic worship was prohibited on pain of death and no public preaching nor the

administration of the Sacraments was tolerated by law, whilst to offer the Sacrifice of the Mass was punishable by death.

The Dawn of the Revival.

In 1770 Bishop Walmsley became Vicar Apostolic of the Western district, which comprised, besides the three counties of this present diocese, the whole of Wales with Hereford, Gloucester, Somerset and Wiltshire. In this vast district there were at that time hardly more than three thousand Catholics, ministered to by thirty-seven priests. Few of these had any certain income and most of them were sheltered in the houses of Catholic families which had preserved their faith. As these families died out, or became impoverished, or alas—as some did—gave up the faith, in what appeared to be a hopeless struggle, the number of the clergy diminished. It was at this time, in the dark days of the closing eighteenth century that there was instituted the quarterly Mass of Our Blessed Lady and Benediction, which we who have been connected with the West of England know so well, to beg God's help in this great need "on account of the decay of religion in these parts."

The Preface of the Prayer Book—the Manual—mostly used by the Catholic families in these days of bitter trial records their sad and almost hopeless feelings. "It is this [Manual]," it says, "that the Providence of Almighty God put into the hands of our ancestors to enable them to bear the assaults of many severe persecutions. It is this which comforted them in their imprisonment, inspired them with content in their poverty, acccompanied them in their exile and rendered them cheerful in death itself. It is likewise this which now and then procured for them at the throne of Grace some bright intervals of tranquillity."

Even up to 1840 there were but three missions with three priests in Cornwall, eight missions and eight priests in Devon; and nine priests with nine

missions in Dorset. As for Plymouth, the Catholics here were poorly served with a priest until one Roland Conyers, whose name should be remembered with benediction by us to-day and for ever, provided funds for the support of a priest. Mr. Conyers died in 1803; but until 1806 the only place where the Catholics of this growing city could meet, and where the adorable Sacrifice of the Mass could be offered, was a loft over a stable in the back-yard of the George Inn, at Devonport.

I need not speak of what has happened since then. Our Catholic meeting here at this time is a sufficient proof that God has blessed His work in this city and diocese. What must be said, however, is this. We must one and all be true to our religious principles, as were the people of Cornwall and Devon in the sixteenth century, and as were the numberless heroic Catholics of these counties who strove to keep and hand down to their children the faith of their fathers in the centuries of persecution, when the penal laws pressed so heavily upon them, when they sacrificed their peace and their possessions, and when they braved even death itself, to secure for their families and their retainers the Catholic Liturgy of the Mass. Those days are happily passed away, let us hope never to return. But there are signs that in no distant future we Catholics may have to stand firm for our principles, if we are to secure for our children the priceless blessings of a religious Catholic education. It may cost us much, but in the time of trial, if we clergy and laity will but stand firm in support of our leaders the Bishops, the victory for freedom of conscience will be ours. In that day the memory of the sufferings of our Catholic forefathers will sustain us in our determination not to sacrifice what they have handed down to us. Then indeed we can say "yea" to the question of St. Paul: "Hath not God made foolish the wisdom of this world?"

THE MARTYRS OF COMPIEGNE.

AN EPISODE IN THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.*

" Unless the grain of wheat falling into the earth die itself remaineth alone."

THESE words come home to my mind as we keep this great and interesting solemnity. You remember when they were spoken. When Our Lord came, after the raising of Lazarus, to have His triumph in Jerusalem, the people cried out their Hosanna and cut down branches from the palm trees and strewed them before Him as though He was going to reign—and so He was, but in a way little thought of by them. He allowed this that He might impress upon us that glory is to come through sacrifice and is the reward of suffering—that life has to come through death. He then takes a lesson from nature. Unless the seed die, He says, it cannot have life, and He adds that " he who loves his life shall lose it." These are those divine lessons of contradiction,—also, that the last shall be first. These are strange lessons to the world because it does not comprehend them. He tells us that the world will not understand, for He says that as heaven is high above earth so are His ways above ours and His thoughts above our thoughts. God chooses the foolish things of this world to confound the strong. This is the philosophy of the Christian religion. It is this that led many in the early times to leave the world and go forth into the desert. The

* An address given at Stanbrook Abbey during the Triduum in honour of the Compiegne Martyrs, July 16th, 1906.

world does not understand your lives, my dear sisters in Christ—how much more happy you are than they—nor do they understand how these saints should lay down their lives for God. When we think as we are called upon to celebrate the honour of these poor Carmelite nuns, how little did they dream that we should be gathered round their holy relics begging for at least some particle of their spirit, although they know that life was to come from their death.

To-day, my dear sisters in Jesus Christ, I love to look upon your feast as a domestic feast, as part of our own history. It is of those nuns and lay-sisters of Cambrai that I would speak to-day more than of the great tragedy enacted at Paris. In the old days of chivalry mothers loved to gather their children round their knees and tell them the stories and deeds of their ancestors. We remember how in our own childhood it was the oft repeated tale we liked best. I would do the same. The story is old, you know it as well and better than I do.

In the summer of 1793 there were gathered together in the monastery of Our Lady of Consolation at Cambrai fifteen choir nuns and six lay sisters, and with them Fr. Augustine Walker, President General and the Rev. Mr. Higginson, who ministered to the spiritual wants of the community. Fr. Walker preferred to remain with the nuns, when troubles were coming on, to help them with his advice. At the time of the French Revolution all that was worst in the human race seemed to break forth—there was no knowing what would happen to the religious. They were forbidden to live together, to take vows and serve God in their cloisters.

In the summer of 1793 the nuns had a visitation from the emissaries of the Revolution warning them, as the allied armies were in the country, to lay in provision for six months. This was the first warning. On October 13th, early in the night the nuns were disturbed by loud knocking at the doors, men burst

in, seized papers and declared the nuns prisoners in their own house. Fr. Walker came down at the alarm and tried to defend his spiritual daughters but he and Mr. Higginson could do nothing. They too were declared prisoners and removed from the house that night. Five days later, on Oct. 18th, early in the morning when the life of the day was going to begin the nuns were warned that hussars were ready outside to conduct them to Compiegne and that they must be ready in a quarter of an hour and take whatever they could. You know how hurriedly they made their preparations. Imagine your feelings if you were told to leave this house in a quarter of an hour, and take only a small bundle. You would not know where to begin. The result was they saved very little—I believe the only things are some silver spoons that were actually being washed and that a lay-sister hid in her dress. These are still preserved. We have the record of all this written by one of the nuns, herself a confessor, in prison. I know of no record so precious as that one which you have preserved. She tells us the story of their journey from Friday till Tuesday, of the sufferings endured by them during those eighteen months, and how eventually they returned to these shores and went to Woolton. She tells how they were hurried into carts strewn with straw. Prisoners would usually be conveyed in closed carriages ; but, as the nuns were in their habits,Dame Anne Partington gives as the reason for their being put into carts that they might be exposed to the insults of the people. One of the most astonishing things of the French Revolution was the hatred for religious, and it was only equalled by the thirst for blood. As they passed through the towns and villages, the people insulted them ; and they feared at any moment they might be torn to pieces. D. Anne Partington thus describes one night they spent at Noyon : " Monday night we stopped at Noyon ; it is impossible to express the fright we were in on our arrival there ; the carts

had no sooner stopped in the market-place than thousands of people assembled in the most riotous manner around us—for nuns to appear in the religious dress was at that time the worst of crimes. Some talked of tearing us to pieces, others threatened to bury us alive in our proscribed dress. The hussars repeatedly endeavoured to speak in our favour, but so great was the noise and tumult amongst the populace which in a short time had increased to a dreadful number, that not a word could be heard: not only the streets but the windows and the tops of some houses were crowded with spectators. The hussars finding it impossible to keep any order, sent for the soldiers quartered in the town, by whose assistance we were at last taken out of the carts half dead with fear, having been detained in the market-place nearly an hour, amidst a variety of the most insulting threats; one instance may suffice to show the temper of the people in our regard. One of the nuns, D. Mary Teresa Shepherd, when she was taken out of the cart, being unable to stand, fell against the horse which was by the side of her, the beast immediately struck her, at which the rabble set up the most exulting shouts and clapped their hands for joy."

At Compiegne the nuns—twenty-one in all—were imprisoned in a single room of the infirmary of a former religious house. Among the prisoners brought thither were Fr. Walker and Fr. Higginson, but special orders were given that the priests should not be allowed to see the nuns. Thus they were unable to give them the comforts of religion. In Jan. 1794, sickness broke out in the prison—it was prison fever brought on by scarcity of food and the unsanitary condition of the place. Imagine the state of the room with the windows screwed up, and it was only after one of the nuns had died that they were allowed to have the windows opened for a short time, but even that was of little use, for the weather was so wet and damp. Three choir nuns and one

lay-sister died and were added to the number of glorious confessors in heaven.

On St. Benet Biscop's feast, Fr. Walker was taken ill owing to the hardships he had endured. He died early the next morning, and the nuns, who were distressed beyond measure, scarcely dared tell their sisters who were ill what had happened. A good woman of the town who came in to assist the nuns who could scarcely crawl about, and to minister to the sick, caught the fever and died a martyr of charity.

Now we come on to see how the Benedictine nuns are brought in contact with the holy Carmelites. The authorities had to find blood to satiate the people and for this the Carmelites were chosen. The Cambrai nuns daily expected their turn, for to be taken to Compiegne meant to be on the direct road for Paris—for the guillotine.

Nothing is more beautiful than the picture which has been left to us of the farewell of the Benedictines to the Daughters of St. Teresa, "by waving their hands and by other signs," says D. Anne Partington, "they showed their sympathy and affection," how their whole hearts went out to each other, how they recommended themselves to each other's prayers. It is this connection between the Benedictine confessors and the Carmelite martyrs that appeals so much to me. The martyrs paid this act of supreme homage on the scaffold which had been removed from the Place de la Concorde to the Place du Trône on account of the pestilence arising from it.

Let us now come to explain how it is that the nuns of Stanbrook possess their relics. We have been told that they were the garments that the Carmelites were executed in, but, as you know, this is not true. They are the clothes left behind them in prison. The religious dress was forbidden, so the Cambrai nuns were obliged to procure other clothes and the official document exists giving permission for the Carmelite clothes to be given to the Benedictines. It is believed that the Carmelites

were actually engaged in washing them when the summons came, and for this purpose they had put on parts of their habit and thus it was that they came to be martyred in the religious dress.

Finally, after nine months more imprisonment—eighteen months and five days in all—the Cambrai nuns escaped to England and it was in clothes of martyrs that these confessors of the faith returned to their native shores.

To us, members of the English Congregation of which you form part, it is an unspeakable pleasure to assist at this celebration, for you have been so near martyrdom, though in God's providence you were not called upon to share it to the end. This community instead of offering up only some of its members to follow the Carmelites has lived to preserve for us their memory and relics. Blessings have come to you from the prayers of the martyrs and from your own nuns who were confessors in prison. Stanbrook has risen in the place of Cambrai, and changes have taken place in the Congregation. To-day we have present the Abbots of two Abbeys—of Ampleforth and of Downside, the successors respectively of St. Mary's, York, and of old Glastonbury, and I myself, though unworthy, have a privilege which I think no other Abbot has of being the successor of a martyr, of Blessed Hugh Cook, of Reading.

The lessons we have to learn from all this are (1) Sacrifice of ourselves to God, to learn that it is worth our while to undergo suffering for His love. Of this your holy nuns give an example. Then (2) obedience. We learn this from the Carmelites who each one as she mounted the steps of the scaffold knelt for her Superior's blessing and asked leave to die, and thus their martyrdom stands out as one undertaken and blessed by obedience.

WORDS ON RECEPTION OF THE CARDINAL'S BIGLIETTO.*

THERE have been times in the lives of most of us, I fancy, when we have found it well nigh impossible for our lips to give expression to the deep feelings of our hearts. You will readily understand, my friends, that to me this is one of such occasions. Excuse me if my words are halting, and I fail to express even a tithe of what I feel.

In the first place, I of course desire to declare my humble gratitude to our Holy Father and Lord, Pope Pius X., for his loving kindness in my regard. In my case, his selection for the highest position in his gift is the more astonishing and remarkable, inasmuch as I have held no post such as is the usual stepping stone to so high a dignity, neither have I occupied any office in the great Roman Congregations, from which many of the members of the Sacred College are naturally taken. Neither can I think for a moment that in myself or in the work I have tried to do for the Church, there was anything to warrant such a favour. No one who has really laboured, as I have tried to do for five and twenty years and more, in any field of learning or research, can ever feel that he is anything more than a mere student. From every height of knowledge that is painfully ascended there are revealed such vast fields of learning to be traversed, that pride in what has been accomplished is impossible. Humbly, then, do I recognise that this "immense honour" as Cardinal Newman once called

* Words spoken on the occasion of the reception of his Cardinalitial Biglietto at the Palazzo San Callisto, Rome, 25th May, 1914.

the Cardinalate, comes from the abundance of the Holy Father's affectionate consideration for my lowliness; and it will be my duty and my pleasure, by my whole-hearted service in any way He may desire, for the rest of my life, to show that He has no more loyal and devoted servant than myself, whom He has raised to the high office of Cardinal of the Holy Roman Church.

Having said this much as to my inward feelings at finding myself thus elevated to the ranks of those who are clad in the royal purple, I may pass on to express my great joy at what the Holy Father has done in my regard. I rejoice first because the British people—our own little Mother Country, and those vast free commonwealths united under the Imperial flag—are once more to have an English-speaking Cardinal in Curia, who is not more English than he is Irish, Welsh and Scotch. For I am sure, in looking back to the past years, that I have found in the National Colleges of Ireland and Scotland as true friends, and as warm a welcome as I have ever found in the venerable English College of Rome. And if I might not be thought altogether too ambitious I would, after my late visit to the United States, claim to be partly American also. Of this I am sure, that I can count with certainty upon the true,—I might almost say the affectionate,—regard of a great many ecclesiastics and lay people in that great and generous Republic.

To judge from the letters and telegrams that have poured in upon me during the past few days, my coming elevation has been received with pleasure in all English-speaking countries; and it has been a source of the greatest satisfaction to find that this feeling is not confined to the Catholic body. My old friends at the British Museum and the London Record Office, in which I laboured for so many years, —non-catholics, I think, to a man,—and some of the Societies, like the Royal Historical and the Bibliographical, have expressed their pleasure at an honour

given to one whom they regard, so they kindly say, as "one of themselves." From a Professor of History in one of the German Universities, a Lutheran Protestant, I have heard that in that country they have regarded my elevation as an honour done to the historians of the world.

I rejoice, too, at what the Holy Father has bestowed upon me, because of the honour thereby conferred on St. Benedict's Order, on the English Congregation of that Order, and especially on my own beloved monastery of Downside. In regard to the last named, the event has come as a crowning episode at the close of a century of work in that dear spot, coinciding as it does with the celebration of the Centenary of my monastery's settlement at Downside.

For me to be associated with those whose red robes signify that they are ready, if necessary, to die for the Faith and for the Pope, means perhaps more than to most. Few religious houses can claim as St. Gregory's can, that its very foundations, three centuries ago, at Douai, were washed by the blood of martyrs: not martyrs merely for religion and the Faith in general, but they died specifically for the authority and jurisdiction of the Pope of Rome. Seven of its members, including Dom John Roberts, the first Superior, are already among the *Venerabiles* in the ranks of English Martyrs; whilst three more are likely to be included in the final list of those who won the martyr's crown by their devotion to the Holy See.

The present suggests a word about the past. Three English Benedictines have in the past centuries been raised to the Sacred Purple. One, in the twelfth century, was a monk of St. Albans, of which premier monastery of England I have held the titular Abbacy, a nephew of the only English Pope, Adrian IV. The second was a monk, and later abbot of Westminster, the great Archbishop Langham, in the fourteenth century; and for the third we have to go back to the year 1381, when a monk of Norwich,

Adam Easton, was made a Cardinal in Curia. He lies buried near here in the Church of St. Cecilia in the Trastevere. And now in the 20th century, in my humble person the Successor of St. Peter has called another English Benedictine to a place in the inner counsels of the Church.

The last English religious to become a Cardinal in Curia was the former Confessor of Catherine of Braganza, the Dominican Philip Thomas Howard, who was created in 1674 ; and the last Englishman to be made Cardinal in Curia was another of the family of Howard, Edward Henry Howard, created in 1877. He laboured here for ten years, when ill-health obliged him to leave Rome, and he died in England in 1892.

Three other venerated names should be mentioned amongst us to-day. First and foremost John Henry Cardinal Newman, to whom the English-speaking world owes a debt of gratitude never to be forgotten. What should we of our generation have done without his writings and the inspiration of his life ? But when the recognition of his great merits came, he was excused on account of his age from residence in Rome, and he died in England in 1890. I am proud to think that the ancient church which furnished him with his cardinalitial title, may probably serve me in like stead. And lastly, the English Cardinal Acton who in 1842 was made Cardinal in Curia, became Protector of my Benedictine Confrères of the Cassinese Congregation, whose hospitality we are now enjoying.

Another name that I cannot omit to mention to-day is that of Cardinal Pitra, the Benedictine scholar of the French Congregation, who lived for many years in this very Palace of St. Callisto, where we are met together. Let us hope that his example, as a monk and student, may be kept as a living memory and an inspiration before the minds of those who live and work in this his old home.

And now a few words in conclusion. We are living in an age of restlessness, of religious doubt,

and revolt against authority. The shadow of impending changes in the old order is already on the world; and what the next decades are to bring to society no man can foretell, though many fear for the future. Meanwhile, the mission of God's Church remains ever the same. It stands for peace and security and individual rights; and amidst the clash of interests so apparent in the world of to-day, it alone, with its principles of religious authority and democratic liberty, can secure the due observance of law and order, necessary for the safety of society. Christ walks upon the waters, and stills the storm to-day as He has done for nineteen centuries; and the fact that the supreme authority of the Vicar of Christ has raised me, one of no account, to help him in his almost superhuman task, is, or should be to us all, a token that God's purposes are not as those of the world; that He uses measures and men without regard to human calculations; that the wisdom of men is no match for the foolishness of the Gospel; and that the instruments of His and His Vicar's choice, lowly as they may be, can, with His blessing, effect their purpose, because they carry out His adorable will. In all things, even in me, may God be glorified!

ST. DOMINIC AT OXFORD.*

THIS is an occasion which may well bring to the minds of all here present many memories of the past. On the 15th of August the feast of Our Blessed Lady's Assumption, seven hundred years ago, the sons of St. Dominic first came to Oxford. Here, for three hundred years and more, they lived and wrote and taught, ever regarded as amongst the most honoured and illustrious members of this University. Then, in the religious revolution of the sixteenth century, they were swept clean away by the storms which accompanied and accomplished the triumph of the "New Learning"—that is, the new doctrinal teaching of the Reformers. Then "for a time and times and part of a time"—that is, for more than three centuries and a half, these friars have been absent from this home of learning and this centre of their old triumphs and successes.

To-day, on the anniversary of their first arrival at Oxford seven centuries ago, we are met to welcome them on their return, and to wish them God's blessing on their new start in this University, of which all Englishmen are justly proud.

Let me re-tell the story of how the sons of St. Dominic came to England in the thirteenth century. It is a tale which all know full well, but which bears repeating, especially on such a day as this. St. Dominic, the holy founder of these Black Friars, as we English used to call them in Catholic days, was born in 1170, in Spain, in the year in which the martyr, St. Thomas of Canterbury, was done to death in

* An address upon the laying the Foundation Stone of the Dominican Priory at Oxford, August 15, 1921.

England. St. Dominic was of a high Spanish family, and early in life, determining to embrace the ecclesiastical career, he devoted himself for ten years to theological study, after which he became a Canon of the Cathedral of Osma. Together with the Bishop of that See, Don Diego, he was sent upon a political mission, and they found their way to Rome in 1204. Pope Innocent III., finding both these Spaniards full of zeal for the Faith, entrusted to them the preaching of a crusade against the Albigensian heretics. It was whilst carrying out this mission, probably about the year 1209, that St. Dominic first came in contact with the great Simon de Montfort, and formed with him a warm friendship, which only came to an end when this brave Crusader met his death in 1218 under the walls of Toulouse.

The influence of Dominic's preaching and the holiness of his life drew round him a band of zealous apostles devoted to him and to the work of preaching religion. The Saint had for some time contemplated the foundation of a religious society, the object of which should be the combating of heresy, the propagation of religious truth and the inculcation of the moral teachings of the Church. And so in 1215 there was canonically erected at Toulouse a Society, which became the nucleus of the great Order of Friars Preachers.

The year 1215 is a date to be remembered. It is not only the date of the first beginnings of the Dominican Order, but to us English it is the year of the Signing of the Magna Carta—that foundation of our liberties which was won for us chiefly by the determined attitude of the Great Churchman, Stephen Langton, Archbishop of Canterbury. The same year was also the date of the Fourth Council of the Lateran, which gave to Dominic the highest approval for his religious projects. Hitherto the small Society at Toulouse was merely what would now be known as a diocesan congregation, but now, even in the first year of its existence, God's Providence was to make

it into a world-wide Order—a majestic tree whose branches were to spread literally over the whole earth.

Together with the Bishop of Toulouse, Saint Dominic was present at the Council of the Lateran, when it met in the November of 1215. For Dominic the meeting was fortunate and, indeed, providential. The stated object of the assembly in Rome was " to deliberate on the improvement of morals, the extinction of heresy, and the strengthening of the faith." These ends were precisely those of our Saint in forming his Society—his very programme. In the course of the discussions in the Council the Bishops were blamed for neglect in preaching, and for not making practical provision for the instruction of their clergy in theology, and the tenth Canon obliged them to appoint capable men to preach and explain the truths of the Catholic faith. It ordered them also to have in every Cathedral school a master of theology to give lectures, at which all were to be obliged to attend.

Returning, after the Council, to Toulouse, Dominic adopted for his young Society the Rule of St. Augustine, and the following year the Pope issued a Bull approving and establishing the Order of Friars Preachers. " We," wrote Honorius III. in this solemn document, " approve this order, recognising in the brethren of your Order the future Champions of the faith and the true lights of the world." With this solemn approval and encouragement Saint Dominic lost no time in carrying out his mission. On August 15th, 1217, he despatched members of his community from Toulouse to begin their world-wide mission—*In Omnem Terram Exivit Sonus Eorum* ! and, almost as if by magic, small colonies—very small at first because their numbers were but few—were planted in France, Spain and Italy to begin with, and centres of life and activity sprang up in Toulouse, Paris, Madrid, Bologna and Rome. In the first years Saint Dominic was active and watching over

all these young beginnings. He went round from one house to another to direct, encourage, correct and keep the young Communities faithful to their vocation. Quickly, too, novices came to swell the ranks of this new Order—so quickly did they come, indeed, that at the first General Chapter held in 1220 at Bologna, there were already in existence sixteen well-established Convents.

In this Chapter a great change was made in the Constitution of the Order. Hitherto the Friars had possessed corporate property; but the Apostolic Spirit they desired to possess in its plenitude, prompted them to abandon this element, which they had derived from the life of the Canons of St. Augustine, and to adopt the principle of absolute poverty, which the followers of St. Francis were just beginning to manifest to the world as the new power capable of attracting men to their ranks and of recalling Christians to their duty. It was a great venture, this *Gran rifiuto*, but the results were patent from the first. The Gospel teaching was made manifest, "having nothing they possessed all things" and God's blessing upon their work was manifest from that hour.

A year passed, and once again the Friars Preachers met for their second General Chapter at Bologna under their holy Founder. And here was taken a momentous decision so far as England was concerned. Up to this time, 1221, colonies had been planted in France, Spain and Italy, as I have said, but now it was determined to go further afield and carry their work into this country of England. The story of the coming of the Friars to these shores is naturally of great interest to us Englishmen, and though, of course, well known, I do not hesitate to re-tell it to-day.

It happened that whilst the Chapter was in session at Bologna there passed through the city, on his return from the East, an English Bishop, Peter de Rupibus, or des Roches, the well-known Bishop of Winchester. As the Chapter had determined to send

a colony of Friars to England, at Saint Dominic's request, the Bishop promised to let them travel in his suite and be their guide to this country. There were thirteen Dominicans chosen and under their first English Prior, Gilbert de Fresnoys, travelling thus in Bishop de Rupibus' company, they reached Dover on August 8th, 1221. Their saintly Founder had gone to his reward four days before, although they were, of course, as yet unaware of their loss.

The Bishop was anxious to see Archbishop Langton, who had not long before returned from Rome, and so he pushed on to Canterbury with all speed and reached the city on St. Laurence's Day. Here, then, in the streets of the Archiepiscopal city, on this 10th day of August seven centuries ago this year, was seen for the first time in England the habit of Saint Dominic —that flowing white robe and the ample black mantle, which in subsequent times became the symbol of learning, apostolic zeal and laborious teaching of the Faith in the entire world, Eastern as well as Western.

This colony of Friars was lodged in the Benedictine Monastery of Christchurch, and the Bishop of Winchester introduced them to Archbishop Langton. Hearing that they were of the new Order of Preachers the Archbishop begged their Prior to preach before him and the monks of Canterbury. This charge he accepted, and so the first Dominican discourse in England was delivered before my Benedictine brethren of Christchurch. But the Friars did not delay long at Canterbury; pressing on to London and leaving some of their number to plant their flag, as it were, in the metropolis, they passed on to Oxford, the fame of which University had been known to them in Italy. And so, as I have said, they entered this city on August 15th, 1221—seven hundred years ago to-day.

For what had they come? and what did they accomplish? The subsequent history of this University, during the succeeding three hundred years, is the best reply to such questions, for the story of the Friars Preachers here is so bound up with that of this

home of learning that it would be difficult, even if it would serve any useful purpose, to try and separate the two.

A word, however, may be said about the position and state of Oxford when the Dominicans came hither. God's Providence ever provides, when and how He sees fit, for the wants of His Church; and England at this time, if ever in its history, stood in need of new teachers and new methods, whilst Oxford, as the chief centre of the intellectual life of the Kingdom, was no exception.

Let me go back for a moment. Twelve years before the coming of these sons of Saint Dominic to this University—that is, in the year 1209—during a quarrel between the students and the townsmen, three of the former were seized and thrust into prison. This strong measure, however, did not put an end to the disorders, and King John, coming in person to the city, promptly hanged the three students. Upon this the Professors and their students, according to the example set by the University of Paris in similar circumstances, quitted Oxford in a body; some betook themselves to Cambridge, some to Paris, others to Reading and elsewhere, so that the University life at Oxford ceased for a time, since more than three thousand students in all are said to have quitted the city. Moreover, in this same year, 1209, King John was excommunicated by the Pope and the celebrated papal Interdict was pronounced upon the whole of England. It is difficult to exaggerate the misery and anarchy of the eight years which followed, during which religious services ceased throughout the land. No sacraments were administered, no mass was sung, and the people were not instructed in their religion. Three only of the Bishops remained in England, the rest were worried away by the paltry persecutions of the wretched King John, and as there could be no ordinations during this period, many of the parishes became vacant.

Naturally studies suffered greatly and, although

students evinced a great desire to take up their work again in spite of all difficulties, and even gathered together again here at Oxford, it was not really till John was dead and Henry III. came to the throne in 1216 that we find anything like the establishment of a corporate body to direct the studies of the University. Even then it was not until the middle of the thirteenth century that Walter de Merton conceived the idea of establishing an hostel to enable the students to live together. Up to that time they were mere scattered units, living where and as they liked, and they were only kept together by their desire to profit by the teaching they found at the University.

Into this only partially cultivated field of work, the Dominicans entered in 1221. They were eminently fitted by their vocation and training to cope with the need of the hour, and as teachers and preachers they threw themselves into the labour full of zeal and enthusiasm. It was their special call to wage war against ignorance and to afford sound teaching, and their *môt d'ordre* was ever: "Preach the word in season and out of season; reprove, rebuke, exhort."

From the first they were assured of success. By one man—and that man the most important of his time—the coming of these Friars was welcomed as a manifest providence of God to the University of Oxford. This was that great genius and scholar, that great moral force, and that saintly man, Bishop Grosseteste, whose interest in the improvement of the studies and teaching of this University was allowed by all at the time. He at once cordially welcomed the sons of St. Dominic into this field, and, though his name is perhaps better known in connection with the Franciscans, who arrived shortly after their Dominican brethren, Grosseteste from the first proved himself the friend and adviser of the Friars Preachers and encouraged them on their coming. He was ever ready to lecture to them himself in subjects where they needed his help. We learn from the historian

of the early Franciscan Friars that this great Bishop of Lincoln was particularly struck by the cheerfulness of the early Black Friars at Oxford, and used to say that they understood the secret of success in work, since they believed that "three things were necessary for temporal health—to eat, to sleep and to be gay."

In truth the Dominicans had an academic mission from the Church. The decree of the Council of the Lateran in 1215, ordering that every Cathedral school should have a master in theology, would have become in practice a dead letter, had it not been for the providential rise at this very time of the Friars Preachers. The value of their teaching was recognised at once, and they are quickly found employed in numerous Cathedral establishments throughout Europe, and even in the monasteries of other Orders, where they furnished the scientific and methodical lessons on the fundamental principles of the Christian Faith and morals, ordered by the Council. Even in the Papal family the Pope set an example to the Bishops of the world, and instituted a son of Saint Dominic as a teacher in his own household, which office is perpetuated to this day in the Dominican "Master of the Sacred Palace." And indeed, what other men could be better prepared for the office of teaching the clergy in high places, than religious who in their houses were accustomed to have set and regular lectures in theology and biblical exegesis, at which all, from the highest to the lowest, had to attend? From the first, then, Bishops and others welcomed them as teachers, and their ministry was so successful and so general that a modern writer has said "Dominic was the first minister of public education in modern Europe." Their own chairs of theology, which existed wherever they had a convent, were open to secular priests and others, and this led up to the great schools of learning, such as, for example, those of Lyons, Bordeaux, Milan and elsewhere.

But to-day our immediate concern is naturally

with the University of Oxford. As I have said, the time of the coming of the Black Friars to this city was indeed providential. It was a period of great importance for the Church in England, and the need of teachers and preachers was imperative. Langton and Grosseteste, in giving the Friars such a hearty welcome, recognised fully the necessity of securing their co-operation in effecting the ecclesiastical reorganisation then in contemplation, which, nine months after their first coming—namely, on 3rd April, 1222—was initiated at the Synod of Oxford. In this national Synod great stress was laid upon the necessity of popular instruction in the faith and upon the strict observance of the laws of clerical life.

So rapidly did the Dominicans justify their existence in the University that when, in 1244, Oxford received its Charter from Henry III., the deed acknowledging it was signed by the Prior of the Dominicans and the Minister of the Franciscans. Alone, moreover, of all other bodies, the Friars Preachers held two public schools in the University and the fame of their teaching gained a European reputation for Oxford, hardly second to that of Paris. In 1248 the Oxford house was named by the Order one of the four *Studia Generalia*, the other three being Cologne, Montpellier, and Bologna, to which Dominican students might be sent from any part of the world.

The progress of the Order in the first years of its existence was indeed marvellous. Undoubtedly the thirteenth century was its golden age, and the preeminence of the Dominican Friars and teachers and lecturers placed them incontestably in the forefront of the intellectual life of the Middle Ages. Here in England, fifty years after their first coming to Canterbury, one of their number—Archbishop Kilwardby—sat in the chair of St. Augustine, till in 1288 he was called to Rome as Cardinal. In the following century five other Dominicans were chosen to fill other Sees in England. In Ireland, too, in the thirteenth and succeeding centuries Dominicans were called to rule

the Church as Archbishops and Bishops to the number of more than seventy. The "Green Isle" became, indeed, the most fruitful soil of the Order, and from the year 1224, when the first convent was established in Dublin, till the close of the century, four-and-twenty flourishing houses had been set up in the country.

It was the close connection which existed between the Dominicans at Oxford and those of Paris, which helped to give their lessons in this University a very high value. With the Dominican Albert the Great lecturing at the latter from 1240 to 1250 and the still greater Aquinas from 1245 to 1274 gradually fashioning theology into the scientific system, which we possess to-day, it is easy to understand how much sought after would be the lessons of their pupils at Oxford. In fact, the Oxford Friars quickly gained a reputation, which was not confined to England. The names of some of them are remembered with honour, but the memory of others, hardly less worthy to have a place on the roll of distinguished sons of Oxford, has all but perished. In fact, if they are remembered at all to-day, it is only by those who interest themselves in antiquarian pursuits.

On an occasion like this I may be permitted to recall the names of some few of these English Dominicans, worthy sons of this great University of Oxford, all of them. First I will name Robert Bacon; a Dominican, not to be confused with the illustrious Franciscan Roger Bacon, who, possibly a relation, came much later to Oxford. Robert, the Dominican, was the first scholar to join the Friars on their arrival at Oxford, and he became the first English Dominican writer. Bacon had studied at Paris as well as at Oxford, and his learning and scholarship was much appreciated by Bishop Grosseteste. At Oxford he was the fellow lecturer and the firm friend of St. Edmund Rich, the saintly Archbishop of Canterbury. Friar Robert was a prolific writer and was a glory to the Order. He died in 1248.

I would next recall to the memory to-day the Dominican Archbishop of Canterbury to whom I have already referred. Kilwardby taught both in the schools of Paris and at Oxford, in which latter place he was the master of St. Thomas of Hereford. In 1261 Friar Kilwardby was made Provincial of the Order in England and ten years later was appointed Archbishop by Pope Gregory X. Six years after, in 1278, he was called to Rome by Nicholas III. and created Cardinal, being the fourth Dominican to receive that honour in the fifty years during which the Order had been in existence. Cardinal Kilwardby did not live long to enjoy his well merited distinction, but died in 1279 and was buried at Viterbo. As a scholar, as a writer, and as a man of affairs, he is one of the glories of the Order in England and of this University.

Another English Dominican of renown in the thirteenth century, but whose name is well-nigh forgotten, was Friar John Giles. He was the medical doctor of Philip II. of France, before he entered religion. He was a renowned theologian as well as skilled in medicine. Amongst his other great gifts was that of preaching, and in that capacity he was asked to preach before the Master General and the Fathers of the Dominican Chapter assembled at Paris in 1228. At the close of his discourse he threw himself at the feet of the General and begged to be allowed to enter the Order. Subsequently he taught with great power in the Dominican school at Oxford, where previously he had been a student and a personal friend of the great Grosseteste.

Another Oxford Dominican in the early days of the Order was Richard Fitzacre. Indeed he and Robert Bacon were the first two students of the University to join the Order in 1221, and they were publicly lecturing together at Oxford in 1228. Like Bacon, Fitzacre was the firm friend of Saint Edmund of Canterbury, who had such an affection for the Order that he always kept two friars with him at Canter-

bury. It is said that the great Saint Thomas Aquinas had the greatest esteem for the theological writings of Friar Fitzacre and desired to possess all of them.

Several other Oxford Friars in the thirteenth century deserve to be mentioned as men who were an honour to their Order and their University. I can merely name one or two; there was, for example, Ralph Bocking, a native of Chester who became Confessor of St. Richard of Chichester; another was Nicholas Trivet the historian, who taught in the schools here; others were Richard of Stavensby and Hugh of Croydon, who were the authors of the great Biblical Concordance founded upon that of the Dominican Cardinal, Hugh of Saint Cher, and known from these zealous English workers as the *Anglicanae Concordantiae.* Then Richard Darlington also may well be named. He was made a member of King Henry III.'s Council, was his confessor and largely in his confidence. In 1271 he became Archbishop of Dublin.

But I need not add other names to these to show how the Friars Preachers from the first added renown to the University of Oxford during the centuries of their connection with it. I will, however, recall to-day the name of one other English Dominican of a later period because of the services he rendered to the Church in England, by his benefactions to the English College in Rome. This was Philip Cardinal Howard, who in 1680 became Cardinal Protector of the Venerable English College. During the fifteen years he held that office he rebuilt the College and the adjoining palace. In this work he spent so much money that he was regarded as a second Founder of this establishment for the education of the English clergy and his name is held in honour by all who have the interest of this establishment at heart, as all, who know what this great Institution has done and is doing to-day for this country, must have.

But to return to the Sons of St. Dominic at Oxford.

In the September of 1538 the Friars were cast out from the University, when the destruction of the religious houses was decreed by the tyrant, King Henry VIII. on his breach with the Roman Pontiff. The royal claim to dictate the religious principles of his subjects, his famous dictum, "*Cujus regio ejus religio*," could never be accepted by those who were true to their ancient faith and the teachings of St. Dominic. And so with others the Dominicans were expelled from their old homes, chiefly because of their loyalty to the Holy See. Commissioners were appointed to tour the country, "to visit and vex" the friars, who were rightly regarded as the most staunch members of the "Pope's Army" in England; and so to Oxford came one of this band of royal wreckers—the redoubtable Dr. London—with orders to put an end to them. After reporting that they were held in good repute at the University, Dr. London gives testimony that to the end they observed the poverty taught by their Great Master, and that even at the last they had rebuilt their church to God's honour. The rest of their convent he did not think was worth much—that is, for wrecking purposes. This is what he says: "They, the Dominican Friars, have behind their house divers islands well wooded," and though the rest of their Convent was only covered with slates, the choir, "which has lately been built, is covered with lead." This was quickly torn off and, probably by the timbers of the roof and the wood of the stalls, as in so many other cases, was melted down into pigs to be sold. Their plate is described as of value, especially "one chalice of gold set with jewels, worth more than a hundred marks," which was reserved for the King's use.

And this was the close of that honourable existence of more than three centuries of the Dominican Friars at Oxford. Cast out of their inheritance, the Black Friars here and elsewhere in England were scattered to the four winds of heaven. The ruins of their halls and cloisters and the smoking walls of their desecrated

church, it was hoped, might serve as overwhelming evidence of the passing of the Friars from Oxford for ever. But in God's Providence to-day we are met, three hundred and eighty-three years after that event, as witnesses of the vitality of the great Order of Saint Dominic. The tree, planted seven hundred years ago on English soil, cut down even to the ground by evil men for evil ends more than three centuries and a-half ago, to-day grows green again and puts forth new shoots and new buds, which is proof to us that the ancient life is not extinguished even in these centuries, and which encourages us, and fills us with hope for the future of the Order in this University of Oxford. To-day we happily find, as Provincial of the Dominicans in England, a son of this University—Fr. Bede Jarrett—who knows from his own experience the value of the Oxford training he received in the schools. Those fruitful years, I recall with pleasure, he passed among my Benedictine brethren in the Ampleforth House of Studies here.

It has been well said lately by a distinguished man of letters that what the world needs to-day amidst all the ills that afflict it is a common ideal. "We thrill with no common hope. We tremble at no common terror. The nations of Europe are all adrift one from another and the classes within each nation have likewise fallen asunder." This is but too true and the evil can be traced to the time when the seamless garment of Christ was rent into fragments by the religious revolutions of the sixteenth century. "In the Middle Ages," the same writer continues, "Western Europe was animated by a single ideal which made it one at heart. It was an ideal which sent the common man in his hundreds of thousands to the Crusades; which enshrined itself in countless wonderful Cathedrals, Abbeys, Churches; which produced great schools of philosophy and art, great epic poems and great institutions. It expressed itself in a theory of Government manifested in the Holy Roman Empire and the Holy Catholic Church.

It expressed itself likewise in the lives of the great men—in the royalty of Saint Louis, the poverty of Saint Francis, the statesmanship of Saint Hildebrand. That ideal is gone, and gone for ever."

For ever? Is the outlook so blank? Can we have no hope for the future? The past is gone—"let the past bury the past." It is with a vision of the time to come that our thoughts are busy to-day as we assist at this interesting ceremony, and I will be no gloomy prophet. This is what I seem to see. When England was one in faith with the rest of civilised Europe, history shows us that there was a constant living interchange of teachers and scholars between this England of ours and France, Italy and Spain. Oxford sent its best students to the schools of Paris, to Rome, Bologna, Salamanca, and other European centres of culture, while students and professors of foreign Universities found a hearty welcome in our English centres of learning, to the obvious advantage of true scholarship and of the fellowship of letters. In those far-off days there was none of that insular isolation, which was quickly manifested when this country was rent from the rest of Christendom in the sixteenth century. The ideal commonwealth of learning, which was based upon the Catholic unity of religion, quickly disappeared in the religious revolutions of that time, and there appeared in its place a spirit of nationalism even in the fields of learning. Such a restriction of general scholarship was detrimental not only to our English Universities, but, as I see it, to the Church itself. The rolls of scholars, say, at Padua, Bologna, and Rome and Paris no longer record the names of English students and teachers. Englishmen ceased to lecture in their schools and, when returning to this country, no longer brought back with them the learning of other lands and the breadth of spirit, which intimate contact with other nations produced. Who can deny that this was a bad thing for England, and it was likewise, as it seems to me, a grave loss to the philosophical

and theological schools of Catholic Europe, in which the sound practical commonsense of the northern mind had for generations exercised a wholesome moderating effect upon the special type of Latin method of thought.

Am I wrong in seeing in this foundation of the sons of St. Dominic at Oxford a possible revival? If I may express my full mind I have to-day a vision of what may come to pass at no very distant date. Dare we not hope that here at Oxford, with all the help which connection with the University affords, we may see for Catholic Students of England a school of Philosophy and Theology, with the best professors drawn from the Dominicans and Franciscans and the sons of St. Ignatius, from my own Benedictine brethren, from the ranks of the English secular clergy and, not alone from those already in this country, but from the great teachers these Orders possess in other lands, and who would contribute to make the Catholic schools of Scripture and Ecclesiastical History, of Philosophy and Theology at Oxford a power for good to the Church in this country and, I would add, to the world at large? Am I too sanguine? This at least is my vision to-day, and my hope for the success of the work initiated by the ceremony at which we are assisting.

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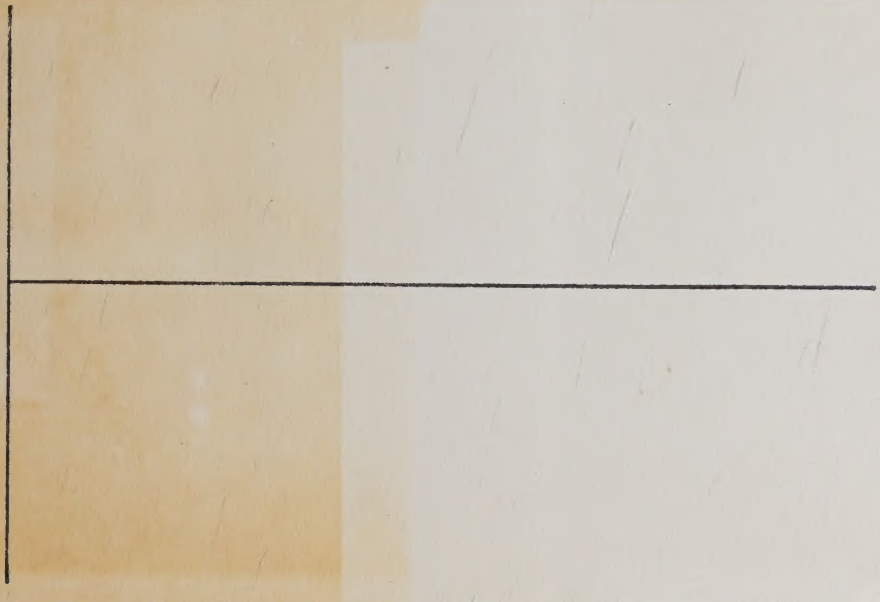

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